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WHY AMERICAN MARRIAGES FAIL

BY ANNA A. ROGERS

I

THE STAGE OF THE KNIFE

"We surgeons of the law do desperate cures, Sir!"

THAT a large percentage of marriages achieve very little beyond a bare working compromise with happiness is not to be seriously denied. Nor is it to be doubted that there are more matrimonial catastrophes to-day than there were a generation ago. In fact, every recent decade has shown a marked increase in the evil of divorce in the United States, — out of all proportion to the growth of population. It is also a matter of statistics that the evil is growing more rapidly in our country than in Europe. Of course, this preponderance may be partly accounted for by the greater number of divorce courts on this side of the Atlantic. We have 2921 courts which have the power to grant divorces, as against England's one, Germany's twenty-eight, and France's seventy-nine.

Since during the last fifty years more radical changes by far have come in the social status of women than in that of men, there is a chance that at her door may lie the cause of at least some of this fast-growing social disease. And it is upon that admittedly daring assumption that these few suggestions are based.

There are those who consider that the statistics of divorce represent only an apparent fact, the argument being that this is the age of expression, not suppression. They go on to say that there are few more diseases in the world of to-day than there were in Babylon, but that the wider and more intelligent recognition of disease and the modern differentiation in diagnosis lead to a false impression; that the real difference lies in the fact that a physician's work is now done in the open; that his discoveries belong to the morning paper; and that our modern life teems with specialists, hospitals, and an ever-enlarging *materia medica*. Medical books and magazines and lectures are more and more accessible to the general public.

In the same way it is claimed that the increasing difficulties in the marriage relation to-day are only apparent; that that question, too, has only just come into the open. The lovers of individualism maintain that it is high time that the enlightened surgery of divorce was resorted to, forgetting that "the significance of the increase of divorce must be sought in its relation to the family and the social order generally, rather than for its bearing on individual morality," still less for its bearing on individual happiness.

To follow the parallel a bit farther, may it not be suggested that, as there is a growing conviction among the best physicians that the knife is resorted to unnecessarily often to right physical disorders, the same may be true of psychological disorders? Gentler remedies, dietary measures, the daily régime of more intelligent living, have been known to spare more than one patient the horrors of the operating table. In fact, is not prevention the only genuine modern miracle? Toward that great end surely come all

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the physical sciences, all social philanthropies and philosophies, bringing in outstretched hands their gifts to suffering humanity!

Three "instances" come uppermost: (1) Woman's failure to realize that marriage is her work in the world. (2) Her growing individualism. (3) Her lost art of giving, replaced by a highly developed receptive faculty.

First: Marriage is woman's work in the world — not man's. From whatever point it is viewed, physical or spiritual, as a question of civic polity or a question of individual ethics, it is her specific share of the world's work — first, last, and always; allotted to her by laws far stronger than she is. And the woman who fails to recognize this and acknowledge it has the germ of divorce in her veins at the outset.

Moonlit and springtime moods all to the contrary, the fact remains that marriage is not a man's work, but one of his dearest delusions, from which he parts begrudgingly. Moreover, it is not even necessary to him in the accomplishment of those things which *are* his work. It is generally no more than his dream of prolonging through years a humanly improbable condition. Happiness as a husband and father has always been his scarcely whispered prayer, his dearest secret hope, toward which all his idealism yearns. That numerous other and very potent motives enter into men's hearts is not in the least overlooked; it is only claimed that to the average man his future marriage is little more than a very beautiful dream.

But the wife who insists childishly upon treating marriage, either in theory or practice, as a beautiful dream, is forgetful of how very little is left of earnest life-work for a woman if she repudiates the dignified *duty* of wedlock placed upon her shoulders. Why should she not be taught the plain fact that no other work really important to the world has ever been done by a woman since "the morning of the world"? Only as a woman, with all that that entails upon her, is she alone, preëminent, unapproachable. And yet apparently her whole energy is to-day bent upon dethroning herself!

Men, at this stage of civilization, are not only the world's workers, breadwinners, home-builders, fighters, supporters of all civic duties, — they are also the world's idealists. All else is mere quibbling!

Whatever the future may develop, up to the present time no great religion, deserving the name, has ever been founded by a woman; no vital discovery in science ever made by her; no important system of philosophy; no code of laws either formulated or administered. Nor along the supposedly more feminine lines of human development has, as yet, any really preëminent work come from her. Upon literature, music, sculpture, painting, women have as yet made very few enduring marks. As to her recent small successes at self-support, however to be commended and encouraged, they do not lead to any big end outside of herself or her immediate surroundings; her purposes are personal and ephemeral.

The poets are responsible for much of the present feminine megalomania, but modern scientists are effectively reducing the swelling, as it were; which may lead to a generally healthier social condition all around the family circle. In estimating the secondary differences between men and women, Havelock Ellis's interesting summary of what recent scientific research has so far accomplished states several facts that are markedly contrary to the general drift of unscientific opinion: —

"As regards the various senses . . . the balance of advantage on the side of women is less emphatically on their side than popular notions would have led us to expect. The popular belief is really founded on the confusion of two totally distinct nervous qualities: sensibility and irritability — or as it is perhaps better called, affectability; women having greater irritability, men deeper sensibility."

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Galton, the pioneer in accurate study of the sensory differences between man and woman, remarks, "I found as a rule that men have more delicate powers of discrimination than women, and the business experience of life seems to confirm this."

Two of Ellis's more homely illustrations tend to support this view: "It is worthy of note that pianoforte tuners are usually men;" and, "men have a monopoly of the higher walks of culinary art; women are not employed in such occupations as tea-tasting, which requires specially delicate discrimination; they are rarely good connoisseurs of wine; and while *gourmandes* are common, the more refined expression *gourmet* does not even possess a feminine form."

The few foregoing suggestions are offered in refutation of the present false and demoralizing deification of women, especially in this country, an idolatry of which we as a people are so inordinately proud. One of the evil effects of this attitude is shown in the intolerance and selfishness of young wives, which is largely responsible for the scandalous slackening of marriage ties in the United States. Every stranger coming within our gates is amazed at the social domination of the female in our country, the subordination to her and her wishes of the hard-working, self-effacing male.

An extreme antithesis to this American woman-worship is of course to be found in England; and a picture comes to mind full of grim humor — a typical John Bull, deep magenta complexion, Pickwickian in figure, as sure of himself as the sun itself, the entirely joyless parent of four grown daughters. They stood in line before the counter in a silk shop in Italy. Four lengths of the same dull elderly shade of purple were measured off and paid for by the Great Briton; the four Britonesses stood helpless, voiceless, exchanging sly glances of bitter disappointment and disgust. They were asked no questions, hence they were as dumb as the beasts of the field. Once papa remarked with resounding complacence, —

"A good wearing shade, my dears."

"Oh yes, papa!" returned the spiritless chorus.

Papa gave each one her bundle, whereupon she said, "Thank you, papa!" and then he led the way pompously, and the five filed out, the narrow, broken-hearted shoulders of the girls drooping more than ever. The big brilliant eyes of the Italian clerk met those of the writer, an international smile was exchanged, and he exploded into two words: —

"Barbare! Sauvage!"

But that some middle ground between these poor abject English girls and our equally abject American fathers and husbands may be discovered, is not despaired of in this age of many and sudden changes.

It is contended (not without a decent show of timidity!) that in marriage, more often than not, the man is the idealist, however far he himself falls short of his own standards. Witness his inevitable dislike for and impatience of the whole barbaric display of a public wedding — that senseless whirl of grossly material things in which women revel. "What has it all to do with you, and our love, our happiness?" What wife has not stored away somewhere in her memory words like these, pleaded in a lover's voice? And the chances are that the woman called him selfish, and swore prettily that she revelled in "such vile matter," so she be "fairly bound."

The average wife who manages to live, *after* a marriage for love, up to the average husband's ideal of her *before* marriage, will, it is safe to say, reach her highest spiritual development. She need not aspire to any higher goal than the poor man's own illusions! The real trouble is that they are rather likely to prove uncomfortably exalted.

In fact, to preserve his ideal of her — just the average busy man — is really her life-work. Hers, somehow, by hook or by crook, to save out of the inevitable strife of those early days of character-

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reconstruction, at least a workable armistice; some sort of a broad friendship which leaves room for human frailties; to cultivate a habit of reasonable concession; a motherly wish to be a source of harmony to her husband; and an honest determination to arrest the disease of "incompatibility" (latent always) in its incipiency, long years before it reaches the stage of the knife; to rise a little above the primitive frankness of a certain colored wife who admitted nonchalantly, — "O yes, I done left 'im!" "Wha' for you done left 'im?" she was asked. "Oh, I jes' natch'ully los' all taste fo' 'im!" which explanation, crude as it is, would cover the cause of an astonishing number of divorces in this year of grace 1907.

II

GROWTH OF INDIVIDUALISM

"My sweet, my own — Myself!"

The rock upon which most of the flower-bedecked marriage barges go to pieces is the latter-day cult of individualism; the worship of the brazen calf of Self.

It is admittedly not easy to remember that our lives are only important as integral parts of a big social system. Especially difficult is it for a woman to be made to realize this, because her whole life hitherto has been generally an experiment in individualism; whereas a man's, since the first primitive times, has become more and more an experiment in communism. The inborn rampant *ego* in every man has found its wholesome outlet in hard work, generally community-work, which further keeps down his egoism; whereas the devouring *ego* in the "new woman" is as yet largely a useless, uneasy factor, vouchsafing her very little more peace than it does those in her immediate surcharged vicinity.

Nowadays she receives almost a man's mental and muscular equipment in school or college, and then at the age of twenty she stops dead short and faces a world of — negatives! No exigent duties, no imperative work, no manner of expending normally her highly-developed, hungry energies. That they turn back upon her and devour her is not to be wondered at. One is reminded of that irresistible characterization: "Alarm-clock women that buzz for a little and then run down."

And so it comes to pass that this highly-trained, well-equipped (and also ill-equipped) feminine *ego* faces wifehood — the one and only subject about which she is persistently kept in the dark. And from the outset she fails to realize, never having been taught it, that what she then faces is not a brilliant presentation at the Court of Love, not a dream of ecstasy and triumph, not even a lucky and comfortable life-billet — she is facing her work at last! her difficult, often intensely disagreeable and dangerous, life-task. And her salary of love will sometimes be only partly paid, sometimes begrudgingly, sometimes not at all — very rarely overpaid — by either her husband or her children. One of the precise facts that young women should be taught, as they are taught physical geography, is that men, all men, have their high and low emotional tides, and a good wife is the immovable shore to her husband's restless life.

It would appear that the indiscriminate and undigested education of the female masses and classes is depriving us Americans of good servants and of good wives at once. They are all "above their station!"

The really small percentage of unmarried women who have the blessing of paid work of any sort in their lives (as an absolute necessity against starvation) are of the elect, and of course know it not! The rest must wait for matrimony, if modest; struggle for it, if not. And then all this unexpended feminine egoism, joined with unexpended physical energy, demands from the normally expended masculine egoism far more of everything than he is at all prepared to give, far more than she has any just claim

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to demand. More of his love, more admiration, more time, more money — she wants more of them all to satisfy her recently discovered Self. Ask the first girl of twenty who presents herself, let her be the average badly educated, restless, pampered, passionate, but shallow-natured maiden of the day, — superb in physique, meagre in sentiment, — and note her answer as to what she demands (not hopes for!) of her probable husband, quite irrespective of what he may get in return.

He must be a god physically (that seems to be the modern American girl's *sine qua non*); he must have wealth, brains, education, position, a perfect temper, and a limitless capacity to adore her, kneeling. And he, poor soul, after the first exigent mood, which soon passes, wants very little more than peace and a place to smoke unmolested; combined preferably with a guaranteed blindness to his general faults and particular fads. A recent public vote on this subject actually resulted in a stronger poll for "sweet temper" than for any other masculine prerequisite in a wife.

In a broader aspect American women are as a whole pampered and worshiped out of all reason, a condition which is sometimes found in young civilizations. In even a brief comparison with the same class in other countries, it will be found that our women as a whole do not deserve it. In France the proportion of wage-earning women is thirty-four per cent of the wage-earning population; in the United States it is only seventeen per cent. In France the working-women form eighteen per cent of the population, compared with six per cent in this country. Further, they do not render the conscientious careful personal domestic service of the German women; nor the financial support of French wives, and intelligent helpfulness in commercial as well as domestic affairs. How many American husbands could seriously advise with their wives on the subject of business and expect even comprehension, let alone sound business advice? An astonishing number of French women of all classes are in commercial matters the gifted "silent partners" of their husbands, however loquacious in social doings. The painstaking thrift of European women has no parallel in this country; nor the painstaking cleanliness that is a revelation to American eyes accustomed to the general "slouch" from one end of the United States to another. It has been said of the much-maligned Italians that only among the Chinese can be found a parallel to their almost tragic economies. Half of Italy could live on what New York City alone throws away in a year. In England too, every intelligent woman understands politics, would be ashamed not fully to comprehend the measures before Parliament; and during election times she works with the energy of a ward politician for the man or idea that has won the right to her loyalty. Then, too, she lives more in other people's lives than we do. Each woman feels her obligation to give much of her energy to an endless detail of philanthropic work in her immediate neighborhood.

On the other hand very much more philanthropic work is done in this country, outside of the churches, than in England, but it is managed on a broader, less personal basis. In fact, it is left to twenty clear-headed, business-like women to do the work which is divided among two thousand of her English sisters. This is precisely what the writer wishes to prove, — the general idleness and self-centredness of the average American woman, and her unproved claim to be worshiped.

One very salient difference strikes the American traveler in walking before noon about any of, say, four European cities, London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. It may be summed up in the exclamation, "Why, where are the women?" An Italian friend fighting his way along Washington Street in Boston, walking, not on the sidewalk, which was a solid immovable congestion of femininity, but

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on the cobblestones of the narrow street, was heard to gasp, "The Public is here a common noun of the feminine gender!" He on his side wondered where the men were. The whole world of women in the city, and from its suburbs, apparently, betakes itself to the shops every day, between nine o'clock and twelve. Shops are stifling, street cars jammed, sidewalks impassable. This is more or less true of shopping districts in all cities all over the United States.

This phenomenon represents several truths: we are prosperous; our men never "shop;" and as a people our women dress far beyond their incomes, the men remaining singularly negligent in their dress. Our sense of proportion in money expenditure has not yet properly developed; that only comes in a more advanced stage of civilization.

On a morning walk an English woman said to the writer, in one of our western cities especially given over to the national passion for dress, "Any countrywoman of mine dressed as that woman is, or that, or that, would be in her carriage. She would return to a substantial home, the door would be opened by a man in livery, every item of her environment would match the elegance of those furs, that frightfully expensive hat, that very smart broadcloth walking suit. Whereas the chances are (you see I've been keeping my eyes open!) that she came in a street-car, and will go home in one; she lives either in tiny lodgings,—I beg your pardon, flat!—and will open her front door with a pass-key; or else she lives in one of the suburban towns, in a very trumpery sort of little house, which does not in the least match those furs nor that hat! And a slovenly 'slavey' attends the door when she rings for admittance—"

"Or what is much more likely, her daughter or her mother," added the American.

The main cause of this daily submergence of our streets by the feminine world is not mere vanity, for the industrious, home-staying French women have that quality to an even greater and much more insidious degree. It seems to be a combination of excessive energy and sheer idleness of purpose, and the national vice of extravagance.

The writer has taken the time and pains to follow, more than once, several typical American women on a typical morning shopping tour, and has discovered the anomaly that the longer they take to shop, the less they actually buy! And these idlers are not the well-dressed prosperous women,—they are the poorly clad, pale and irritable from fatigue. From counter to counter they go, fingering, pricing, commenting, passing on, hour after hour. Sometimes an ice-cream soda in the basement is their only lunch, followed by a complete rearrangement of hair in the "Ladies Parlor;" then a slow stroll through the "Art Department," and they remark casually to any one who will listen, "Well, I guess it's about time to go home!" One involuntarily wonders about that "home"! These facts are true of tens of thousands of our women in every city in the Union; and much travel has failed to discover its exact equivalent anywhere else in the world.

These facts mean a big economic loss somewhere in our development. All the writer cares to claim is that our women as a whole are spoiled, extremely idle, and curiously undeserving of the maudlin worship that they demand from our hard-working men.

That the higher-class women waste their time in equal measure is still more easy of proof. They crowd the smarter shops, bent on the American worship of "Everything Ready-made;" matinées are packed with solidly feminine audiences. The hair-dressers', the manicurists', the cafés at lunch-time, are full to overflowing with women—extravagant, idle, self-centred. Moreover, the always small class of so-called society women, *per se*, works harder and during longer hours in their pursuit of pleasure than any other women in our country. They

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must perforce live by some sort of regulation and economy of energy to remain in the running at all.

Of course there are capable, earnest, industrious specimens of beautiful womanhood in every city, town, or village in the land, who make not only good wives and mothers, but who are leaders in philanthropic work, and often also retain their social preëminence by a careful apportioning of their time and vitality. These exceptions serve to emphasize the unworthiness of the woman who strives but to

> "live and breathe and die
> A rose-fed pig in an æsthetic sty!"

She has *not* merged her fate with her husband's if married, nor with her father's if not; she does not properly supplement their lives, she is striving for a detached profitless individuality. I emphasize this, for the fact that men are selfish, and vicious, and "desperately wicked," has been so thoroughly exploited, that the preference given to a less acknowledged economic situation may perhaps be pardoned.

III

"Wifehood is thought great in India in proportion to its giving, not receiving." — SISTER NEVEDITA.

In India an affection which asks for an equal return, so many heartbeats for a like number, is called "shop-keeping." Among us Westerners this Eastern exalted faculty of giving affection and not looking for any equable exchange of commodities, has degenerated into a sort of passion for sentimental bargains!

Unfortunately, there are no genuine psychic bargains thrown out on life's counter. The really good spiritual things cost the most, as do the material things. Success in any undertaking, even marriage, is always both shy and obstinate, and hides behind quite a thorny hedge of persistence, hard work, unselfishness, and above all, patience, a quality, now gone out of fashion, which made of our grandmothers civilizing centres of peace and harmony; for they were content to use slow curative measures to mend their matrimonial ailments, and the "knife" was looked upon with horror. One finds so often in the women of that generation a strange quiet as of wisdom long digested; a deep abiding strength; an aloofness of personality that makes for dignity; sweet old faces that bear the marks of "love's grandeur." What is there today in all this fret and fuss and fury of feminine living, that compares with the power for good of these wonderful old women, fast disappearing?

We, of our day, on the contrary, hear much of such things as these: "Out upon your patience! If patience had not gone out of us women, we should still be sold in the market-places! From it were welded our chains, and the whole ignominy of the past."

There is really only one serious objection to this sort of talk — it is not true. The abolition of all forms of slavery that the world has ever seen began in some *man's* brain, working from above down, not from beneath up! No great united action of women has led to their gradual emancipation. Big changes such as that have always been born in some man's big soul, an entirely impersonal masculine ideality working slowly toward the general good.

Girls are capable of great patience, energy, and persistence in the acquisition of education or what are known as accomplishments. And later on in life, if women, bent on social success, were as easily discouraged, as exacting, as irritable in the accomplishment of that task, as they often are in the undertaking of marriage, the list of the world's successful salons would indeed be a brief one. There is no doubt that the women of the day have the qualities that would make for success, even in marriage, if they elected to expend them in these commonplace ways.

But the present excessive education of young women, and excessive physical

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coddling (the gymnastics, breathing exercises, public and private physical culture, the masseurs, the manicurists, the shampooers) have produced a curious anomalous hybrid: a cross between a magnificent, rather unmannerly boy, and a spoiled, exacting, *demi-mondaine*, who sincerely loves in this world herself alone. Thus quite a new relationship between the sexes has arisen, a slipshod unchivalrous companionship, which before marriage they nominate "good form," but which after marriage they illogically discover to be cause for tears or for temper.

Two winters ago an old-fashioned woman who had lived in many lands chaperoned a party of well-bred, decidedly "smart" American young people, bent upon examining into some of the larger settlement workings of New York City. During a long evening entailing much walking and crossing of crowded streets, the girls strode along as detached and independent as if it were broad daylight, and they quite friendless. They crossed the bustling avenues, climbed in and out of cars, and never one masculine hand raised to help, nor voice to guide. The effect of such almost brutal discourtesy was startling indeed to the older woman, who had for years been out of touch with Young America. One generation had brought this painful change about. Whose new ideal of sex relation was this? Before the evening was over illumination came.

"Will you be good enough to give me your hand as I get out of the car? I'm accustomed to it," finally said the woman of a past generation in a decidedly unamiable tone. The young man's hand went out willingly at the next stop, and in a low voice he said, with a sigh and a smile, —

"It's a comfort to be with a woman once more who wants such a thing! I hope you'll pardon me, but it's not our fault. The girls snub us, you know, and say it's the worst possible form, and all that; and yet the fellows would all like to do little things like that for women — I know I should! It seems as if the girls were snubbing one of our most decent instincts, don't you know — but — well, you see how it is! My mother always taught me that manners were but morals wearing their best bonnets and gowns."

Is it to be wondered at that the indefinable charm, the sacredness and mystery of womanhood are fast passing away from among us? When women themselves set the standard of conduct lower down; when they consider it a *gaucherie* to blush, shyness a laughable anachronism, sentiment "sickening nonsense," courtesy "bad form," is it cause for wonder that a few months after marriage a girl so often finds her husband disillusioned and in an ugly reactionary mood? Finding also herself stung into a fury of disappointment and resentment at his want of that same instinctive tenderness and courtesy which she had repulsed before marriage, and which now, when it is too late, she not only longs for, but demands!

"If women thought less of their own souls and more about men's tempers, marriage would n't be what it is," wrote a recent feminine philosopher. There are several facts about the masculine character of which women will do well to realize the immutability. It makes not one particle of difference what the wife expects or demands in marriage, whether she gives freely or begrudgingly, if for any reason whatsoever a man does not find his home happy, — or at least peaceful, — whether it be her fault or his, — the chances are that he will close his lips, put on his hat, and go his brutal way — elsewhere! He may seek distraction among other men, in a frenzy of work or pleasure — and he may not.

Of one thing the young wife may be sure, that a man has neither the instinct nor the time to coddle his disappointments in marriage — *he puts on his hat!* This is his universal, silent, unlabeled argument, that the happiness of

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that home is not his business, but hers. If the fault is his, the brute expects patience; if it's hers, he expects self-control. If neither is forthcoming — well, that is her lookout! He wanted to be happy, he expected it, or else he would not have married her.

Under all of this selfish shunting of the responsibility of home-happiness on to the woman's shoulders, lies a deep justifying truth, — it *is* her business, — and the fact that some of nature's laws, such as gravitation, are at times extremely irritating, does not, however, make them inoperative.

Let the fault be his or hers, the main source of trouble lies in the undue development of youthful individualism. That the fault is generally hers, is of course not for a moment implied ; but as the great French pessimist, in a mild mood, suggests, "Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side."

On his side, nine times out of ten in this country, a man marries for love. Of course he idealizes her, and is absolutely sure that she is going to make him happy. Surely the greatest source of peril to the young wife lies in the distorted vision of her bridegroom's eyes, blinded by a passion for perfection! It would indeed be heaven if love's lens were after all the only just one, instead of being generally the most untrue!

The man's motives, if selfish, are generally as pure as are consistent with faulty humanity. At least he considers them a fair basis for a happy marriage; and he also thinks that, if he stays true and steadfast and sober, and clothes and feeds his wife, he has done his part. That he wants to continue loving her and being beloved, wants happiness, goes without saying; was it not nominated in the bond?

He is perfectly amazed when some strange, obscure element suddenly intrudes and turns his, as well as her, melody into discord; blackens his, as well as her, ideal. He is helpless, bewildered, frantic,

> "Lest we lose our Edens,
> Eve and I!"

On the young wife's part, she has been brought up in ignorance of a man's make-up, of his latent brutalities in which is rooted his very strength to bear the burdens of life. Unprepared, undisciplined, uncounseled, impatient of a less thing than godhood itself, she often refuses even to try to adjust the yoke to her inexperienced shoulders, and more and more often throws it off, glorying in the assertion of her "persistent self." She has not been told that perfection does not exist; that the yoke of imperfection is laid on every pair of shoulders, his as well as hers; that no wife celebrates her golden wedding, smiling and content under her gray hair, who has not her secret history of struggle, bitter disappointment, loneliness, jealousy, physical and mental agony. It is safe to say that she also did not marry an angel, for the very simple reason that there are none — male or female — in the whole wide world. But she was blessed with that "passion of great hearts," patience, and she has been victorious in the battle of life, — the battle that we are all fighting, every one; not this weeping wife here, nor that one there, nursing her wrath.

"It is better to face the fact, and know, when you marry, that you take into your life a creature of equal, if of unlike, frailties, whose weak human heart beats no more tunefully than your own." The engineer of a train must have learned well his business before he is allowed to assume the responsibility of the levers. How much knowledge of the even more complicated physical and moral levers of marriage do the average young people bring to bear upon their life problem?

Happily many of the colleges for women have commenced to recognize the wisdom of introducing the study of the family, and the statistics of sociology. It would seem that such a chair should be filled by a woman holding the degree of motherhood and wifehood, whatever else she may have picked up of human

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knowledge. And even then, with all that undoubtedly could be taught our young women along these lines, it is but a preparation; there is the test ahead of them all, when they will need the wisdom that only life itself can slowly and painfully teach.

Somewhere before the benediction of the marriage ceremony might well be inserted Amiel's beautifully cadenced words to women facing their great life-work: "Never to tire, never grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always; like God to love always, — this is duty."

EARL PERCY'S DINNER-TABLE

BY HAROLD MURDOCK

I

On the afternoon of July 5, 1774, a crowd was gathering in King Street in the town of Boston in New England. In the open space before the Town House, where a few years before Captain Preston's men had fired their historic fusillade, knots of people stood about, gazing down towards the Long Wharf, beyond which gleamed the untroubled waters of the harbor. Another act in the enforcement of the Port Bill was about to be played, and the announcement had gone forth that His Majesty's 5th Regiment of Foot was to land that day and join the troops encamped upon the Common. It was a part of the humane policy of General Gage that no effort should be spared to impress with the pomp and show of force the wrong-headed people of the provincial capital, and within a fortnight the 4th, the 38th, and the 43d Regiments had marched from their transports to the Common, in all the pride of "insolent parade," with colors flying and to the inspiring music of their bands. The 5th Regiment had long been expected, and something more than common interest was felt in this fine corps, because it was commanded by Hugh, Earl Percy, an officer of exalted birth, and of continental experience, who had served as a volunteer in Lord Granby's cavalry on the never-to-be-forgotten day of Minden. The Tories in the town were ready to welcome with open arms the heir to the great Northumberland dukedom; and a few, who, like the celebrated Mr. Byles, affected literary tastes, were eager to pay their addresses to the nobleman whose parents were renowned as patrons of the arts.

The rebellious element in Boston held the Northumbrian duke as not unfriendly to their cause, and were inclined to regard the noble Colonel of the 5th as perhaps a friend in military disguise. So people of all shades of faith and opinion were in the street to witness the British march; but as the afternoon wore away and the shadow of Beacon Hill stole across the town, there was a thinning of the crowd, and the word was passed about that the landing was delayed and that the troops would spend the night aboard the transports.

But the Colonel of the 5th Foot, after the experience of nine long weeks at sea, was in no mood, either for lingering aboard his foul and dingy ships, or for attempting any jaunty evolutions to inspire the onlookers of the street with a sense of the strong arm of King George's ministers. The day was over, the gloom of night had settled on the narrow, crooked ways, lights twinkled in the taverns and coffee-houses all along the ill-paved length

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of King Street, when, timed to the tap of drum, the heavy tramp of the 5th Regiment was heard approaching. The tavern doors and windows filled in a moment with surprised onlookers; a group of officers poured out of the British Coffee House to shout a rough welcome to comrades on the march, and the dusky column swept on, by the Town House, up the hill of Queen Street into Tremont Street, by Dr. Caner's stone chapel, and so out upon the gray expanse of the Common, where a canvas city had arisen, and where the dull glow of campfires flickered here and there on rows of tented streets. It was clear that Earl Percy was no play-actor, and in that shadowy mass of marching men expectant Toryism had no chance to mark its idol.

As General Gage was residing in Salem, which in the operation of the Port Bill had become the seat of the provincial governor, he appointed Percy as acting brigadier, and then conferred upon him the command of all the troops in Boston. On August 7 there arrived in Boston from New York "His Majesty's Royal Regiment of Welch Fuzileers," under command of Colonel Barnard; and headed by their famous band they marched to Fort Hill and pitched their camp. They were hailed in the *Massachusetts Gazette* as "one of the six renowned British Corps, to whose valor and intrepidity the ever memorable victory at Minden was gloriously acquired, the 1st of August, 1759." It is "a clever little army," that he commands, so the earl writes to Dr. Percy in London.

As we glance over the letters written by his Lordship from Boston in 1774, and as we turn the stained and faded files of the Boston newspapers of that day, we can gain some faint idea of what the town was like, and of what went on within it. Percy has little to say of the town itself. Mr. John Adams, coming to Boston from the seclusion of Braintree, was driven half mad by the bustle and distractions of the New England metropolis. He was bewildered by "the crowd of men, women, beasts and carriages," and his attention solicited every moment by some new sight or some new sound. But Percy would hardly have been oppressed by feelings like these, and the town that drove Mr. Adams wild with its uproar was doubtless dull enough to him. There was nothing in Boston to suggest the whirl of life that surged along Fleet Street and under Temple Bar; the gayety of the Mall only hinted dimly at what one found in St. James Park on a sunny afternoon, or at Vauxhall or Ranelagh on a gala night. Moreover, Percy was used to looking out from the windows of Northumberland House upon the rush and roar of traffic that seethed about Charing Cross, where, according to Samuel Johnson, "the full tide of human existence" ebbed and flowed.

One of Percy's first transactions in the town was to buy a three-year-old horse for which he paid £450, but he was obliged to send to New York for a pair of chaise horses that were to his mind. Equipped in this fashion he finds time to ride or drive into the suburbs, and then his enthusiasm is mightily moved. The view of the Thames from Sion House had never stirred him as the vistas of the Charles from the road that led to the Colleges in Cambridge. The varied landscape with its gently sloping hillsides, interspersed everywhere with trees and bright waters, filled him with delight, and he assured his father that Nature in this favored land had achieved effects that put to the blush the carefully nurtured acres of the great park at Alnwick. "This is the most beautiful country I ever saw in my life," he writes, "and if the people were only like it, we shd do very well." He had come out well inclined toward the Province and its inhabitants. He had almost yielded to the advice of the duke his father and declined to serve in America, but his sense of soldierly obedience prevailed, and he had brought out his regiment with small admiration for its mission. His good will toward the people did not long outlive his arrival upon

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the Common. They "are a set of sly, artful, hypocritical rascalls, cruel, & cowards." Such was his comment in August. "I must own I cannot but despise them compleately. . . . To hear them talk, you would imagine that they would attack us & demolish us every night." His Lordship, like the majority of the English officers, could not understand how the civil disorders, and the treasonable sentiments that animated press and pulpit, could flourish in a community where prosperity and personal liberty were so universally enjoyed as in His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay. What were the evils of which these people complained? As for tea, Boston might drink it more cheaply than London, if it would. It was the loyal element in the community that suffered and was threatened with the loss of free speech and all protection of the law. The crimes of these people consisted in their protesting treason and in their approval of Hutchinson's government, and the indignities and violence inflicted upon them were the work of men who had recourse to solemn fasts and who cited the Almighty as their unswerving ally. The bewildered gentlemen of the army were not experts at law, and they could not comprehend the local readings of the Massachusetts Charter. It must be admitted that they were in much the position of Mr. Boswell when he declared that he had "read little and thought little on the subject of America."

Having delivered his opinion of the country and of the people, Earl Percy took up in his correspondence a third phase of his environment. "Our climate is horribly inconstant," this was the burden of his comment. "It is ten times more inconstant than in England, for I have been in the Torrid & Frigid Zone frequently in the space of 24 hours. At some times, so hot as scarce to bear my shirt, at others so cold that an additional blanket was scarcely sufficient." Here is matter to convince us that, however conditions may have changed in Boston since the Year of Grace 1774, the climate of Earl Percy's time still reigns supreme upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

Despite his disgust for the townspeople, Percy dealt fairly by them and won the confidence and good will of the selectmen. He informed these gentry that any disorder on the part of the soldiery would be promptly punished, and that all law-abiding citizens should look upon the army as a safeguard and not as a menace. When a midnight fire broke out in Mr. Morton's house in Fish Street, and threatened the destruction of the North End, we are told that "Earl Percy politely offered the Service of the Soldiery" to fight the flames, and was thanked "for his Kindness" by the authorities. But when the artisans laboring on barracks for the winter accommodation of the troops, left their work through fear of the displeasure of their friends without the town, the earl abandoned all hope of the local population, as a community who were bent on mischief and of their own will had gone over to the Devil.

Before the close of the autumn the garrison of five regiments had been increased to nine, with an efficient train of the Royal Artillery. We find mention at this time of activity and turmoil among the Boston militia. Mr. John Hancock, as a foe to government, was removed by Gage from the command of the Independent Company of Cadets, whereupon the members disbanded and the resignations of the officers and the colors of the corps were handed to the governor at Danvers. We read, too, of an early October day when the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company concluded their training for the year by a march from the Town House to Copp's Hill. One wonders if Earl Percy saw them pass, and how their drill and discipline compared with that of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. There was hard and constant work on the Common for the British troops, and the fair Dorothy Quincy has left us memories of the time when her morning slumbers were dis-

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turbed by Earl Percy drilling his regiment in the fields before the Hancock mansion.

Here on the Common all Boston gathers to witness, with varying sentiments, the evolutions of the troops. Mr. John Hancock in purple and fine linen looks out from his coach upon the scene. Dr. Joseph Warren, quietly but fashionably dressed, stands chatting with Major Small, whom all Boston holds in high regard. The major hopes that his elegant young friend in gazing upon the martial spectacle will realize the futility of the Provincial contention and will urge his people to bow in submission to the might of Britain. But the feelings stirred in Warren are of a different sort, and he is to put them into words for a memorable occasion.[1] Near by, a group is gathered about a burly red-faced man in the garb of a farmer, who is warmly greeted by more than one English officer who marks him in the throng. Israel Putnam of Connecticut is the hero of many an exploit and hairbreadth escape in the French war, and he is fighting his battles over again with Colonel Abercrombie of the 22d Regiment. Those within sound of Putnam's boisterous voice will discover that, however great his courage, he is not a modest man. Major Small taunts him in passing upon being an old rebel, and he noisily admits the impeachment. And here is Mather Byles punning for the delight of the bystanders, and pointing to the scarlet ranks, thanking God that at last he sees the grievances of the colony "*red-dressed.*" Charles Lee, lank and ungainly, described in the Boston press as one of "the greatest military characters of the present age," blusters about, hungry for admiration, disregarded and snubbed by his old companions in arms. And then the eye falls on the honest face and sturdy form of Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island. His face burns with admiration as the serried lines of the 5th Foot sweep by him, and he thinks it would be joy to fight with or against such men as these. When the troops return to their camps and the crowd has melted away, you will find this military enthusiast at the shop of Mr. Knox on Cornhill, or poring over the volumes of some other bookseller for works that have to do with the Art of War.

We have noted the comments in Earl Percy's correspondence in regard to the country, the people, and the climate of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. On August 15 he writes to his father concerning another important matter. "What I feel myself the most comfortable in acquiring, is a good house to dine in (for we are all obliged to remain at other times & sleep in the camp). By this convenience I am enabled to ask the officers of the Line, & occasionally the Gentlemen of the country, to dine with me; & as I have the command of the Troops here, I have always a table of 12 covers every day."

The house occupied by Percy stood within its garden at the head of Winter Street.[1] It had been built early in the century, and its windows looked out upon the open pasturage of the Common. Through the thin foliage of those youthful elms which Mr. Paddock planted, loomed the crest of Beacon Hill with its gaunt signal drawn like a gibbet against the sky, while more to the west and down the slope there was a glimpse of the bright waters of the Charles, with the wooded heights of Brookline and Newton beyond. The location was most convenient

[1] Warren's address in the Old South Meeting-House in 1775, on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, contained the following words: — "Even the sending of troops to put these acts in execution, is not without advantages to us. The exactness and beauty of their discipline inspire our youth with ardor in the pursuit of military knowledge. Charles the Invincible taught Peter the Great the art of war; the battle of Pultowa convinced Charles of the proficiency Peter had made."

[1] "His Excellency proceeded to Earl Piercy's, who occupies a house at the head of Winter Street belonging to Inspector Williams." Letters of John Andrews, Esq., of Boston. Mass. Historical Society Proceedings, 1864-65.

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for the earl, who was always within a stone's throw of the camps.

It is pleasant to see him crossing the Common each afternoon to do the honors of his mansion; and day by day and week by week it is interesting to watch his guests passing in and out the great door. It opens to officers in scarlet and gold and to officers in the blue of the Royal Navy, to gentlemen in silk and brocade and to gentlemen in velvet and lace. Old Dr. Caner goes up the path leaning on his cane; the great coach of Colonel Royall lumbers up to the garden gate; the chaise of Judge Lee waits in Long Acre to carry His Honor back to Cambridge. All those who love the king within this stern old New England town rejoice in the polite summons that brings them to Earl Percy's dinner-table.

And now, as the darkness of an early spring day comes on, let us in imagination look into Earl Percy's dining-room and see what passes there. The newly lighted candles are burning brightly on the broad table around which the earl's eleven guests are sitting at their ease, all but three in the uniform of the Royal Army. The dinner is cleared away and the port and madeira are going their rounds. The earl is chatting with a strapping officer on his left, whose handsome face is a fair legacy from the race of which he comes. This is Lieutenant-Colonel John Gunning of the 43d Foot, who has the honor to be the brother of the famous Gunning sisters, and through them a brother-in-law to the Duke of Argyll, and to the Earl of Coventry. "My sister the duchess," and "My sister the late Countess of Coventry," are well-worn phrases with Colonel Gunning, and within a year his pride has been stirred again by the marriage of his niece with Lord Stanley, the heir to the affluent Earl of Derby. The handsome colonel speaks with something of a brogue, betraying his Irish origin; and if his memory is good he can recall dark days of childhood when the family fortunes were low, dishonor imminent, and when the situation was saved by warm-hearted George Anne Bellamy of the Smock Alley Theatre in Dublin. But those days are long past, and Colonel Gunning glories not only in his connection with great families in England, and in his rapid rise in the army, but also in an honest and complacent conviction that he is thirty-second in descent from Charlemagne.

On the right of Lord Percy is a lad of twelve or thirteen years, who is the hero of the occasion. This is Roger Sheaffe, son to the faithful customs collector whose memory is abhorred by rebellious Boston. He has won his way into the affection of the earl, who has promised to see to it that he gains a commission in his regiment. The plans are laid and the youth is about to set sail for England to gain such training as shall fit him for his profession. The earl has presented him to-night to his future comrades of the army, and the radiant face of the boy must be a pleasant sight in his Lordship's eyes.

Standing by the chair of the future soldier, and calling the blushes to his face with their banter, are two young officers who wear the insignia of the rank of lieutenant. One is Francis, Lord Rawdon, of the Grenadier Company of Percy's regiment, the son of the Earl of Moira, a tall elegant young fellow with a future before him, the earl thinks; the other is Edward Thoroton Gould of the 4th or King's Own Regiment, short and slight, with restless dark eyes and lines of dissipation on his pale face. His friends declare that he is a good soldier, if something of a rake withal.

The rather stout officer who sits beyond Sheaffe, playing with his wineglass and occasionally exchanging a word with Lord Rawdon, is the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, the youngest son of the late Lord Holland, and a captain in the 38th Regiment. Any one familiar with the prominent faces at Westminster, at Brookes's Club, or on the track at Newmarket, would recognize in the captain a near kinsman to the celebrated Charles

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James Fox, who has just come to what may mean the end of his public career in his removal by the king's command from the commissionership of the Treasury. Harry Fox is said to have little of his brother's brilliancy and none of his vices, and when the 38th sailed for America, Mr. Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill informed Sir Horace Mann that they took with them Lord Holland's "only good son." He sits quiet and good-humored at Earl Percy's table, with little but his increasing flesh to worry him, and bears himself with a certain well-bred air that Gunning, with all his handsome face and kinsmen by marriage, would give much to attain.

At the side of Fox is George Harris, Lord Rawdon's captain, a well-built young officer, with clear, honest eyes and the glow of health in his cheeks. He regards himself as an untried and inexperienced soldier, but Percy will affirm that he is a model officer with a genius for commanding men. His reputation for courage is secure. Half the army knows of that gallant rescue of a brother officer from the swift and cruel current of the Ouse, and of that duel in Ireland where his coolness and pluck were matched by his generosity and forbearance. Harris is talking across the table with Captain William Glanville Evelyn of the King's Own, a man of quiet, serious countenance, marked with the scars of smallpox. Captain Evelyn is not a youngster, and fifteen years have passed since he first donned the king's uniform. He is one of those faithful, hard-working soldiers who progress slowly because of lack of influence. His letters home contain every now and then an appeal for an introduction to "the great people" at Boston, or for a good word to the great ones at home. He is flattered and happy to sit at Earl Percy's table to-night. Scandal has not left the captain's name unsullied, and the curious among his acquaintance would know more of pretty Peggie Wright who has come out to him from England. It is whispered that she was a servant in his father's household. Major Pitcairn sitting at the foot of the board has heard the gossip, but if you ask for his opinion of what Evelyn means and what the future holds for Peggie Wright, he, as an honest husband with nine children dependent on his modest pay, will merely say, "God knows." Captain Evelyn has more than his own fortunes and those of Peggie Wright to think of now, for he has in his care that rather prim young soldier who is with him at the table, his kinsman George Evelyn Boscawen, of the King's Own. Ensign Boscawen is the sole surviving son of the late Admiral Boscawen. He is the nephew and heir of the childless Viscount Falmouth, and he is here on active service in the army despite the prayers and tears of the fondest of mothers. Young Boscawen is brother-in-law to Admiral John Leveson Gower and to the Duke of Beaufort, and it is to Lady Gower that Evelyn writes by every ship concerning the most trivial happenings in the ensign's career. Boscawen has the enthusiasm of youth and has already discovered some shocking flaws in the English army system. So he has been laughed down by his mess and is known in the regiment by the nickname of "the General." He bears this promotion meekly and henceforward inclines to speak only a fragment of what he thinks. He is an object of interest to the youth in the blue of the Royal Navy who sits between Captain Harris and the Reverend Mather Byles. This is Cuthbert Collingwood, of the Somerset man-of-war, which lies at anchor in the stream off Charlestown ferry. Collingwood knows his profession, and knowing too something of the naval history of Great Britain, he wonders whether it will ever be his luck to do as good work as Boscawen's father wrought against the French at Louisburg and in Lagos Bay.

At the foot of the table the Reverend Mather Byles is discoursing with Major John Pitcairn of the Royal Marines, and keeping that staid old officer in a state of uproarious laughter. Poor Dr. Byles

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labors under the disadvantage of being considered not only a preacher but a poet and wit as well. Within the year a doggerel rhyme describing the local clergy has gone the rounds in Boston, and in the two stanzas devoted to Byles even his friends admit that a lively portrait has been drawn.

There's punning Byles provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts;
Who visits folks to crack his jokes,
That never mend their hearts.

With strutting gait and wig so great,
He walks along the streets,
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets.

Though not of the Church of England, Dr. Byles is in the eyes of the army the most sensible as well as the most delightful clergyman in Boston. He has correspondents among the brightest literary lights in England, and will show with pride volumes from his library with the loving inscription of his dear friend the late Mr. Pope of immortal memory. At heart an arrant Tory, he has kept his congregation in order by asserting that his functions are spiritual and that it is not for him to profane his pulpit by discussing the political problems of the day. The local clergy is a hearty rebel body, and they have small opinion of a man who prays for the king in meeting, and refuses to choose his texts for the elucidation of public questions. It is no aid to the doctor's standing with his flock that he consorts with the gentlemen of the army, and allows his daughters to promenade the Mall with these enemies of American Liberty. The band of the 5th Regiment has played sweet serenades beneath the windows of the Misses Byles, and now here is the doctor himself sipping his wine and throwing old Pitcairn into convulsions of laughter at Earl Percy's dinner-table.

There is that in the major which attracts the Reverend Byles, as it must all men who admire honest simplicity and courage. Here in rebellious Boston, hotheaded townspeople, affronted by quarrelsome or drunken soldiers, are glad to leave their grievances in Pitcairn's hands for reparation. Blunt and outspoken, he is yet a modest man, and in the long years that have passed since he left his Fifeshire home he feels that he has made little of his life. He has been knocking about on land and sea, fighting the king's battles, until he wonders whether all his children would remember his lined and weather-beaten face. He thinks with pride of that good brother who has risen to the presidency of the College of Physicians in London, and thanks God that distinction has come to his family, though he must remain in obscurity as a mere major of marines. Were he gifted with second sight, he would see that his time on earth is short, but he would also see his brilliant son rising in another generation to be the pride and envy of the medical profession in London. If the time shall come, which God forbid, that the sword is really drawn in this distracted province, he will do his full duty to the king, and do it humanely by firing low with shotted muskets. In the mean time he is accomplishing as much for peace as any man in Boston who wears King George's livery.

Had Captain Evelyn been possessed of the peculiar talents of Mr. Boswell of Scotland he might have left us some such narrative as this:—

This evening I dined with Earl Percy at his house at the head of Winter Street. George and I were glad of this opportunity to sit at his Lordship's table, and we met there, besides young Roger Sheaffe, a Boston lad who is much in Percy's favor, Colonel Gunning, Major Pitcairn of the Marines, young Collingwood of the Navy, Lord Rawdon and Captain Harris of the 5th, Fox of the 38th, the Reverend Doctor Byles who preaches at the meeting-house on Hollis Street, and little Gould of *Ours*. Earl Percy presided at his table with the elegance of a man of fashion, and was most civil to me. He displayed at once the good breeding of a

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gentleman of birth with the frank comradeship of the soldier. After dinner he called upon us to drink the health of "Captain Sheaffe who loved a red coat," and lavished upon the boy many remarks of approbation. His Lordship told us that he was under great obligation to the family of Master Sheaffe for many courtesies received in Boston, and that a few days since the lad had expressed the hope that some day he might wear the red coat, and be hailed as "Captain Sheaffe." "And so," the earl continued, "it is to be my pleasure to see this boy properly schooled and trained for His Majesty's service, and he is here to-night to meet the gentlemen of the army who are to be his future comrades and friends." Then turning to Collingwood, he made some pleasant remark to the effect that though his young charge preferred the red coat to the blue, yet he would be trained in all admiration for the service which Collingwood had chosen, and which Mr. Boscawen's noble father had so conspicuously adorned. This remark, which his Lordship made most graciously, put at least two young men in that room in excellent humour. Sheaffe discovered many signs of his happiness and confusion. He was greeted by all the gentlemen present, and old Pitcairn, who they say has a legion of sons of his own, put his hands on his shoulders, told him he was a fine lad, and hoped that we should all live to see him a general. When we had become quiet again, the earl went on to say that Roger was not the first of his mother's family to embrace the red coat. A few years before, his sister had married Ponsonby Molesworth, then a captain of the 29th and stationed in Boston. It was love at first sight. The regiment had just landed and was halting in Queen Street on the way to the Common. Molesworth saw Susannah Sheaffe leaning from the balcony of her father's house and declared to an officer near him, "That girl seals my fate!" So there was a brief courtship and a marriage, and tempted by domestic bliss Molesworth sold out his commission and settled down in Devonshire. "So," the earl continued, "the Sheaffes having drawn one good soldier from the king's colours are to give another in his place." The lad, as though feeling that his sister's loyalty had been questioned, then said in very pretty fashion, that if Mr. Molesworth was not now of the army, yet his sister still loved the red coat. He had seen only the other day a letter she had written her mother from Devonshire, regretting that she was obliged to stay "in that riotous Boston where misguided rebels were giving such trouble to our good King George." There was an honest ring to this and we cheered the boy with a will. Had we been at Colonel Nesbitt's or at General Pigot's, I think Gould would have started a stanza of "Hot Stuff,"[1] but even he did not dare risk it at Earl Percy's table.

The earl spoke of the beauty of the wooded country about Jamaica Plain, which led Harris to say that he thought the entrance to the harbour and the view of the town from it to be the most charming thing he ever saw, surpassing indeed the far-famed Bay of Dublin. For himself he would prefer some less favoured country where an active campaign was afoot. I was stirred to say some very harsh things of this generation of vipers that is troubling Massachusetts, and to express the belief that Harris would not have long to wait nor far to travel to find use for his powder and ball. I think they were of my mind on our side the table, but on the other Dr. Byles had something to say for Boston. Mr. Fox said nothing. He has a way of saying little when there is much talk — a trait, I am told, in Lord Hol-

[1] This song was the work of Edward Botwood, a sergeant of Grenadiers in the 47th Foot (Lascelles), who fell in Wolfe's attack upon the French entrenchments near Beauport, July 31, 1759. It was a favorite with the British army throughout the Revolution, and was sung to the air "Lilies of France." It will be found printed in full as a note in the third volume of Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*. (Little, Brown & Co. 1899.)

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land's family. Harris declared that while he should like to try what stuff he was made of, yet he would rather the trial should be with others than these poor fellows of kindred blood. Gould prayed to be delivered from all such kinsmen and alluded to the decoration of Tory doorways with "Hillsborough paint." Some one called attention to the mean attack on Colonel Ruggles's house and the maiming of his animals. Pitcairn declared the worst cowards to be those who in fear of the rebels were publishing in the papers their regrets for having signed the farewell address to Governor Hutchinson. His Lordship was inclined to think that these gentlemen were in a bad situation if located in the country, where the protection of the troops did not reach. He spoke of the insults heaped upon the court officers at Worcester and at other places and thought that the general might soon dispatch a brigade up into the country to support the authorities, who were endeavoring to maintain the law in riotous communities. Pitcairn believed he could march a battalion of marines straight through Massachusetts, and bring the people to terms without the radical use of force. Mr. Fox roused himself at this and remarked that he had heard that old Putnam, the Connecticut ranger, had said that the king's troops could march over the continent provided "they behaved themselves civilly and paid well for everything they wanted." Dr. Byles saw wit in this and ventured a mild defense of the holy hypocrites who are ruining this province. He believed the disorderly element was not numerous, and that with a little patience on the part of the authorities and the military, the present troubles would subside and all become again loyal and law-abiding subjects of the king. "I recall," he said, "when patience has served me well in dealing with our selectmen. A foul quagmire had long stood in the street before my door and my complaints at the Town House brought me no relief. One day from my window I saw a chaise containing two of our selectmen wallowing in the bog and quite unable to flounder out. I could not refrain from shouting, 'I am glad at last, gentlemen, to see you stirring in that matter.'" A roar of laughter greeted this speech of the reverend gentleman who has a great local reputation as a wit.

I did not think that Pitcairn relished the implied criticism of the troops in the last remark of Captain Fox, and I own I was offended by it. No sooner had Dr. Byles subsided than Mr. Fox spoke again, to say that a wise Parliament at Westminster and a wise Ministry at St. James were quite as essential to peace in the province as patient soldiers in Boston. His Lordship smiled at this, and said that soldiers were fortunate in not having to assume the burdens of Parliament or of ministers, having only to execute loyally the king's commands. Mr. Fox quite unabashed replied that he believed the army had not been above reproach in its sphere, and that too many of the officers had earned the reproaches and enmity of the townspeople. Pitcairn, who had flushed red at the first remark of Mr. Fox, to my surprise loudly assented to this, and thanked God that the marines had never been concerned in the disorders charged to the military. He deplored the destruction of King Hancock's fence, the scandalous doings at Miss Erskine's, and the attack by drunken soldiers on the Providence coach. Officers should keep sober, and should keep their men in order, if they had to flog them by companies. The major's allusion to the affair of the coach was an unhappy one, for Captain Gore of Percy's regiment is believed to have been the chief offender. His Lordship passed over the matter gracefully and informed the major that he believed that the incident had been much exaggerated. A remark of mine stirred the controversial spirit of Captain Fox, though I must own that his bearing was both quiet and polite. When I referred

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to Mr. Samuel Adams of this town as a man of "desperate fortune whose political existence depended upon the continuance of the present dispute," Fox remarked that it became all of us to speak respectfully of the man for whom two regiments in His Majesty's service had been named.[1] This caused a general laugh in which Earl Percy joined, while Mr. Byles called out from the foot of the table that he hoped Roger Sheaffe would not quote this sally of Captain Fox to Mr. Molesworth, late of the 29th Regiment.

Gould alluded to the gossip in regard to Captain Scawen of the Guards and the wife of Captain Horneck of the same regiment. The earl, perhaps out of consideration for the youth of Roger Sheaffe, or because his own matrimonial affairs are not in a good state, diverted the talk from the line in which Gould would have pressed it. He turned the subject by asking Dr. Byles across the table if he admired the verse of Dr. Goldsmith whose death has occurred within the year. Dr. Byles replied that he regarded Goldsmith as an ingenious man of excellent talent, though not to be compared with his old friend and correspondent Mr. Pope, whose work he believed would endure till the end of time. The earl had heard it said that "the Captain in Lace" mentioned in Dr. Goldsmith's poem of *Retaliation* was none other than the Captain Horneck to whom Mr. Gould had referred. "I have often heard," said the earl, "my friend Dr. Percy mention Dr. Goldsmith with respect, and it was through him that the poet was first presented to my father at Northumberland House. A number of years since, Dr. Goldsmith wrote a poem which he sent in manuscript to my mother, and which she had printed for distribution among her friends. I have heard that these verses were afterwards incorporated in Dr. Goldsmith's novel of *The Vicar of Wakefield*." The earl continued that he had heard much from Dr. Percy of Goldsmith's odd manners and improvident habits, and how on one occasion he strayed into the Duke of Northumberland's lodgings in Bath, mistaking them, he believed, for the house of his friend Lord Clare. His Grace, who had a great respect for Dr. Goldsmith and would have helped him had he known his necessities, prevailed upon him on this occasion to atone for his error by remaining to dinner.

Captain Fox said that he believed Goldsmith was well known to his brother Charles, as they were members together of a literary club in London. He had heard his brother speak in warmest praise of Mr. Goldsmith's merits, and knew that he regarded the *Traveller* as "one of the finest poems in the English language." He feared that the poet's death had been hastened by the burden of heavy debts. Here Gould muttered in my ear to wonder whether, if Lord Holland had not come to the financial relief of Charles Fox, that portly gambler would have been crushed as easily as the duke's scribbling friend from Grub Street.

Some allusion being made to the Battle of Minden, the conversation became for a time professional in character. George, with his head full of theories, asked whether it was not a mistake to detach the flank companies of regiments of foot for separate service. But the poor lad had not gone far in his argument before Gould was patting his back and hailing him as "the General," till, confused and abashed, he took refuge in blushes. Pitcairn hoped that no more regiments on the Irish establishment would come out. He had never known such a record of desertions on foreign service, and the rascals recruited in Ireland showed a clear willingness to fight on the rebel side. The earl explained that there had been much exaggeration in these matters. The other day there had been a statement published in Boston that one hun-

[1] When the news reached London of the Boston Massacre, and of the removal of the troops from the town as a result of the agitation headed by Samuel Adams, the 14th and 29th were derisively alluded to in Parliament as "the Sam Adams regiments."

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dred men of the Royal Irish had deserted and gone into the country. As there were only three companies of the regiment stationed in Boston this would be a substantial loss, yet the earl could assure the major that the battalion was in good condition with fairly full ranks. Pitcairn was glad to have his Lordship's assurance on this point, but thought it a matter for regret that no Scotch regiments had been sent to Boston. The Scots were an orderly people, and he believed Fraser's made a fine record with Wolfe. Mr. Byles here remarked that the House of Brunswick had not always regarded the Scotch as an orderly people, and said gayly that he was not sure that the major himself had not been *out in the Forty-five*.[1] Pitcairn had a retort ready, but Colonel Gunning interrupted to say that he was glad to hear the 78th mentioned as having been at Quebec. He had always understood that the 43d had seen some fighting on the Plains of Abraham, but since the landing of the 47th in Boston, the impression seemed to be that Montcalm was beaten by a few companies of "Wolfe's Own." The earl laughed at this outbreak, and bowing very politely to Gunning, said that the glorious record of the 43d was better known than the colonel would admit, and then added that the major would be glad to know that as Ireland had been drawn on so heavily for troops the new regiments were almost certain to be sent from England. Then, turning again to Colonel Gunning, the earl remarked that it had been decided that General Burgoyne was coming out in a few weeks. It seems that Burgoyne and Gunning are both uncles to Lord Stanley, whose *fête champêtre* of last year in honour of his marriage with Lady Betty Hamilton was for months the talk of the town. Upon mention of this gorgeous affair, the earl stated that George Selwyn had said that it had every appearance of having been planned by Burgoyne and paid for by Lord Stanley, at which Gunning broke into a roar of laughter that brought over Dr. Byles to find out what wit there was, not of his making.

[1] Referring to the uprising in Scotland in 1745 for the Chevalier Charles Edward.

Mr. Fox had become engaged in a discussion with Lord Rawdon upon the value of the American breed of horses as compared with the English stock, and was showing vast animation, for him. Mr. Byles, interrupting, suggested Pitcairn as a competent man to judge the dispute. The major affirmed that, while he knew little of the complicated workmanship of the beast, he could handle any quadruped that neighed. Every Fife man could ride, and he would race the doctor on a wager, from the North Battery to the Neck. The earl said that he had supposed the major would declare for the Scottish animal as his standard, and asked Harris whether he had forgotten the good horses they saw on the track at Kelso when they went from Alnwick to the races in 1772. Harris remembered the bonny lasses he saw that day far better than the horses, whereupon the major, forgetting his challenge, burst forth into a fine encomium upon the ladies of his native land.

We rose as the bell on the South Meeting-House was striking nine. The evening was one of the pleasantest I have passed in Boston. I believe I am regarded favourably by his Lordship, and shall study to win his interest. We went out pretty much together: Master Sheaffe walked down Tremont Street with Collingwood and Pitcairn; the Reverend Byles was sent home in his Lordship's coach. As we crossed the street to the Common, the earl was already coming out of his garden with his cloak about him, to make his evening rounds.

II

The coming of General Gage to reside in Boston relieved Earl Percy of many responsibilities, but there is no reason to believe that the hospitality of the Province House dimmed the attractions of the mansion at the head of Winter Street.

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Throughout the season we meet the earl here and there about his duties. The season is not a harsh one, but the townspeople are amazed that he walks and rides with bosom open and wears no great-coat. The mild winter melts into an early spring and mid-April finds the grass green upon the Common, while the trees along the Mall are already bursting into foliage.

Doubtless Boston slept well on the night of the 18th of April, 1775, but we have it on good authority that it was otherwise with Earl Percy. We can place him on the Common not far from midnight, where he overhears the remark of a townsman that the British have marched upon a vain errand. From here we can follow him to the Province House, where, behind closed doors, it is believed that he consumed the early morning hours in consulting with his commander and in upbraiding him with having confided an important secret to an unworthy confidant.[1] A few hours later and he is mounted upon a white charger, and with pistols in holster is riding up and down the line of soldiery that extends all the way from Queen Street along Tremont Street almost to the bottom of the Mall.

When early risers on this historic morning attempt to cross the thoroughfare that skirts the Common, they are amazed at the imposing display of force that blocks the way. All sorts of wild stories are afloat as to what this commotion means. The townsmen hear that the Grenadiers and Light Infantry of the garrison went into the country last night, leaving the town by water from the bottom of the Common. It is whispered that their aim is the cannon at Concord, and perhaps the arrest of John Hancock and Samuel Adams. It is said that secret measures were taken early to warn these men and that signal lanterns burned last evening in the steeple of the North Church. It is believed that they have bad news at the Province House and that the troops now forming are going out under Earl Percy to reinforce last night's expedition.

The army hears that the Grenadiers and Light Infantry have gone out on a secret mission, that Smith of the 10th is in command, and that the general has had the good sense to send Pitcairn along to keep an eye on things; that an express arrived from Smith before dawn, saying that the country was aroused and asking for reinforcements; that there is a stupid blunder somewhere in the orders, and so the brigade is not all mustered yet. Now everything is awaiting the arrival of the marines, and it is clear that Percy is disgusted and in bad humor.

Eight o'clock has sounded from the Old South tower, and at last the belated marines are arriving. The sergeants bustle about among their men, the lines are dressed, and as the hands of the town clocks are nearing nine the command to march passes along the street. Harrison Gray Otis on his way to the Latin School is turned back on Queen Street by a brusque officer, and makes his way up School Street in time to see the soldiers and hear those famous words of dismissal from Master Lovell. As the boys pour out of the building that is closing for many a long month, the troops are moving, the drums are rolling, and the fifes are screaming the shrill strains of *Yankee Doodle*. The head of the column is below West Street, and to all those in the throng who love the British flag it is an inspiring sight. The marines go by erect and solid, the best men Pitcairn thinks who ever fixed bayonet on musket; then follows a fine regiment which from the king's cipher and the royal lion on their colors we recognize as the King's Own. But the flank companies are missing, which means that Evelyn, Boscawen, and Gould went out with Smith last night. And here is the 47th, "Wolfe's Own," the famous corps that fought on the Plains of Abraham and saw its commander die victorious under the walls of

[1] General Gage had married the daughter of a colonist and was suspected in the army of being so much under her influence as to share with her important state secrets.

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Quebec; and then comes glittering rank on rank of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the custodians of a proud record, with Minden emblazoned on their standards. We catch glimpses of Earl Percy riding slowly up and down the line, and the expression on his Lordship's face is not the one we find in Mr. Stuart's painting, nor that familiar to guests at his dinner-table. Two field-pieces rumble on after the column, and the wagons with supplies and ammunition bring up the rear. The music dies away, the crowd disperses, and Earl Percy and his brigade have passed on to a hard day's work.

The 19th was an anxious day in Boston. It was known in the forenoon at the Province House that the troops and the Minute Men had been in collision at Lexington, but Gage, lacking definite details, caused it to be given out that no lives had been lost. Later all sorts of wild rumors passed from mouth to mouth. It was repeatedly asserted in the afternoon that Earl Percy had been killed, and all through the day Beacon Hill was crowded by citizens and soldiers gazing westward for some sign of what was taking place. But from this airy height Boston looked down that day upon a land where all seemed peace, the fields and hills of Middlesex smiling in the sun, from the rippling current of the Charles to the hazy heights of Waltham. But toward sundown the situation became more clear, fires were burning in Menotomy, and to the eastward of the Colleges in Cambridge were drifting puffs of dust and smoke to tell the story of hard marching and of carnage. Then as darkness fell the flickering of musketry was visible all along the base of Prospect Hill, until it became clear that the troops were following the road into Charlestown. Late in the evening it was known in Boston that Percy was in the town across the ferry, and those stationed along the north water front could see the Somerset lowering her boats for service. All through the night the sailors rowed to and fro, bringing to town the wounded men who had fallen in that long heart-rending march from Concord Bridge. Earl Percy was doubtless at the Province House before morning, to report upon his day's work. We can fancy the agitation of the gentle-hearted governor when his elegant brigadier confronted him, dirt-covered and powder-blackened, his voice gone, and with that rent in his dusty coat where the peasant's bullet had almost robbed a dukedom of its heir.

The events of the 19th of April wrought a change in the whole current of life in Boston. War had begun, and all New England in armed revolt was encamped about the town. Sympathizers with the popular cause passed out into the rebel camps, while the Loyalists, helpless in the face of the popular uprising, fled to Boston to dwell within the protection of the troops. These movements of the people were fostered by the British and by the provincial authorities, so that before the close of the month well-known faces were missed and strange faces had appeared in Boston. The presence of the wounded had a marked effect upon the temper of the people. The care of nearly two hundred stricken men kept the army surgeons well employed, while the prevalence of crutches and bandages upon the streets brought home to all the realities of grim-visaged war.

It had fallen to Captain Harris to cover the retreat with his company of Percy's regiment, and the earl told how he met him under fire, bareheaded on the dusty road, carrying his grenadier hat full of water for the comfort of the wounded. Harris had seen Lieutenant Baker and more than half of his tall fellows shot down by invisible marksmen, and he had lost all sense of kinship with the stealthy, straight-shooting people of the province. "I trust the Americans may be brought to a sense of their duty," he stormed. "One good drubbing which I long to give them by way of retaliation might have a good effect toward it."

There was gloom at Captain Evelyn's lodgings, for Joe Knight, the only officer

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killed, was a lieutenant in the King's Own, while little Gould, shot through the leg, had been taken prisoner in Menotomy as he was hobbling home ahead of the column. "He was the most amiable and worthy man in the world," sobbed Evelyn over the loss of poor Knight, while Boscawen's grief was pathetic to witness. But Joe Knight, though cut off on the threshold of his career, was honored in his friendships and in dying as a good soldier should. He did not live to attain distinction in his profession, but his gentle character was to be enshrined in that series of loving letters which the Honorable Mrs. Boscawen addressed to Mrs. Delaney. The fate of Knight impressed Evelyn with the risks to which his young charge was exposed. "I wish," he wrote to his father, "they would purchase a lieutenantcy for him at home, for I am very uneasy lest anything befall him while he is with me."

But there was no depression in the army over the affair of April 19. The officers declared that this was far different from campaigning in Germany, and that discipline and high training were useless in a contest where not above ten of the enemy could be seen in a body, and where all gave their fire from behind trees and walls, "and then reloaded on their bellies." Percy became at once the darling of the army. All through the march from Lexington to Charlestown Common he had his men in good control, and whenever opportunity offered to strike a blow he was quick to see and improve it. He left the marks of his heavy hand all along the roads of Menotomy and Cambridge, and it was cool design and not uncontrolled savagery that filled the evening air with the smoke of flaming dwellings. When Percy first saw Smith's demoralized infantry in Lexington, exhausted, powderless, and cumbered with their wounded, he realized that this was war and determined to play a strong part in it. For long years after, his name was abhorred by the Provincials, who had hovered on his flanks and who had suffered at his hands that April afternoon. The officers of the line, the commander-in-chief in Boston, the king in London, all combined in praising "the masterly officership" that had brought off the troops "with so little loss through a severe and incessant fire for twenty miles;" and the Duke of Northumberland received, from ministers who loved him not, congratulations upon the conduct of his son.

And Percy himself, who had despised his foes, described the day in these words: "During the whole affair the Rebels attacked us in a very scattered, irregular manner, but with perseverance and resolution, nor did they ever dare to form into any regular body. Indeed, they knew too well what was proper, to do so. Whoever looks upon them as an irregular mob, will find himself much mistaken. They have men amongst them who know very well what they are about, having been employed as Rangers against the Indians and Canadians, and this country being much cov'd with wood and hilly, is very advantageous for their method of fighting. Nor are several of their men void of a spirit of enthusiasm, as we experienced yesterday, for many of them concealed themselves in houses and advanced within 10 yards to fire at me and other officers tho' they were morally certain of being put to death themselves in an instant. . . . For my part, I never believed I confess that they wd have attacked the King's troops, or have had the perseverance I found in them yesterday." In this frank fashion did Earl Percy acknowledge his error and pay his tribute to the courage of the men of Massachusetts.

Though Colonel Smith of the 10th and Barnard of the Fusiliers were both wounded in the April fighting, it was Major Pitcairn who retained the most disagreeable memories of the day. His story of that morning was always told with simple, straightforward frankness. He saw the militia drawn up under arms on the village green, and riding up ordered them to disperse, and damned them as they

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deserved for a set of disloyal villains. They did not obey on the moment and he turned about to order his troops to surround and disarm them. Then came two or three scattered shots, which he did not see but believed to have been fired by the militia, followed by a sudden and promiscuous fusillade from a part of his own men. Though he struck his sword downwards with all earnestness as the signal to forbear or cease firing, the damage was done in an instant. This in effect was Pitcairn's story, and though he rested under no criticism from the general, he did not regard it a creditable tale. He could laugh over the loss of his horse and his pistols; the slaying of a few peasants did not disturb him, for the rascals had tempted fate by facing the king's troops in arms. But the old veteran was pained that a detachment serving under him should get out of hand and fire without orders. He had only one comfort in his trial, — the offenders were merely light infantry and not the marines.

It is likely that the damage inflicted upon the regiments, the shifting of the population, and the work of fortifying the town, checked for a time all social life in the garrison. But the incoming of the Loyalist families was an agreeable event to the officers, and we are told that Lady Frankland was an object of especial interest when she came down from Hopkinton to open her great mansion at the North End. On May 25 there arrived the Cerberus frigate with the three major-generals aboard, — Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, — and at the same time that she cast anchor in the harbor, the transports came in with the three regiments of foot and the Queen's Light Dragoons. With these reinforcements the military population of the town exceeded the civil element, and as the most ardent rebels had crossed the Charles, Boston became in effect a loyal community. By the last of May the morale of the garrison was higher than at any time since Percy's arrival, and confidence was widespread among both the soldiery and the Tory refugees, that a decisive movement was imminent that would crush out rebellion in the province and bring all loyal souls in Boston to their own again.

With the arrival of the Cerberus the receptions and dinners at the Province House took on more imposing state, and the great rooms of the governor's mansion were thronged with the bravest and the fairest that the town could boast. We can fancy too that, though Percy's army rank seemed less imposing since the landing of the major-generals, his house was not neglected, and that day by day he did the honors of his table. One is tempted to glance again into the old dining-room and mark the new faces that gather there: to hear Colonel Saltonstall and Mr. Vassall lament the inconveniences of the time, to hear Clinton tell his memories of the fighting Prince of Brunswick, and listen to Burgoyne's graceful and racy recital of the gossip that is amusing high life in London. But it is not necessary to call at Earl Percy's to find Burgoyne. You may see him on the Mall, where he saunters with handsome Tory ladies; at the bookshops on Cornhill, where he handles the volumes with loving hands and chats charmingly of their contents; or you may meet him coming down the steps of the Province House, after a conference with his Excellency, a queer smile on his face as he thinks how absurd it is that His Majesty's army in Boston should be commanded by a timid old woman.

The night of the 16th of June was quiet so quiet that officers on duty remarked it, and the "All's well" from the men-of-war at anchor in the harbor was plainly audible in the town. With the first flush of dawn came the boom of a cannon, then another, followed by the roll and roar of great guns bombarding. The town was alarmed by this harsh awakening, and there was a rush of soldiers and citizens to Copp's and Beacon Hills, from which the Royal vessels in the Charles were descried enshrouded in the smoke of their own guns.

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At first it was not clear what caused the commotion in the fleet, but soon practiced eyes discovered beyond the river a low redoubt on the crest of Breed's Hill, whose grassy slopes formed a pleasant background for the clustering roofs of Charlestown. Officers rubbed their eyes in amazement. There was no room for doubt that during the few short hours of darkness the daring Provincials had done a work that was meant as a challenge to the troops in Boston.

There was a hurried conference of the generals at the Province House, as a result of which a force of two thousand men was assigned to Howe with orders to clear the hill, while Earl Percy was sent to Roxbury Neck to maintain a bombardment, and prevent any hostile move from that quarter. Clinton had urged a landing in the rear of the redoubt, with a view of cutting off the retreat of the Provincials and capturing the whole body, but others clamored for an attack in front. On the 19th of April the troops had complained that they could not see their foes; now they had them in plain sight and would beat them handsomely in the face of the whole country. The rascals would not stand to receive the bayonet, and losses would be trifling. Even Gage was carried away by the enthusiasm of his advisers. The excitement in Boston was intense. Groups gathered at corners discussed in whispers the intentions of the rebels, and as the roar of the bombardment went echoing through the streets their faces blanched with terror. The Province House was early thronged with officers who sought a place in the attacking column. Orderlies galloped through the streets on important errands, and from all parts of the town came the rolling of drums and the alarms of the bugle. Before noon the regiments were on the march, and the music of the bands and the screaming of the fifes was heard on every hand.

The 43d is passing down Hanover Street on its way to the North Battery, and Colonel Gunning makes a handsome figure at its head. But the bands are playing in King Street, and as we hurry in that direction we can see through narrow lanes the glitter of moving steel. The scarlet ranks sweep down the famous street in an unceasing stream, — grenadiers, light infantry, the 38th, and Earl Percy's 5th. We see Abercrombie leading the grenadiers, and not far behind is Captain Harris, whose chance to thrash the rebels is close at hand. Lord Rawdon's face is turned away as he scans the alignment of his men; and then comes Evelyn, erect and stern, his mind filled with misgivings for the lad who is marching gayly at his heels. Now the colors of the 38th are tossing above the glare of bayonets, and in a moment we see Harry Fox go by, with the easy swing of a man of lighter build, cursing inwardly the duty upon which he is bound, but with the same imperturbable expression on his face that he wore at Earl Percy's dinner-table. As the column pours on to the Long Wharf, the boats and barges are ready and the work of embarkation is beautifully carried out. The naval officer in charge will win promotion for this day's work, and as he moves about the wharf we recognize the face of Collingwood.

Burgoyne was not to have a share in the day's fighting. His literary and not his military qualities were to be asserted on this occasion, and his famous letter to Lord Stanley will remain for all time the most vivid pen picture of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

We shall find him with Clinton on Copp's Hill where the Royal Artillerymen are busy with their guns. High above them, in the tower of Christ Church, Gage is looking down upon the battlefield and watching Prescott of Pepperell as he saunters along the distant rampart. The day is beautiful but intensely warm; the roofs and spires of Boston are black with excited humanity. Across the river the highlands of Middlesex are sprinkled with onlookers, while in strange contrast to all this eager life the village of

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Charlestown lies sleeping in the sun, silent and deserted.

The advance is about to commence. The ships of war are concentrating their fire upon the redoubt, and the gunners on Copp's Hill toil with renewed energy at their heated pieces. The glittering files of the soldiery move up the slope with a precision and proud bearing that awes the spectators and draws forth the remark from the critical Burgoyne that "Howe's disposition is exceedingly soldierlike." Not a sign of life is visible in Charlestown or about the redoubt. The troops advance steadily, though impeded, it is clear, by the bad ground and by the stout fences that cross the slope. As the leading platoons deliver their fire with parade accuracy, the batteries on sea and land cease their roaring, and like the rolling back of a curtain the billowy clouds of powder smoke drifting seaward open up the whole battlefield to the view of those in Boston. The troops seem to have almost reached the redoubt; Burgoyne fears that the peasants have already withdrawn, when there is a sudden glancing of flame, a crash, and the provincial works are ablaze from end to end with musketry. Dense smoke envelopes the crest of the hill and completely screens the combatants from view. For ten minutes the awful roll and rattle continues; scarlet groups appear wavering here and there along the lower edge of the seething cloud; and then the thinned and broken lines of the soldiery come fully into view, swaying backward down the slope in orderly but unmistakable retreat.

The officers on Copp's Hill are stung with chagrin and shame. The whole country has witnessed the repulse of the troops. But it is clear that Howe is going up again, and all along the lines the swords of the officers can be seen flashing in the sunlight as they rally and reform the broken battalions. It is now that Howe gives the order for the burning of Charlestown. As the battery on Copp's Hill sends its bombs into the doomed town a boatload of sailors is seen pulling out from the Somerset, to make sure of the work. In a few moments Charlestown begins to burn. The fire leaps up in a dozen places and spreads rapidly; the church spire sends a thin column of gray smoke skyward and then puffs out into blinding flames. In the shadow of the smoke which now drifts in dense volumes over the field of death, and supported by the renewed cannonading from the ships, the royal troops again move forward to the assault. Again there is the steady advance, though now the way is sadly cumbered with the fallen, and again the troops deliver their beautiful but useless volleys. As the din of the bombardment dies away, there comes a hush so deep that the roar of the flames and the crash of falling roofs in Charlestown is distinctly heard in Boston. Then again the redoubt breaks into awful life and the scarlet columns seem to shrink and wither before the fiery blast. In a short half-hour from Howe's second order to advance, the wreck of his detachment has been thrown back down the hill, almost to the beach.

There were few among the spectators on either side of the river who after this awful slaughter did not regard the battle as over, for the day at least. The scene upon the beach beggared description. Fully one-third of the attacking force had fallen. Regiments were reduced to battalions, and companies had been literally annihilated. Major Small with a detachment of marines now put off from Boston, and Clinton, unable longer to behold the discomfiture of the soldiery, threw himself into the boat as a volunteer. There was no appeal from Howe for fresh regiments, there was no move on the part of Gage to relieve the broken battalions that had twice scaled these fatal heights.

There were scores among the officers who had crossed the river with Howe who had called the Provincials cowards. The survivors of those two attacks were never to repeat the charge. And these gentlemen who so despised their foe had

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been loud in proclaiming the invincibility of the British arms. They at least were no vain braggarts; they had indulged in no empty boasting. Ardent patriots, thrilling with the brave work of their countrymen behind that low redoubt, could scarce believe their senses, they could scarce withhold their admiration, when it became clear that the indomitable infantry which Howe commanded was still unbeaten. As the artillery was pushed forward through the swampy ground to rake the redoubt in flank, the soldiers, throwing aside knapsacks, coats, and all useless weight, were again reforming their now pitifully thin lines. All the world knows the rest of that day's work. How Howe, abandoning all parade formations, used the strength that was left him as it should have been used against a powerful and determined foe; how the provincial powder ran low, and how at last that fierce torrent of British steel burst into the redoubt and wrought awful vengeance upon brave and almost defenseless men who would not beg for quarter. "The day ended with glory," said Burgoyne, "and the success was most important, considering the ascendency it gave the regular troops; but the loss was uncommon in officers for the numbers engaged."

But in addressing the noble lord in England, Burgoyne hardly did justice to the awful carnage which the army had sustained. "We were exulting in seeing the flight of our enemies," writes an ardent Tory of the town, "but in an hour or two we had occasion to mourn and lament. Dear was the purchase of our safety. In the evening the streets were filled with the wounded and the dying; the sight of which, with the lamentations of the women and children over their husbands and fathers, pierced one to the soul. We were now every moment hearing of some officer, or other of our friends and acquaintance, who had fallen in our defense, and in supporting the honor of our country." In another account we read: "The Saturday night and Sabbath were taken up in carrying over the dead and wounded; and all the wood carts in town it is said were employed, chaises and coaches for the officers."

Percy coming down from Roxbury Neck in the early evening may well have been shocked at these evidences of the desperate fighting of the day. He hears that Pitcairn has been killed and that Abercrombie, mortally wounded, had made a last appeal to his men to treat old Putnam kindly if they took him. Major Small declares that he owes his own life to Putnam, who "rushed forward and struck up the muzzles of guns that were aimed at him." Percy is doubtless proud to learn that "his regiment suffered the most and behaved the best," and is pleased to hear from Burgoyne that Lord Rawdon has "behaved to a charm," and has established his name for life. But when they tell him that Harris is dangerously wounded, and that there were only eight men of his company left to follow Lord Rawdon into the redoubt, the earl's pride and pleasure are tempered by grief. Down at the marine barracks in the North End strong men are weeping like children for Pitcairn. They tell how he was bleeding from two wounds when he placed himself in front of the battalion for the third attack, and how as he pointed to the enemy he called out for the last time, "Now for the glory of the marines!" He was struck by four bullets as he entered the redoubt, and they believe at the barracks that he died as he had always wished to die, and that his closing eyes must have beheld his marines victorious. "We have lost a father." That is the wail of Pitcairn's bereaved command.

No one could complain of the way the 43d was handled at Bunker Hill, and Colonel Gunning came out unscathed, to be warmly commended by the general. That night, back in the Boston camp, Evelyn bethought himself of the dangers that beset us in this troubled life; he thought too of Peggie Wright, and then and there drew up his modest will. Harry

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Fox bore himself in every emergency as became an officer of the 38th, and as he pored over the gaps in his company roll, he must have thought what a shameful waste it was to send His Majesty's troops against men of English blood.

Percy was fortunate in having none of his regimental officers slain. There were wounds in plenty, and the life of Harris was saved by trepanning. Years after he left the Boston hospital, he would laughingly tell how the doctors had allowed him to behold his own brains in a mirror.

For weeks the town was a hospital, and scores of soldiers who succumbed to their wounds were buried in trenches on the Common. "Many of the wounded are daily dying," writes an army surgeon at this time, "and many must have both legs amputated. The Provincials either exhausted their ball, or they were determined that every wound should prove mortal. Their muskets were charged with old nails and angular pieces of iron." We read how Lady Frankland gave up her mansion for a hospital, and how Clinton abandoned the Hancock House that it might be put to the same use. In the mess-rooms of the garrison, Minden lost its standing as a bloody battle. Minden was a dress parade to Bunker Hill, so the talk ran, and the far-famed French grenadier a really harmless animal when compared to the American peasant with a wall in front of him and powder and ball in his pouch.

We have only meagre records of what went on in Boston between July, 1775, when Washington arrived in Cambridge, and March, 1776, when he placed his heavy guns in position on Dorchester Heights. We know that the winter was not a mild one, and that low temperatures were rendered more fearful by the lack of fuel and by the rough gales that howled across the Common and through the narrow streets. Food was scarce, and the occasional skirmishes between outposts not being frequent nor warm enough to keep the troops in heart, it was a hard task to restrain them from vandalism and excess. All lived in the hope of that long-deferred campaign which was to put everything to rights.

Burgoyne was a conspicuous figure in the town until the day of his departure. He converted the Old South Meeting-House into a riding school for his pet regiment of horse, and it is probable that almost any day one might have seen the Honorable Tom Stanley leaping his horse over the barriers. This was the young man for whom Burgoyne had yearned as he stood on Copp's Hill on the 17th of June, and who arrived in Boston shortly after the events of that day. Burgoyne was a good disciplinarian, but during his stay in town he was more active with his pen than with his sword. He found time to waste ink in a fruitless controversy with Charles Lee, and these letters, with the pompous proclamations he wrote for Gage, have proved the enduring part of his literary labors. His wit as a playwright and his efficiency as a stage manager were his best offerings to the royal cause in Boston. He wrote the prologue for a performance of *Zarah* at Faneuil Hall, and Lord Rawdon spoke the lines. We can fancy that the young man performed this task with far less confidence than he played his part at Bunker Hill. "The theatre flourishes surprisingly and has brought out some capital performers," writes George Evelyn, who, having succeeded in getting Boscawen sent home on recruiting duty, breathed free again. Burgoyne's piece of *The Blockade of Boston* was not acted until after the sailing of the accomplished author, and the first performance in Faneuil Hall was broken up by the alarm of a Yankee attack. Officers were ordered to their posts, and we read of the dilemma of certain fair Tories who made their way home without escort, to the great delight of their rebel sisters.

We see little of Earl Percy during these days, but we can imagine that because of the lack of tempting viands dinner-giving was going out of fashion in Boston. Sir William Howe managed to maintain a

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dignified and charming hospitality at the Province House, and within its walls anxious Tories were wont to find new courage, and dance dull care away to the bewitching music of the Fusiliers' band. But when the raw March air began to throb to the roar of the Continental cannon, a spirit of gloom crept over the town, and made its way at last into the innermost recesses of the governor's mansion and chilled the heart in the governor's breast.

On the morning of March 5, 1776, the British officers were gazing in wonder upon Dorchester Heights, as nine months before they had looked across the Charles upon Breed's Hill. Washington had planted batteries on the high land during the night, and the admiral at once notified Howe that his anchorage was no longer tenable. Then Percy comes into prominence for the last time in Boston. He is ordered to rendezvous at the Castle with a force of three thousand men, and to cross to the mainland in the morning to attack the Continental works. The expedition bivouacked at the Castle that night, but the day of the 6th was ushered in by a driving storm, and the sea ran so high that it was found impossible to get the troops off. All through the stormy day Howe was pondering the lessons of Bunker Hill, and his memory was so haunted by the carnage wrought by the American farmers, that before the storm had subsided, he countermanded Percy's orders and began to prepare for evacuating the town. After sundown on March 16, the British troops went aboard the transports, and all night long the streets echoed to their departing tramp. On the 17th the fleet dropped down to Nantasket Roads, and there lay for ten days before weighing anchor for Halifax. As Percy paced the deck within sight of the hills of Boston, the windows of his house on Winter Street were looking out upon glad scenes, upon the street thronging with happy country people and townsfolk returning, upon the Common where detachments of the liberating army, ill drilled and in motley garb, were going on duty. Putnam and Heath come down the street, so does Mr. Knox the bookseller in his artillery regimentals, and Charles Lee also, jealous and vain as of yore. But the old house rocks with the cheering of thousands when a greater than these approaches, a far nobler man indeed than any of the distinguished company who have sat down with Earl Percy at his table here in Boston. His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, rides a great charger, he wears the blue and buff, and he bows gravely to right and left upon the joyous crowds that line his way.

III

Let us glance in closing at what the future had in store for those gallant servants of King George whom we have met at Earl Percy's table. As we look into the scattering family correspondence that has been preserved, it is pleasant to see how fully Roger Sheaffe repaid the benevolence of his noble patron. In 1778 an ensign in the 5th Foot, in 1813 he was a major-general commanding against the United States in Canada. This service was sorely against his will, and he was ever devoted to his mother and to his friends and kindred in Boston. He revisited the town in 1788, and again in 1792, when he was clearly the idol of the family circle. He married Margaret Coffin, a cousin to the admiral of that name; and it was a note from the Duke of Northumberland[1] addressed to "Lady Sheaffe," that first informed this excellent woman that her husband had been created a baronet of England. The career of Roger Sheaffe was marked at times by hardship and disappointment, but through it all the duke appears and reappears in his rôle of a fairy godfather. We catch frequent glimpses of Sir Roger during the early half of the nineteenth century, and in the days of the third Duke of Northumberland we find him always a

[1] Percy succeeded his father as Duke of Northumberland in June, 1786.

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welcome guest at Alnwick. He was apparently beloved and favored by the sons of the noble friend whom he first knew at his mother's house in Boston as Hugh, Earl Percy.

With the departure of the British from Boston, the light went out of the life of Dr. Byles. Rejected by his parish in 1776, he at length stood trial in the courts on the grave charge of honoring the king. He was found guilty and sentenced to banishment, but the penalty was never enforced. The old man lived on in Boston, detested by many, until in 1788 he died at the ripe age of eighty-two years. His Tory principles lived on in his daughters, and in the old house, surrounded by the furniture and mementos of the old days, they entertained in the old-fashioned way, and prayed for the restoration of royal authority. Early in the nineteenth century a portion of their house was removed to make way for public improvements, and the shock brought one of these sisters to her grave. The survivor lived to congratulate William IV upon his accession to the throne, and to subscribe herself his loyal and obedient subject. To the end she thought and babbled of the days of good King George, of the wrongs suffered by her father, of walks on the Mall with Sir William Howe, of courtesies extended by Earl Percy, and of the serenades by his regimental band.

Lord Rawdon sailed away to a brilliant career on southern battlefields. He was to justify the promise of Bunker Hill, and to live in history as one of the few capable officers who fought for Britain against Washington and Greene. In later years as Lord Moira, and later still as Marquis of Hastings, he governed England's far Indian empire, and won laurels as one of the great administrators of his day.

In 1793, Captain Harris of the 5th Foot has become Lord Harris of Seringapatam, having in conjunction with Colonel Arthur Wellesley overthrown the redoubtable Tippoo Sahib. Which proved that the brains the provincial bullet so narrowly missed at Bunker Hill were well worth preserving.

Ensign Boscawen in 1777 was riding as captain in the Royal Irish Dragoons, and ten years later he showed tact and courage in pacifying the riotous miners at Truro. He never attained great distinction, but he fulfilled the hopes of his doting mother, and became the discreet and amiable Viscount Falmouth.

As for Glanville Evelyn, there was but a short span of life left for him when he sailed from Boston with Clinton. The longed-for promotion never came, and before the close of the year 1776 he died at the head of his company in an obscure skirmish outside New York. General Howe informed the ministry that the king had lost a "gallant officer" in Captain Evelyn, and Peggie Wright received, by virtue of his last will and testament, the few trinkets and odds and ends which were all his long years of faithful service had brought him.

Lieutenant Gould, cured of the hurt received at Lexington, was exchanged and sent home in the summer of 1775. His convalescence was so rapid and so complete, that within a few weeks after his arrival in England he was able to elope with the daughter of a peer. Mrs. Boscawen in horror reminded Mrs. Delaney that this young desperado had been a friend and comrade of her dear boy in the King's Own. In 1777 Gould comes again into notice as a witness at the trial of the Reverend John Horne in London, and we are told that Earl Percy was an interested spectator in the courtroom. To the chagrin of the king and his ministers, Gould testified as an eye-witness that the royal troops were the aggressors on Lexington Common. In 1792 we are surprised to find him in possession of the office once held by the most implacable enemy of bold Robin Hood. We must assume that, as Sheriff of Nottingham, "little Gould" turned his back upon the follies of his early life and became not only a sober citizen, but a terror to all evil-doers within his jurisdiction.

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On the morning of October 21, 1805, Lord Nelson is bringing his fleet into action against the French. As the mighty mass of the Royal Sovereign drives grandly into the opposing line, Nelson, moved with enthusiasm at the sight, exclaims to an officer at his side, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action. How I envy him!" And so the modest lieutenant of the Somerset in 1775 lived to have the honor of being second in command to Nelson on the glorious day of Trafalgar.

In the spring of 1779 we find "dear Harry Fox," as Lady Sarah Lennox calls him, back at the Duke of Richmond's seat in Sussex. He reappears among his kinsfolk as Lieutenant-Colonel Fox of the 38th. His campaigning has not undone him, for "he is a good portly figure," and while "he breathes short like poor Ste, which vexes one for fear of its being from the same cause of inward fat," he is active and stirring, and a strong walker. To Lady Sarah, "his looks, his manner, are all delightfull; he has the more true *good* military air, the most noble ways." He talks of his service with a modesty and propriety that are charming. He still laughs at the folly of supposing that America can be conquered. "He says the Americans never plunder without leave, he *don't* say so of the English." He longs to pursue all sorts of campaigning save that against the Americans, which he has no heart for. And there is a general's commission and a fond wife awaiting Colonel Fox in the not distant future, and Lord Holland's "only good son" is destined to round out an honorable and useful life.

As for Gunning, that handsome soldier, with his distinguished connections, and hallucinations regarding Charlemagne, there is a sad downfall awaiting him. As a general resting from war's alarms, he is to be undone by a vulgar wife and an ill-bred daughter who crave an alliance with the great house of Marlborough. It is a strange story, and the wild campaign of those awful women cheered Selwyn's closing days and enlivened for weeks the letters of Horace Walpole. Poor Gunning, who, cool and collected, had held the 43d in hand under the iron hail of Bunker Hill, succumbed to this blow at his vanity. He cast his family from him, and plunged into dissipation and debt. Then, heedless of his high social connections, unmindful even of Charlemagne, he ran away with the wife of his tailor. He figured disreputably in a divorce suit, wrote for publication an "Apology" for his life, and died at last on the shores of the Bay of Naples. Years after his death a book was published by his erring daughter, and in inscribing it to the Princess Charlotte she described herself as "the daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Gunning and the niece of the late Duchess of Argyll and the Countess of Coventry." So by the hand of the daughter who had shamed him, his name was linked on a printed page with that of his famous sisters, without whom he would hardly have risen in the fashionable world, and contributed to one of the rarest of its scandals.

As for the noble Percy, he was to serve valiantly in America for some months before returning to London to lay before his sovereign his opinion of Sir William Howe. With his arrival home his days of active soldiering were finished, but his interest in military matters remained always keen. The 5th Regiment of Foot became the Northumberland Fusiliers in compliment to him, and the efficiency of the county militia long bore witness to his fostering care. In 1778 the earl obtained a divorce from the wanton daughter of Lord Bute. He had said to Bishop Percy that matrimony should never tempt him again until he should find another Lady Algernon.[1] And he kept his word, for though he married within a few months of his divorce, it was to Lady Algernon's younger sister, who was to grace

[1] Lord Algernon Percy married in June 1775, Isabella Susannah, second daughter of Peter Burrell of Beckenham, Kent, sister of the first Lord Gwydyr.

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her high station both as Countess Percy and as Duchess of Northumberland. The "soldier duke" grew old in a fine aristocratic way, and became gouty and choleric of temper, as befitted an English peer. He was courted by the Whig leaders at Westminster and was somewhat spoiled by these attentions. He gave his counsel with a grand air and was quick to take offense. He quarreled at last with Charles James Fox, and he is credited with administering a rebuff to no less a person than the Prince of Wales. In his declining years he must often have dwelt upon those fateful hours when he brought the army from Lexington to Charlestown Common, and he may well have given a wistful thought to those far-away days when his table was set with twelve covers in the house at the head of Winter Street.

CIVILIZATION

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

NORTHWARD, and Northward, Northward still she flees,
With limbs that flash to every king's desire;
And one shall follow her with pipe and lyre,
And one with spoils of hundred-harbored seas.
And each in turn shall overtake, and please,
And cosset her an hour, until she tire,
Break loose and run, by roadways tracked with fire,
Tombs populous and shattered palaces.

Between the suings of the Sun and Wind,
Whose kings in each truced hour of breathing-space
Are fain to woo, — brown Khem and jeweled Sindh,
Blithe Graikos and glut Rome, she prays the cold
In easement of her blood; wherefore her face
Is turned forever from those lemans old.

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THE RULES OF THE GAME

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

In the time when the family lived wholly off the produce of its own farm, questions of the distribution of wealth and of welfare could scarcely arise. But now that every man pours his product into some market, it enters in a way into social wealth and passes out of his control. What he shall have to show for it depends on factors which, as John Stuart Mill showed, are man-made rather than natural. He is obliged to enter a game, and to a degree his share of the Desirable depends on his success in that game. What hazards the game shall involve is largely within the will of organized society. Some temperaments want the risks great, the prizes big even if they must be few. Other temperaments want risk eliminated and something guaranteed for all. So long as both temperaments are present in society, it is safe to say that the game will be kept interesting by preserving something of risk. The establishment of the rules of the game lies within the province of society; and, seeing that the good or ill fortune of the player depends not only on his skill and means, but also on the rules of the game and how they are respected, it is worth while to consider the bearing on the social welfare of the various policies that society may pursue.

The non-enforcement of the rules of the game ruptures at last the social peace.

According to Plato, when Socrates, on the morning of his last day, is urged by his friends to escape from prison, the philosopher refuses because in imagination he hears the Laws of Athens saying to him, "What do you mean by trying to escape but to destroy us, the Laws, and the whole city so far as in you lies? Do you think that a state can exist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law are of no force and are disregarded and set at naught by private individuals?"

All failure to enforce law is bad, but in certain classes of law slackness is not so mischievous as it is in others. There is a group of laws aiming to restrain men from preying on the vices of their fellows and thereby weakening the physical and moral fibre of the population. If saloon, dive, gambling den, betting ring, and pool-room, bribe themselves free of these laws, they not only continue their work of ruin, but incidently the police is corrupted, and, in a measure, all law is weakened.

Again, if the administration of justice becomes so feeble that the police cannot catch, nor the courts hang, the red slayer, the laws for the protection of persons become cobwebs and men resort freely to the personal redress of real or fancied wrongs. Murders and homicides would hardly be several times as frequent now as they were in 1880, but for the fact that in this country for years only one slayer out of seventy has been brought to the gallows. The harvest is bloodshed, lynching mobs, and race friction.

There is, however, another type of law-impotence which loosens the masonry of the state itself, and hence menaces the sober and orderly people who are beyond the reach of the lawlessness of "water-front," or "levee," or "tenderloin," or "Little Italy." This is failure to enforce the laws governing the conduct of groups or classes in their economic struggle, in a word, failure to uphold *the rules of the game.*

If the laws guarding the interests of one class are enforced, while the counterbalancing statutes protecting another class lie dormant, or if a law is enforced

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downward but not upward, or if Justice wields a sword on the poor but a lath on the rich and influential, the cheated class fiercely resolves to capture the state and to govern ruthlessly in its own interests. But, imbued with this vengeful spirit, government soon becomes the engine rather than the arbiter of conflicting interests, and the state sense perishes in the flame of class hate. This is why it may be more imperative to cut out alike Pinkertons and sluggers, to put down impartially corporation law-breaking and mob violence, than to enforce the ordinances for the "red light" district.

Suffering the big player to violate the rules of the game is doubly dangerous at the present stage. In twenty years two developments — the disappearance of free land in the rain belt, and the triumph of the big concern over the little — have narrowed the circle of opportunity for workingmen to achieve independence, and therefore tend powerfully to consolidate wage-earners into a conscious class. It does not yet appear whether this will make impossible that government by public opinion which has contributed so much to the good temper and steadiness of American society.

But there would remain government as compromise, and even on this lower plane the state may successfully guard the primary social interests. Not so, however, if hard-won political victory becomes a mockery because prosecutors are timid, or judges deferential, or executives suave, before the lusty law-breaker who is lord of the Desirable. "Jug-handled" administration of the laws kills the spirit of give-and-take, hardens the hearts of the outlawed class, and sets their jaws in the grim resolve to grasp the reins of power with a relentless hand and to retain them, if need be, by force.

The hustler's practice of "Get there — anyhow!" is warm sand for the hatching of cockatrice's eggs. In Pennsylvania the law-abiding disposition was so weakened by the Standard Oil Company's example, that a man who tapped a pipeline and stole Standard oil for two years was found innocent by jurors who had heard him plead guilty. In California the Southern Pacific Railroad Company brought law into such contempt that the train robbers, Evans and Sontag, were befriended by nearly the whole local population. In certain Rocky Mountain states mine operators and miners have both well nigh lost the state sense, and reach for a judgeship or a shrievalty as unhesitatingly as in a fight one would reach for a crowbar. Thus breach of law begets counter-breach. "Slush funds" and chicane soon breed mobs and terrorism, which in turn engender deportations, kidnappings, and brutal trampling upon the constitutional rights of citizens and communities. Brickbat, "acid egg," dynamite, and torch are in a way companion to "House of Mirth," "drift-wood," gangster's gavel, and "bull-pen." Nor is it easy to revive the olive tree, once the bramble has come up. It will take years of even-handed enforcement of law to restore to government in Colorado its lost prestige. A decade of Solon and Rhadamanthus cannot inspire the law-abiding spirit that one year of weak government or slack opinion can destroy. Hence the question how the game is played may be more serious than the question who wins. A selfish interest that fights in the open for the repeal of good laws is not to be censured in the same breath with an interest which seeks to choloroform these same laws by packing a commission, or "squaring" an inspector, or owning a judge.

To be sure, clash of interest arises as we leave behind the simple, homogeneous society of the early day; but it is not written that every such conflict shall invade politics and make the state its football. Knights jousting in the mediæval tourney did not expect the keeper of the lists to enter the fray. An athletic team with the instinct of sportsmanship does not count on winning through the partiality of the umpire. Likewise farmers and middlemen, landlords and tenants, producers and consumers, manufacturers

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and mill-hands, single-line merchants and department stores, jostled together by circumstance, may fight with lawful weapons without laying hand to government. So long, indeed, as civic feeling is deep, the great majority of citizens shrink from using the state for the furtherance of their special group interests, and will not unite on such lines save to ward off the aggressions of some less scrupulous group.

The state inspires this reverence because it is felt to express our best selves. If happily constituted, it embodies our reason, fair-mindedness, and humaneness, not our passion, greed, and narrowness. This is why tax-payers will have their government build more solidly than they build themselves; why they will sanction in government sacrifices for a remoter posterity than they will sacrifice for individually; why they will not have their officers show in the punishment of criminals the vindictiveness, or in the treatment of dependents the parsimoniousness, they may feel in their own hearts.

Now, so long as battling groups feel that the law utters the best selves of their fellow-citizens they respect it, they hesitate to use it as an engine of their purposes. Moreover, they are content with the "square deal," because their dread of having the cards stacked against them prevails over the desire to stack them against others. But if government is weak or partial in upholding the rules of the struggle, or makes rules that favor one side as against the other, it forfeits this immunity. The arena of combat is shifted to politics. Impious hands are laid on the ark of the covenant. Into the law is injected now the greed of this class, now the vengefulness of that. As government thus degenerates, more and more expressing the common greed, hatred, and small-mindedness, instead of the common reason and conscience, it loses its power to command willing obedience, to conciliate jarring classes. This path leads to class war, and beyond that "the man on horse-back."

Tampering with the rules of the game finally brings the game itself into discredit.

Rules may be changed in the interest either of those about to enter the game, or of those actually in the game. The football code may be revised in order to benefit the sport, or in order to favor certain teams that happen to possess a star punter. So is it with changes in the laws. To be sure, they are made by men already in the game, — farmers, bankers, iron-molders, etc., — but these men in their policies may be thinking of themselves or thinking of their posterity. A man knows not what his sons will become and where their special interests will lie. So far, therefore, as they are concerned for their children, farmers, bankers, and iron-molders can agree, and the changes they can agree on will be such as will make the social game fairer for all. Their laws will be righteous, and those who are hit by them cannot pose as victims of "class legislation." But when farmers or bankers or iron-molders legislate for themselves as a class and to the damage of others, they pull the game askew and spoil it.

On considering how often during the last quarter-century tariff-protected businesses, the railroads, the public utility corporations, telegraph, telephone, express, lumber, coal, oil, insurance, and the various trusts, have captured and operated the machinery of government, one savors a fine irony in calling ours a regime of individualism. Is it. then, a part of the game founded on private property and free enterprise to grant exclusive perpetual franchises, to exempt surplus values from taxation, to make the corporation charter a contract, to exalt corporations into citizens with a right to the enjoyment of interstate comity, to legitimate the holding company, to enjoin strikers from the exercise of fundamental rights, to debar a policy-holder from suing the management of an insurance company for an accounting, injunc-

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tion, or receivership, save with the consent of the attorney-general of the state? Indeed, it would be easy to name commonwealths that exemplify nothing but the covert domination of Big Business. But it is impossible that men should long acquiesce in a régime of sheer capitalism. There is sure to form a body of tangent opinion denying everything that capitalism affirms and affirming everything that capitalism denies. The Nemesis of treating private property, freedom of enterprise, and corporate undertaking as instruments of private gain rather than of public welfare, is the root-and-branch man who urges us to escape the Unendurable by taking refuge in the Impossible.

The revolutionary socialist charges to "the competitive system" ills, four-fifths of which arise from monopoly. He saddles individualism with the sins of commercialized politics, and sees the polluter of politics in capital rather than in Big Business. The abysmal inequalities of wealth he deems a natural development under "private ownership of the instruments of production," rather than an outgrowth of privilege. In swollen fortunes he sees the vestibule not to plutocracy, but to social revolution. Policies which protect the independent concerns and the petty properties, he finds "reactionary." He stigmatizes as "bourgeois" the endeavor to save the little investors from the maw of the predatory financier, and dreams of a coming society moulded to the heart's desire of wage-earners. Although, while rents and monopoly profits rise, the earnings of capital are falling, he proclaims the right of labor to the whole produce, and the wrongfulness of any return to the owner of capital. For a tested workable régime he offers a vague and ill-considered scheme, built largely out of antitheses to the actual and sharply at variance with human nature on its present plane. Infatuated with his chimera, he lifts no finger to reach the near-by good, while his wild proposals excite apprehensions which hinder the progress of genuine constructive work.

The truth is, on the plane of our inherited institutions government might be so administered in the public-welfare spirit, that three-fourths of the subversive sentiment existing would vanish. But the policy of "Score while you're in!" plays into the hands of the radicals who tell the workingman there is no half-way house between capitalism and collectivism. "Our innings!" cries Big Business exultantly; and with fifty-year franchise laws, iniquitous tariff schedules, excessive railway-mail charges, grabbing of public mineral lands, corrupt sale of canals and gas plants, fake meat-inspection, Niagara grabs, and the cynical denial of protection to labor, it plunges ahead, inviting the day when the cry will ring out, "To your tents, O Israel!" Every tampering with the simple logical rules of the game, on the theory that if you take care of business, business will take care of the general welfare, or if you take care of the capitalist, the capitalist will take care of the workingman, adds to those who think the game itself so hopelessly bad that there is no use in trying to make it fair.

In the sphere of opinion nothing so favors the root-and-branch men as the ascendency of commercial standards of success. Certainly you may rate the business man by the money he has been able to make under the rules of his game. But all sages agree that the writer, thinker, scholar, clergyman, jurist, officer, administrator, and statesman must not be mere profit-seekers, nor may their social standing depend on their financial rating. The intrusion of Mammon's standards into such callings makes socialists of thousands who do not really believe that the exchange of money for labor is "exploitation."

Those who put their faith in a transfigured individualism should make haste to clean the hull of the old ship for the coming great battle with the opponents of private capital and individual initia-

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tive. Certainly many of the villainies and oppressions that befoul it are no more a part of individualism than are the barnacles and trailing weed a part of the vessel. Moreover, if they are to put up a good fight for the ship, it behooves them to rid it of the buccaneers, wreckers, and shanghaiers that now impudently claim the shelter of its flag, and by their sinister presence compromise the efforts of its legitimate defenders.

The conspicuously successful violater of the rules of the game robs us of that which is more precious than gold.

The enterprises that have succeeded by trampling on the laws have done worse than extort money from us. After all, the monopolist as such hurts us no more than a drouth, a May frost, the boll weevil, or the chinch bug; and these are not calamities of the first rank, for, though they lessen our comfort, they do not leave us less civilized. But as successful law-breaker, the monopolist takes from us more than money: he takes away our ideals, leaving us more ape and less man. For twenty years the writer has watched the effect upon college young men of the conspicuous triumph of the first great commercial pirate — the oil trust — over able competitors, common carriers, oil producers, public prosecutors, attorneys-general, courts, legislatures, newspapers, and leaders of opinion. Many left college for the battle of life with the conviction that the ideals of success held up by their instructors were unpractical. "The preachers and professors and commencement speakers are old fogies," says one. "This is n't the kind of world they think it is. They are fussy old maids, not strong men." "With all these fine principles," says another, "you'd be a dead one from the start. You'd never get into the game at all." "Money's the thing! With money you're it, no matter who kicks," says a third. "I'm going to climb into the band-wagon, not hoot at it as it goes by." So, for several college generations, one could mark in the ebb of generous ideals and the mounting of a precocious cynicism the working of the virus. If such was the impression of triumphant lawlessness upon young men whose horizon had been widened by academic culture, what must it have been upon the multitudes of callow youth that from the schoolboy desk go forth ill furnished into active life? The founder of the oil trust may give us back our money, but not if he send among us a hundred Wesleys can he give us back the lost ideals.

Unless rules be enforced, the moral plane will not be lifted simply by adding to the number of righteous men.

Many spiritual leaders imagine that the Kingdom of Heaven comes simply by regenerating souls; that, as man after man turns his face upward, society is duly uplifted. It would follow that the quiet work on individuals does not need to be supplemented by the recourse to law or public opinion, and that the Puritan's endeavor to *establish righteousness* is superfluous.

This may have been true before competition became lord of life, but now that the few lead off while the rest must follow suit, much depends on giving the lead to the good man rather than the bad man. You may add to the number of good men, but, without enforced rules, it will be impossible for them to stay in the higher posts and callings. For the social trend denies most men a free hand. More and more the chief vocations come under the baton of competition, so that one may not maintain one's self in them at all unless one feels at liberty to do as his rivals are permitted to do. Those in the same line must move in lock-step, and the pace is set by the meanest man who is allowed to continue in the business. The department store that pays its girls living wages and closes at six can hardly live in the same town with one that pays four dollars a week and closes at nine. If the price of glass jars is fixed by the manufacturer who overdrives little boys, every

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competitor must, unless he possesses some offsetting advantage, conform to this practice. Leave the business he may; change it he cannot. If one dealer in foods successfully adulterates, his fellows must follow suit or else seek their patrons among the few who prefer a brand because it is dear. As for the dispenser of pure drugs, there is no place for him until the law steps in to standardize quality. The one shipper who extorts an illegal rate obliges all other shippers in his line to break the law or be snuffed out. So long as there are able attorneys willing to handle the corporation work just as it comes, clean or dirty, the lawyer who insists on picking and choosing must mildew in the basement of his profession. If the lavish use of money is countenanced in politics, no poor man can win without truckling to the contributors of campaign funds.

It is chiefly the directive groups in the social scale that are swayed by the twentieth man. The privates in the industrial army do not move in lock-step, for they keep step with their officer; their performance is standardized for them by those who give out the work. Farmers are independent, and on the soil a man may still live up to his ideals. In the learned professions there are tricks, to be sure, but the quack cannot set the pace. But in business, finance, and politics, it is more and more the case that all who maintain themselves therein must stand on about the same footing. Without pressure from outside, the moral level of practice will be low, and the good man will have to stagnate or get out. The rule of money in politics means "Wear the collar or quit." The control of the press by financial interests is a placard, "Stubborn truth-tellers not wanted." The reckless rivalry among life insurance companies advertises, "No room for the conservative manager." If it becomes common for dealers to give "commissions" to servants or purchasing agents, the sign might as well be hung out, "No one who will not bribe need apply."

How vain, then, to expect to better conditions simply by adding to the number of good men! The converts would be obliged to join the multitudes who have their work cut out for them. They might, of course, hew coal or lay bricks or drive oxen. But business, finance, and politics — so potent in determining the distribution of wealth and of welfare, so authoritative in impressing standards on the rising generation — would become not one whit better. There are already enough granite men to man the high posts; but till the ways be cleared for them, they accumulate on the lower levels where, having no free hand, they feel no moral responsibility. By themselves they can get no foothold at the strategic points where conditions are made, where the weal or woe of thousands is determined. Without aid they cannot maintain themselves in these competitive fields. It is, therefore, the first duty of society *to establish the righteous by lifting the plane of competition.*

Pure-food laws mean an open door for honest men in the purveying business. An efficient state insurance department means a chance for the "old-fashioned" manager. A stricter ethical code for the legal profession would enable certain briefless lawyers to forge to the front. Child-labor restriction is a godsend to the humane manufacturer. Outlawing the sweaters' dens may throw the ready-made clothing trade into the hands of reputable men. Already in banking we see a business, once the happy hunting-ground of swindlers, which, by regulation, has come to be a field for honorable men.

It is easy to see what fifty years of public condemnation of liquor-selling has done in driving good men out of it. It is easy to foresee what a lively public appreciation and support of truth-telling newspapers, of plain-spoken preachers, of fearless scholars, of civic-minded lawyers, of conscientious merchants, of humane manufacturers, of upright officials, and of zealous prosecutors, would do

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to populate these walks with good men.

How useless is character without opportunity can be read in our recent political history. In growing numbers during the late eighties and the nineties, party machines, lackey to the greedy interests, strove to retire from politics men of high ideals and independent spirit. If, during his trial term, the popular district attorney, mayor, legislator, or congressman spurned the collar, at the end a hidden trap-door fell, and he dropped to oblivion. If the ringsters could not scheme or slander or gavel him down in the nominating convention, they knifed him at the polls. Oiled by corporation money the machines did their work well, and the resulting survival of the pliable added steadily to the putty faces in public life. Wiseacres laid the conspicuous decline in public men to general moral decay or to the superior attractions of the business career, blind to the like falling off in the character of the business men of the period, and unaware that the bulk of the American people were as rich as ever in red corpuscles. That the spinal sort found politics full of blocked stairways, while the gutta-percha manikins of the bosses and the big men of the interests were carried smoothly upward in the party elevator, brought about, at last, that mortifying end-of-the-century situation when, over perhaps a third of the country, the upper floors of the political fabric showed a dwindling contingent of bold and public-spirited men. From the upward rush of sterling characters in the five years since the grip of the "organization" began to be loosened and the political stairways cleared, judge what we lost during the decades when we let so many consciences knock vainly at the barred portals of public life!

Some, alive to the pace-setting power of the twentieth man, stigmatize competition as deteriorating and cry out that it is idle to expect improvement until the competitive system is abolished. This would be pouring out the baby with the bath. Competition may pursue an upward path or a downward path. When makers adulterate or lyingly advertise, or overdrive their help, or replace men with children, they follow the downward path. When they eliminate waste, improve their processes, utilize by-products, install better machines, they follow the upward path. Collective industry would avoid the downward path, but it might not follow the upward path. The true policy is to fence off the downward paths and leave competition free to spur rivals into the upward path.

The resistance to the enforcement of righteous rules constantly increases.

Restraint breeds a resistance corresponding to the loss it imposes. When we go to short-chain the interests which prey on men's vices, they snap at us like jackals. Collective ownership of public utilities may quiet the special interests that now rage in the halter of regulation, but by the time their anti-civic career is ended another range of enterprises will be springing against the leash. We declare pipe-lines common carriers with the duty to file tariffs, and we get refusal, subterfuges, freak tariffs, and onerous requirements that bar independents from using the lines. If our children will not be called upon to fix gas prices and street-car fares in the teeth of concentrated private interest, they will have their hands full in regulating railroad, telegraph, express, insurance, pipe-line, and news-service rates; wharf, dock, storage, and cotton-baling charges; the prices of oil, anthracite coal, ice, and school books; and in prescribing the conditions of manufacture and sale of articles all the way from dressed beef to corporation securities.

Every year the points of contact — and of friction — between government and private interests have multiplied. In the days of well-water, candles, sorghum, and flat boats, there were no water, gas, sugar, or railroad interests to vex politics. Home-grown food did not call for the in-

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spector. Till the factory came there was no need to bar children from toil or to enforce the guarding of dangerous machinery. A generation ago the little razorback gas and horse-car companies had no call to mix in politics; but the advent of water-gas and the trolley, coupled with urban growth, gave them the lard of monopoly profit to defend, and made the public-service corporations the arch-corrupters of city councils. Once the railroads competed, but their consolidators have driven the despairing shipper to look to government for protection. On all sides we see businesses that, feeling less and less the automatic curb of competition, will soon need the snaffle of public regulation.

As the smoke lifts we can mark just who are resisting law and corrupting government. In the cities the fight is chiefly with the vice-caterers and the public-service corporations. The former want a "wide open" town. The latter want unhampered enjoyment of their monopoly power. They are law-defying until they own the source of law and can get perpetual grants on easy terms, with a free hand as to prices and fares and exemption of their franchise values from taxation. Battling along with these big interests are bankers fishing for deposits of city funds, rookery landlords in terror of the health-officer, business men intent on grabbing an alley or a water-front, and contractors eager to "job" public works.

The state government labors heavily, like a steamboat working through the *sudd* on the Upper Nile. The railroads want to avert rate regulation and to own the state board of equalization. The gas and street-railway companies want "ripper" legislation, the authorization of fifty-year franchises, and immunity from taxation of franchises or limitation of stock-watering. Manufacturers want the unrestricted use of child labor. Mining companies dread short-hour legislation. Publishers want their text-books foisted upon the schools. The baking-powder trust wants rival powders outlawed. The oil trust wants to turn safety inspection against the independents. A horde of harpies have the knife out for pure-food bills. Brewers, distillers, elevator combines, pet banks, rotten insurance companies — all have a motive for undermining government by the people.

Thus time adds to the number of interests intent to break or to skew the rules of the game. The phalanx lengthens of those who want government to be of india rubber and not of iron. Of course this resistance produces results. Under a pressure of ten talents men collapse who were adamant under the pressure a single talent can exert. In view of the temptations we send them against, we ought not to marvel that so many public servants bend or break. It is not to be expected that government can withstand the growing strain without many structural improvements. In any case, it is certain that to the upholding of the rules of the game society must devote an increasing share of its thought and conscience.

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FENIMORE COOPER

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

It is with keen pleasure that an American man of letters accepts the privilege of commemorating again the genius of Fenimore Cooper, — the earliest of our authors to be widely read beyond the boundaries of our own language, as Irving, his elder contemporary, was the earliest to win attention outside the borders of our own land. It is well for us that the first American novelist to reveal American character to the nations of Europe was himself stalwart in his own Americanism, full of the faith that sustains us all. As Parkman has declared, "Cooper's genius drew aliment from the soil where God had planted it, and rose to a vigorous growth, rough and gnarled, but strong as a mountain cedar." And as Lowell has finely phrased it, Cooper "looked about him to recognize in the New Man of the New World an unhackneyed and unconventional subject for art; " he "studied from the life, and it was the *homo Americanus*, with our own limestone in his bones, and our own iron in his blood, that sat to him."

The American whom Cooper painted in his pages is the American in the making; and it is the earlier makers of America that he has depicted with sympathetic sincerity, — the soldier, the sailor, the settler, the backwoodsman, sturdy types all of them, that gave no false impression of us to the rest of the world. And in thus portraying the men who made possible the nation as we know it to-day, he performed a splendid service to the country he loved devotedly. And his service to our literature is equally obvious. He wrote the first American historical novel, which remains to this day one of the best. He was the first to venture a story of the sea; and no one of the writers who have followed in his wake has yet equaled his earlier attempt. He was the first to tell tales of the frontier, of the backwoods, and of the prairie. He stands forth even now the foremost representative in fiction of the United States as a whole, — for Hawthorne, a more delicate artist in romance, is of his section all compact, and his genius lacked fit nourishment when its tentacles did not cling to the stony New England of his birth. Well might Bryant assert that the glory which Cooper "justly won was reflected on his country, of whose literary independence he was the pioneer."

I

"There is no life of a man faithfully recorded," so Carlyle has declared, "but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed." The life of Cooper has been faithfully recorded by Professor Lounsbury, in the best biography yet devoted to any American man of letters. Cooper was born in New Jersey in 1789, just after the United States had adopted the constitution which has given stability to our government. When he was only a year old he was brought to Cooperstown, where he was to die three score years later. His far-seeing and open-minded father had settled more acres than any other man in America; and forty thousand souls held under him, directly or indirectly, most of them along the shores of the Susquehanna, the crooked river, "to which," as Cooper tells us, "the Atlantic herself had extended an arm in welcome." It was at Cooperstown that the future novelist passed his childhood, "with the vast forest around him," so Bryant has recorded, "stretching up the mountains that overlook the lake, and

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far beyond, in a region where the Indian yet roamed, and the white hunter, half-Indian in his dress and mode of life, sought his game, — a region in which the bear and the wolf were yet hunted, and the panther, more formidable than either, lurked in the thickets, and tales of wanderings in the wilderness, and encounters with these fierce animals, beguiled the length of the winter nights."

In due season he was sent to school at Albany; and then he entered Yale, only to be expelled before he had completed his course. Thus it was that he lacked the chastening influence of the prescribed programme of studies, narrow enough in those days and yet broadening to all who knew how to profit by it. His own college never made up to him for what may have been her mistake or his own; but a score of years later Columbia honored herself by granting him the degree of master of arts. As a preparation for the navy, Cooper made a long voyage to Europe before the mast; and on his return he was appointed a midshipman. He remained in the service only three years. He was on the Vesuvius for a season; he was one of a party that went to Oswego to build a brig on Lake Ontario, then girt in by the primeval forest; and he was, for a while, left in command of the gunboats on Lake Champlain; and all these posts gave him a knowledge of his native land and of its conditions which was to stand him in good stead later, when he turned novelist. Afterward he was ordered to the Wasp, where he served under the heroic Lawrence, — who was to die a few years later, crying "Don't give up the ship!" But there seemed then little likelihood of war; so Cooper resigned his commission, and married Miss de Lancey, with whom he was to live most happily for the rest of his life, and who was to survive him only a few months.

His father and his wife's father were both well-to-do; and for nearly ten years Cooper was content to live the placid life of a country gentleman, sometimes at Cooperstown, and sometimes in Westchester, near New York. He reached the age of thirty, not only without having written anything, but even without any special interest in literature; and when at last he did take a first step into authorship, it was in the most casual fashion. Throwing down a contemporary British novel of slight value, he expressed the belief that he could write a better book himself. Encouraged by his wife, he completed a story of British manners and customs, about which he knew little or nothing from personal observation. But so complete was our American subservience to the British branch of our literature, that this did not seem strange then, even to Cooper, an American of the Americans. This first novel, *Precaution*, was published without his name; it was even reprinted in England, where it was reviewed with no suspicion that it had not been written by an Englishman. However insignificant in itself, this first book revealed to its author that he could tell a story.

It is a commonplace of criticism that novelists flower late. Fielding and Scott, Thackeray and Hawthorne, had spent at least the half of the allotted three score years and ten before they blossomed forth as novelists, — as though to exemplify the Arab proverb that no man is called of God until he is forty. But Fielding and Scott, Thackeray and Hawthorne, had been writing abundantly from their youth up, plays and poems, sketches and short stories, whereas Cooper had served no such apprenticeship to literature. But when he had once tasted ink, he enjoyed it; and in the remaining half of his life he revealed the ample productivity of a rich and abundant genius. Toward the end of the next year, 1821, he published the *Spy*, followed swiftly by the *Pioneers*, and by the *Pilot;* and by these three books his fame was firmly established, in his own country, in Great Britain, and all over Europe, where he was hailed as a worthy rival of Scott. In these three books he

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made good his triple claim to remembrance, as a teller of tales, as a creator of character, and as a poet (in the larger sense of the word).

The *Spy* was followed in time by another tale of the American revolution, *Lionel Lincoln*, wherein, so Bancroft has testified, "he has described the Battle of Bunker Hill better than it is described in any other work." It was accompanied later by other historical novels, some of them dealing with themes in European history, the *Bravo*, for one, and the *Headsman*, for another, — good stories in their way, but without the solid support which a novelist has when he deals with his own people and his own time. The *Pioneers* was made more important by the composition of four other "Leatherstocking Tales," completing the interesting drama in five acts, which culminates at last in the simple hero's death, told with manly pathos. The *Pilot* had in its track the *Red Rover* and eight other tales of the sea; and it was also succeeded in time by a *History of the American Navy* and by a series of *Lives of Naval Officers*, in which Cooper proved his loyalty to his first profession. He was the author also of various volumes of travels at home and abroad.

Perhaps it is not strange that he who could describe fighting with contagious interest should not shrink from controversy. Cooper was large-hearted, but he was also hot-headed and thin-skinned. A high-minded man, beyond all question, he was high-tempered also, generally opinionated and occasionally irascible. Even in Cooperstown he became involved in a dispute which calls for no consideration now. In his travels in Europe he had been quick to repel ignorant aspersion against his native land; and on his return home he had not hesitated to point out the failings and the faults of his fellow-citizens, not always with the suavity which persuades to a change of heart. Bitterly attacked in the newspapers, he defended himself with his pen and in the courts of law. That he was meanly assailed by mean men is shown by the fact that he was successful in the several libel suits he brought against his traducers. But the echoes of these "old, unhappy far-off things and battles long ago" have died away now these many years; and they need not be recalled. Cooper was independent and uncompromising; "his character," so Bryant testified, "was like the bark of the cinnamon, a rough and astringent rind without, and an intense sweetness within."

Although these needless disputes may have saddened the later years of his life, he was happy in his family and in his friends, whom he bound to him with hoops of steel. These friends, with Bryant and Irving at the head of them, were making ready for a public dinner to testify the high esteem in which they held him, when they heard that his health had begun to fail. He was then contemplating a sixth "Leatherstocking Tale;" but he did not live to start on his new story. And it was at Cooperstown that he died, in the fall of 1851, on the last day of his sixty-second year.

II

Fame has its tides, its flood and its ebb, like the ocean; and the author who is lifted high by a wave of popularity is certain in time to sink into the trough of the sea, perhaps to be raised aloft again by a later billow. The fame of Cooper soared after his first successes, only to fall away sadly during the later controversies. It was proclaimed again by Bryant and Bancroft and Parkman in the stress of emotion evoked by his sudden death, only to be obscured once more in the two score years that followed, as other literary fashions came into favor. Now, at last, in this new century, it has emerged once more, solidly established on his real merits and not likely again to be called in question. Time has made its unerring choice from out his many books, selecting those which

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are most representative of his genius at its finest. It is by its peaks that we measure the height of a mountain, and not by its foot-hills and its valleys. Irving had Cooper in mind when he remarked that "in life they judge a writer by his last production; after death by what he has done best." No author can go down to posterity with a baggage-wagon full of his complete works; he can descend that long trail laden only with what will go in the saddlebags.

Cooper is a born story-teller; and the kind of story he excels in is the tale of adventure, peopled, now and again, with vital and veracious characters, having a life of their own, independent of the situations in which they may chance to be actors. Of this kind of story the Odyssey is the earliest example, as it is the greatest. Professor Trent is only just when he insists that Cooper lifted "the story of adventure into the realms of poetry." It may be acknowledged at once that he is not a flawless artist, never quitting his work till he has made it as perfect as he can; and his best books are not always kept up to their highest level. Even though he is denied the gift of verse, he is essentially a poet; but he is no Vergil, no Racine, interested in his manner as much as in his matter, and joying in his craftsmanship for its own sake. He had the largeness of affluent genius, and also the carelessness which often accompanies this, such as we may observe also in Scott and even in Shakespeare, rich creators of character, in whose works there is much that we could desire to be different and not a little that we could wish away.

As his devoted daughter has admitted loyally, "He never was, in the sense of studied preparation, an artist in the composition of a work of fiction. He wrote, as it were, from the inspiration of the moment." But even in this improvisation his native gift of narrative did not desert him. "It is easy to find fault with *The Last of the Mohicans*," said Parkman; "but it is far from easy to rival or even approach its excellence. The book has the genuine game-flavor; it exhales the odors of the pine-woods and the freshness of the mountain wind." In this story, as in others, the author may be sluggish in starting, over-leisurely in exposition, not always plausible in the motives assigned for the entanglements in which his creatures are immeshed; he may be inconsistent now and then; but these are minor defects, forgotten when the tale tightens to the tensity of drama. Then the interest is beyond all question; and we cannot choose but hear. We read on, not merely to learn what is to happen next, but to know more about the characters as they reveal themselves under the stress of danger. We are not mere spectators looking on idly; we are made to see the thing as it is; we feel ourselves almost participants in the action; we are carried along by the sheer power of the writer, — breathless, delighted, convinced.

There are two reasons why Cooper has come into his own later than was his right, and why full recognition of his genius has been delayed. The first is a consequence of the enduring vogue of realism, which has failed to perceive that he was one of its precursors, and which has no relish for his more evident romanticism. Yet sharp-eyed critics ought to have been able to see that Cooper's detailed descriptions of customs and of costumes, when these were truly characteristic and needful to relate the character to the background, set a pattern for Balzac, the romanticist thus serving as a stimulus to the realist. They might even have noted that Cooper is a romanticist who is often a realist, just as Balzac is a realist who is often a romanticist. In all later fiction there are no more sternly veracious characters than Natty Bumppo and Long Tom Coffin; and though the method of their presentation is not so modern, they can withstand comparison with Huckleberry Finn and Silas Lapham, and with Colonel Newcome and old Goriot.

A second reason for the tardiness of Cooper's recognition may be found in the

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fact that the vicissitudes of literary reputation seem to be more or less dependent on the historians of literature, and, as it happens, Cooper's deficiencies as a writer are of a kind obnoxious to the ordinary literary critics, who are rarely broad-minded or keen-sighted enough to perceive beneath Cooper's more obvious defects the larger merits, which are clear to the plain people, insensitive to the lesser blemishes that send shivers down the spine of the dilettante. These critics are unmoved by Cooper's fundamental force, which the plain people feel fully, while they are acutely sensitive to his lapses from literary conventions and traditions. Cooper came to story-telling late, without any apprenticeship to writing. He was not at all bookish; he was not a man of the library, but a man of the open air, — of the ocean and of the forest. In a sense, he was not a man of letters at all; he was interested not so much in literature as in life itself. And we must recall the pitiful fact also that there are always fastidious criticasters who think that whatever wins wide popularity must be poor stuff, ignorant that nearly all the really great artists have achieved indisputable popularity while they were alive to enjoy it.

Cooper's lack of early training cannot be gainsaid; and therefore his style appeals but little to those who cherish a rare word for its own sake and who delight in verbal marquetry. Even if he is essentially a poet, he is no sonneteer, polishing his lines until he can see his own image in them. He is careless of the rules of rhetoric, — sometimes unforgivably careless. Even in grammar he was no purist, no precisian; and his use of words is not always defensible, even if it is an overstatement of the case to charge him with "linguistic astigmatism." But if there is clumsy writing in his pages, this is never the result of the failure of any attempt at fine writing. Awkward he may be at times, but he is always sincere and direct; he is always unpretentious and simple. He has something to say, and he says it, so as to stamp "on the mind of the reader the impression he desired to convey." He achieves the primary object of all good writing, in that he makes himself clearly understood, even if he sometimes fails to attain the secondary purpose of giving added pleasure by the mere expression. In describing nature and in depicting character, his style is nervous and unerring; and it can rise on occasion into genuine eloquence. When Bryant first read the *Pioneers*, he declared that here was "the poet of rural life in this country;" and Parkman praised the vigor and the fidelity of Cooper's descriptions of scenery, asserting that they who cannot feel the efficiency of his "strong picturing have neither heart nor mind for the grandeur of the outer world."

After admitting that Cooper is not beyond reproach for an occasional laxity in his style, for an occasional stiffness in his dialogue, and for an occasional prolixity in his narrative, it may be as well to add that sometimes he fatigues himself and his readers in the search for comic relief. Even Scott is not infrequently tedious in his minor characters, meant to be laughed at; and as Cooper lacked Scott's real richness of humor, he is more often tiresome and at greater length. There are passages of admirable humor scattered here and there in Cooper's pages, seemingly unconscious, most of them; and there are quaint characters sketched with a keen appreciation of their absurdities. But it must be confessed that when he sets out to be funny by main strength, he is plainly joking with difficulty. It is as though he thrust his hand into the grab-bag of our variegated humanity, willing to take whatever his fingers might find, whether it was truly a prize, like his great creations, or only a wooden doll dressed like a figure of fun and unfit to be thrust to the front of the stage.

Perhaps this may account in some measure for the flatness of a few of his female characters. He can draw women sympathetically, although some of his heroines are a little colorless. The wife

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of Ishmael Bush, the squatter, mother of seven stalwart sons and sister of a murderous rascal, is an unforgettable portrait, solidly painted by a master; and Dew-of-June, the girl-wife of the treacherous Arrowhead, a primitive type but eternally feminine, is depicted with equal art. Judith and Hetty, the supposed daughters of the buccaneer, are real and vivid and feminine, both of them. And it is to be remembered also that women must ever play a minor part in the tale of adventure, since the bolder experiences in life are not fit for gentle and clinging heroines; and more often than not Cooper presents them with a kind of chivalric aloofness.

These adverse criticisms need not detain us. There is no denying that there are weak spots in Cooper's works; and there is no advantage in seeking to disguise this or to gloss it over. Cooper is what he is, — even if he is not what he is not. He is a teller of tales, a creator of character, a poet; and in his chosen form he has left more than one masterpiece. Very few masterpieces are absolutely free from defects; but defects, however obvious and however numerous, have never prevented the ultimate appreciation of a masterpiece.

III

That Cooper was able to leave more than one masterpiece behind him was due mainly, of course, to his own genius, but it was the consequence also of a singular piece of luck. It was his good fortune to take up novel-writing at the precise moment in the history of the art of fiction when one of his predecessors had just provided him with the exact model he needed, and when another had just revealed the richness of the material that lay ready to his hand. The year 1820, in which his imitation of a British novel had proved to him that he could at least tell a story, even though his subject might be alien to all his interests, was also the year in which Scott sent forth *Ivanhoe* and in which Irving completed the *Sketch Book*, containing "Rip van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Scott supplied Cooper with the mould into which he could pour whatever he might have to express; and Irving disclosed the unsuspected possibilities of romance in American life, which had hitherto been deemed too barren and too bare for the creative artist to attempt. Irving's delightful tales may have drawn Cooper's attention to the kind of matter he could deal with most satisfactorily, while Scott's historical novel certainly indicated the manner in which he might handle it most advantageously.

It is characteristic of genius to be uninventive of formulas and to take over unhesitatingly the patterns which chance to be popular. Sophocles followed closely in the footsteps of Æschylus, and Shakespeare found his profit at first in accepting the frameworks which had been put together by Marlowe and by Kyd. That author is lucky who finds a formula ready to his hand and fit for the work he wants to do, as that author is unfortunate who has no inspiring model. Perhaps we have here a reason why one of Cooper's forerunners, Charles Brockden Brown, a man of undeniable endowment, was able to leave so little that to-day abides in our memories. He had before him only the unsatisfactory fictions of Mrs. Radcliffe and of Godwin; and it is an interesting speculation to inquire whether he might not have rivaled Cooper if he had lived a score of years later, and had written only after Scott had devised the historical novel.

Scott had begun by editing the ballads of the Border and by writing ballads of his own. Then he rhymed the longer *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*, retaining the tone and color of the ballad. When he was "beaten out of poetry" by Byron, he began to do in prose what he had been doing in verse, availing himself fully of the larger liberty that prose allows for description and for character-delineation. This accounts for the romantic element in his novels; and the realistic element is the

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result of his desire to do for the Scots peasant what Miss Edgeworth had done for the Irish. The first eight of the prose narratives we now know as the *Waverley Novels* dealt with adventures in his own country, and they were then generally called the "Scottish Novels." But Scott wisely feared that "Scotland forever" might weary the English public sooner or later; so he crossed the border and employed in a tale of England the method he had invented for tales of Scotland. *Ivanhoe* is, in fact, the first English historical novel, with romantic episodes in the foreground and with realistic characters in the background. *Ivanhoe* appeared in 1820; and in 1821 Scott was encouraged by its success to cross the channel and to use the same framework for a tale of France, *Quentin Durward.*

It is easy now to see how much Scott lost when he left his native land, which he knew so intimately, for other countries with which he had only a literary acquaintance. His humbler Scots characters, whom he loved so heartily and whom he drew with such fidelity, are rooted in truth; and they abide to-day as the bulwarks of his fame. But the valiant young fellow who tilts in tourneys and fights a long fight and bears a charmed life, this bravura hero is now out of fashion, along with the rest of the frippery of romanticism. His deeds of dering-do may still please the boy in us, — the boy eternal in all of us at some stage of our mental development; but he fails to satisfy grown men, who can still relish the permanently veracious figures of Scott's realism, — Jeanie Deans, for example, and Caleb Balderstone. Tales of adventure come and go, one after another; they please the fancy of the moment, only to sink swiftly into oblivion; but character honestly presented must survive as long as man is interested in his fellow-creatures.

There is no denying, however, that the formula of the historical novel as Scott declared it, with its core of romanticism and its casing of realism, was pleasing to the many-headed and many-minded public; and there is no cause for wonder that it was seized upon at once by other novelists in other countries. It was the formula which exactly fitted the kindred genius of Cooper, who also had the native gift of story-telling and the power of presenting simple and primitive character. Both the romantic and the realistic elements of Scott's framework appealed strongly to Cooper, who had the same rapidity of action, the same inventiveness of situation, the same command of pathos, even though his human sympathy might be less broad and his humor far less abundant. But Cooper never imitated Scott slavishly. He found in Scott's stories a formula fit for his use, and he availed himself of it, modifying it freely. He did in America very much what Hugo and Dumas were to do in France, and Manzoni in Italy; he borrowed the loom set up by Scott, only to weave on it a web of his own coloring.

Scott is generally considered as a historical novelist; but Cooper's historical novels are not his chief title to fame. Indeed, the best of them are scarcely to be classed at all as historical novels in the narrower sense, since they do not seek to evoke the manners and the man of long ago. The *Spy* and the *Pilot* deal with the American Revolution; and this was hardly more remote from Cooper than were the Napoleonic wars from Thackeray when he wrote *Vanity Fair*, which we accept now rather as a picture of society contemporary with the author, than as a historical novel. True romance does not require the remoteness of the past; and it is not the real artist, but the magic-lantern operator, who has to have the room darkened before he can display his pictures from life. The revolutionary conflict had come to a happy conclusion less than two score years before Cooper chose to put it into fiction, and he had many friends who were survivors of the strife. That war was nearer to him than the Civil War is to us to-day. There was no strain of the imagination needful

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before he could put himself back in the times that tried men's souls; and he was not compelled to step off his own shadow, as Scott vainly strove to do when he composed *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward*.

IV

The *Pilot* is like the *Spy* in that it is a novel of the American revolution, although its scenes are not on the land, but on the ocean mainly, and also in that the nameless hero is a seemingly enigmatic yet fundamentally simple character, like the vaguely glimpsed figure of Harvey Birch. Although the *Pilot* is the result of a desire to deal more effectively with life on the blue water than has been accomplished in the *Pirate*, no story of Cooper's more clearly reveals his real independence of Scott. The manner may be more or less similar; but the matter is wholly unlike, and so is the point of view. Scott is a landsman, a dweller in court-rooms and libraries; Cooper is a sailor, a man of the ocean, with a tang of the salt air in him. When he sailed before the mast in the merchant marine, he had bunked with the able seamen in the forecastle, and he knew them through and through. When he received his commission in the navy, he gained an equal intimacy with the officers of the ward-room. When he set out to tell the first sea-tale ever attempted, he was writing out of the fullness of knowledge, and he was accomplishing a labor of love.

It is not easy for us now to perceive that the *Pilot* was a most daring experiment in fiction. No one had ever ventured to lay a story boldly on the sea and to seek for interest in the handling of a ship. Now and again, it is true, an episode or two of a novel had taken place on the ocean; and storms at sea had tempted the pens of the poets. But the novelists and the poets were landsmen, all of them; and they could not choose but take the landsman's attitude of dread rather than the sailor's attitude of delight. They had never felt the joy of the seaman, when the wind blows high and the giant surges sweep ahead, and there is no land within a hundred miles. Cooper was a novelist and a poet and also a sailor-man; he knew ships because he had lived on them and loved them; he knew seamen because he had lived with them and appreciated their special qualities.

There is a storm in the Odyssey; but Homer was a landsman who looked at the sea with the eyes of a landsman, even if he may have made a few coasting trips between the mainland and the isles of Greece. There is a storm in the Æneid also; but Vergil achieved only a studio-piece, a cento from the Greek poets. Robinson Crusoe, mariner of York, was wrecked by a gale and cast away; but although Defoe had crossed the channel and had perhaps even braved the Bay of Biscay, he dealt with the storm only as a device to get his hero alone on an island. Smollett had been a surgeon's mate in the navy, and had sailed the Western Ocean; but his eye was open only for the strange humors of seafaring men, and there is no love for the sea in any of his comic chronicles, no understanding of its might and its mystery. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had gone on long voyages in distant waters, and he was able to call up a tornado to make an end of *Paul and Virginia;* but he was only an artist in emotional description; he did not know the sea and love it as a sailor knows it and loves it. Scott in the *Pirate* had proved again the landsman's incapacity to get full value out of a sea-theme; and it was this story of Scott's which moved Cooper to undertake the *Pilot*.

Here at last was the real thing, a story of the ocean, of vessels manœuvring, of sailors as they are, — the work of a sailor who was also a teller of tales, a creator of character, a poet. Here was the formula to be handed down to those who might come after, to Melville and to Marryat, — good story-tellers, both of them, but lacking in Cooper's double

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experience as a sailor before the mast in a merchant vessel, and as an officer on the quarterdeck of a man-of-war. The very novelty of the *Pilot*, its originality, seemed to the author's friends dangerous, and they discouraged him. Perhaps this is the reason why the story is a little slow in getting under way, and why the author sometimes tacks more than once before coming to close quarters. There are a few scenes on land, far less interesting than those at sea. But how veracious and convincing is the character of Long Tom Coffin! How vigorous and how humorous is the pinning of the British officer to the mast by Long Tom's harpoon! How superb is the account of the ship working off-shore in a gale! It is no wonder that the French naval historian, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, declared that "he could never read it without his pulse thrilling again with the joy of seamanship."

Heartened by the cordial acceptance of this first sea-tale, Cooper soon spun another yarn, the *Red Rover*, the action of which was laid wholly on the water, — after the opening chapters. In none of his novels does Cooper better display his mastery of narrative, and his power of sustaining interest. Thereafter Cooper could not long be kept away from salt-water; he wrote sea-tale after sea-tale, until there were half a score of them, setting forth the most varied aspects of the unstable element. In *Wing-and-Wing* he skirted the lovely shores of the Mediterranean; and in the *Two Admirals* he set in array a goodly fleet on the Atlantic. Although these ten sea-tales are not all of equal excellence, they are all proofs of his love for life afloat, of his insight into the shifting moods of nature, and of his understanding of the hardy men who go down to the sea in ships. They all reveal his ability to make the average reader perceive and enjoy technical operations. They are all more or less touched with the poetry of the sea, and instinct with the gliding grace of the vessels themselves. Cooper's "ships live," so Captain Mahan has informed us; "they are handled as ships then were and act as ships still would act under the circumstances." And the historian of sea-power holds that the water is "a noble field for the story-teller, for of all inanimate objects, a sailing ship in her vivid movement most nearly simulates life."

V

"Cooper of the wood and wave," as Stevenson affectionately termed him, is not more at home on the ocean than he is in the forest. Fine as are the sea-tales, they are surpassed in power and in popularity by the five stories in which the career of Leatherstocking is traced from youth to old age. In the character typified in Leatherstocking, Lowell found "the protagonist of our New World epic, a figure as poetic as that of Achilles, as ideally representative as that of Don Quixote, as romantic in his relation to our homespun and plebeian myths as Arthur in his to his mailed and plumed cycle of chivalry." And Thackeray declared that he liked Scott's manly and unassuming heroes, but he avowed that he thought Cooper's were quite their equals and that "perhaps Leatherstocking is better than any one in Scott's lot. La Longue Carabine is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff — heroic figures all, American or British; and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised him." Perhaps there is no better proof of Cooper's genuine power than that he can insist on Leatherstocking's goodness, — a dangerous gift for a novelist to bestow on a man, — and that he can show us Leatherstocking declining the advances of a handsome woman, — a dangerous position for a novelist to put a man in, — without any reader ever having felt inclined to think Leatherstocking a prig. We believe in his simple-minded goodness; and he keeps our sympathy in his rejection of Judith as in Mabel's rejection of him.

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Cooper was shrewd in his judgment of his own works; and he said himself that "if anything from the pen of the writer of these romances is at all to outlive himself, it is, unquestionably, the series of the Leatherstocking Tales." For the deserved popularity of this series, abiding now nearly three score years since the author's death, there are many reasons besides the noble simplicity and the sturdy veracity of the central character. There are other figures as fresh and as real. There is Hurry Harry; there is Ishmael Bush; both of them necessary types of men bred on the border. There are Chingachgook and Uncas and Hardheart, good men and true. There is all the glamour of frontier life, now faded forever. There is the underlying poetry of the unbroken forest and of the sweeping prairie, of the broad lakes, and of the rapid streams. There are linked adventures of breathless interest, studded with moments of poignant emotion, — the death-grip of the wounded Indian over the falls, in the *Last of the Mohicans*, the implacable execution of the traitor in the *Prairie*, and many another in the other tales, scarcely less tense with tragedy. There is the rich gift of narrative; there are vigor and accuracy of description. There is unfailing fertility of invention; and there is also the larger interpreting imagination. There are pictures of resourcefulness in the presence of danger, and of courage in the face of death. There is unstrained pathos. And behind all these things, there is the author himself, delighting in his work and sustaining his story by his manly wisdom and his elemental force.

There would be no need to say more about this series, if it had not been attacked for one of its most salient characteristics, — for its presentation of the red men with whom the white men of the forest and the prairie were ever at war. Scorn has been heaped high on Cooper's Indians; they have been denounced as wooden images, fit only to stand outside cigar stores; and they have been described as belonging to "an extinct tribe that never existed." The first of these criticisms may be dismissed as foolish; whether true or false, Chingachgook and Uncas and Hardheart are alive. The color on their cheeks is not redder than the blood in their skins. Just as West, when he first beheld the Apollo Belvidere, was made to think of a Mohawk brave, so Longfellow, at a performance of Corneille's *Cid* by the Comédie Française, was reminded of Cooper's Indians "by its rude power, and a certain force and roughness." The second charge, however, that they are not taken from life, calls for consideration. Parkman, for example (to be cited always with the utmost respect), held Cooper's Indians to be false to the fact as he had seen it himself. But the aborigines have been studied more sympathetically in the sixty years that have elapsed since Parkman tramped the Oregon trail; and our riper knowledge has revealed a poetry in the red man and a picturesqueness very like those with which Cooper endowed him.

It is often assumed that we are indebted to Cooper for the idealized "noble savage," whom Rousseau evolved from his inner consciousness, and who is as remote as possible from the real man at any stage of his social evolution. But this noble savage is not to be discovered anywhere in Cooper's stories. As Mr. Brownell has recently pointed out, Cooper does not at all idealize the red man; "in general, he endows the Indian with traits which would be approved even by the ranchman, the rustler, or the army officer." And his Indians are the result of early intimacy and of conscientious study. His daughter has told us how he followed the frequent Indian delegations from town to town, observing them carefully, conversing with them freely, and impressed "with the vein of poetry and of laconic eloquence marking their brief speeches."

If there is any lack of faithfulness in Cooper's presentation of the Indian character, it is due to the fact that he was

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a romancer, and therefore an optimist, bent on making the best of things. He told the truth as he saw it and nothing but the truth; but he did not always tell the whole truth. The Indian was rising from savagery into barbarism, with all that this implies; and Cooper puts before us the Indian's courage and his fortitude, leaving more or less in the shadow the Indian's ferocity and his cruelty. That this was Cooper's intent is plain from a passage in the preface to the Leatherstocking Tales, wherein he declares that "it is the privilege of all writers of fiction, more particularly when their works aspire to the elevation of romances, to present the beau ideal of their characters to the reader. This it is which constitutes poetry, and to suppose that the red man is to be represented only in the squalid misery or in the degraded state that certainly more or less belongs to his condition, is, we apprehend, taking a very narrow view of an author's privileges." Here again Cooper was akin to Scott, who chose to dwell only on the bright side of chivalry and to picture the merry England of Richard Lionheart as a far pleasanter period to live in than it could have been in reality. Cooper's red men are probably far closer to the actual facts than Scott's black knights and white ladies. And when all is said, Chingachgook and Uncas and Hardheart, even if not absolutely truthful, justify themselves; they linger long in the memory; they stand forth boldly, for their author has breathed into them the breath of life.

VI

Parkman might find fault with the validity of Cooper's Indians, but he had been taken captive by their vitality. There was a time when the historian was "so identified with the novelist's red heroes that he dreamed of them." Just as it was the reading of Scott's romances which stirred Thierry to write the history of the Norman Conquest, so it was the reading of Cooper's romances which started Parkman on his life-long task, the history of the protracted struggle between France and England here in America. Probably it was Cooper also, quite as much as Parkman, who moved another American historian to narrate the successive stages of the *Winning of the West;* and Mr. Roosevelt has been glad always to testify to the stern reality of Cooper's steadfast borderers.

This reveals to us that, underlying the Leatherstocking Tales and lending significance to them, is the fact that they set forth imaginary episodes in a real struggle, — in that long and inevitable conflict between two opposing civilizations, which looms larger than any mere war, and which has true epic grandeur in the clash of contending racial ideals. This is what lends to the Leatherstocking Tales their largeness; and this is what gives them their major meaning for us. They help to explain how it was that these United States came to be what they are.

Cooper has told us in the introduction to the *Spy* that, after he had published his empty imitation of a British novel, it became a matter of reproach among his friends that "he, an American in heart as in birth," should have depicted "a state of society so different from that to which he belonged." This reproach it was which moved him to undertake the *Spy*, in which "he chose patriotism for his theme." And patriotism is the theme of all his greater books.

Cooper was intensely American in his feeling, and yet broadly cosmopolitan in his outlook on the world. Not for nothing had he been an officer in the American navy and also a long sojourner in Europe. He had a noble detachment from all that was petty and temporary. In his novels he is curiously fair to all manner of foreigners, possessing apparently the subtle sympathy which gives understanding. And here he stands in striking contrast with only too many of his countrymen four score years ago, who were at one and the same time provincial in their boastfulness and colonial in their subservient

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deference to the opinion of the mother-country. Cooper was stanchly patriotic; "with him," so Professor Lounsbury tells us, "love of country was not a sentiment, it was a passion." Perhaps because of his unbounded faith in the future of his native land, he was not blind to her present faults; and while he "defended his country from detractors abroad, he sought to save her from flatterers at home," — to borrow Bryant's apt phrase. Lowell was to perform a similar service half a century later; and it is a gratifying proof of our growth in independence, that Lowell aroused scarcely a tithe of the vindictive animosity which vented itself on Cooper, and which not only assailed the man, but also depreciated the author.

The elder Dana dwelt upon Cooper's "self-reliance and civil courage, which would with equal freedom speak out in the face of the people, whether they were friendly or adverse." Civic courage is a virtue none too common, even nowadays; and Cooper possessed it in a high degree. It needs to be noted also that Cooper's opinions upon public matters were not casual or freakish; they were founded on principle. He had given careful consideration to the affairs of state; and he had a political philosophy of his own, more solidly buttressed than we can discover in the equipment of any other writer of romance of our century, whether American or European. Recall the thinness of Dickens's political theories, for example, or of Hawthorne's. Even Hugo's are found on analysis to be vague and fantastic. "Cooper's politics," so Mr. Brownell has reminded us, "are rational, discriminating, and suggestive. He knew men as Lincoln knew them — which is to say very differently from Dumas and Stevenson." There is no demand on any of us that we shall accept Cooper's political theories, or reduce them to a system. It is enough that he had a body of doctrine, complete and clear, which gives a certain solidity to his fiction, lacking in that of all the others who have undertaken the tale of adventure.

It is the triple duty of the novelist and of the dramatist to make us see, to make us feel, and to make us think. Cooper succeeded in making his readers think, even though they might resent it, because he had done his own thinking in advance. And his thinking had not been done in a vacuum; he was not only shrewd and sagacious, he had also an immense variety of information, not merely upon the ocean and the forest, but upon subjects as remote as horticulture and agriculture and stock-raising. His friends were "struck with the inexhaustible vivacity of his conversation and the minuteness of his knowledge in everything which depended upon acuteness of observation and exactness of recollection."

VII

When all is said, Cooper stands forth a large man, in himself, in his work, and in the range of his influence. If we may judge an author by the variety of those he has stimulated, Cooper must take high rank. He has stirred a host of other writers, often men who pursued wholly different artistic ideals. He drew from Balzac "roars of pleasure and admiration;" and Dumas avowedly imitated him in the *Mohicans of Paris*. Mr. Kipling once remarked to me, after a rereading of Cooper, that he had come across scene after scene which he knew already in the narratives of later novelists, and that a host of later writers had been going to Cooper's works, as to a storehouse of striking situations where they could help themselves, so fertile in invention was the earlier American author. Even Thackeray did not disdain to borrow from him the hint of one of his noblest chapters; and Poe may have taken over the suggestion of the method of his marvelously acute M. Dupin from the skill with which Cooper's redskins followed a trail blind to eyes less acute than theirs. Better than any other American author, save Poe, so Professor Trent has asserted, Cooper "stands the test of cosmopolitan fame;"

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and his share in the swift spreading of the romantic movement throughout Europe is almost, if not quite, equal to the share of Scott and of Byron.

A poet, a teller of tales which moved many others to imitation and from which many others might borrow, he was above all else a creator of characters, which could not be taken from him. It is by the characters he brings into being that a novelist survives; and it is by this test that he must abide. And certain of the wisest critics of the nineteenth century have testified to Cooper's power of giving life to creatures that the world will not willingly let die. Lowell made sure that Natty Bumppo

> "Won't go to oblivion quicker
> Than Adams the parson and Primrose the vicar."

Sainte-Beuve declared that Cooper possessed that "creative faculty which brings into the world new characters, and by virtue of which Rabelais produced Panurge, Le Sage Gil Blas, and Richardson Pamela." There can be no higher praise than this. Cooper deserved it; and by so deserving it, as Thackeray said, he has deserved well of his country.

WHEN TOWN AND COUNTRY MEET

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

Most of the men in Millerstown left their work and started home for dinner when they were hungry, and many of them scolded if dinner were not ready. Adam Troxell did neither, but worked steadily away in field or garden till he was summoned. Often his longing eyes gazed back over the fields to the door of the farmhouse kitchen, although he knew that the sound of his mother's horn could reach him in any part of the farm.

To-day, from his hoeing in the south field, he turned his head more often than usual, sure that the hour for dinner had passed, but not daring to investigate. Finally, he made up his mind that if the shadow of the next post had reached a certain stone by the time that he returned from the other side of the field he would wait no longer.

Before he was half-way across, however, he heard the sound of the horn, and dropping his seed-bag where he stood, he started toward the fence. When he was already astride of it he hesitated.

"She won't know if I leave it once here," he said half aloud, and jumped down on the other side. There he hesitated. "But she might ask me." Climbing back, he made for the spot where he had left the bag, carried it with him to the fence, and, concealing it carefully beneath, climbed over once more, and made his way across the meadow, around the barn, and to the house. Outside the kitchen door, he paused to plunge his face and hands into a basin of water which stood ready for him on the pump floor, then slipped out of his heavy, mud-coated shoes.

"Adam," called a mellifluous voice from within.

"Yes, Mom."

"Take off your shoes."

"Yes, Mom."

Adam smoothed his hair before the little mirror fastened to the side of the house beside the door. It gave back a reflection of his slender, stooping shoulders, narrow face, and pale eyes.

Having finished, he went into the kitchen, carefully opening and closing the screen door. The kitchen was kept almost dark so that flies might not be

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tempted to linger therein, although it was not yet the season for flies. Adam's eyes, dimmed by the sudden change from the light without, did not at first distinguish the figure of his mother, as she stood before the stove; then the sound of her voice helped him in his sense of direction. Mrs. Troxell was not so small that she was hard to discover. The outline of her figure, though vague, was enormous, and straight from shoulder to skirt hem.

"Just sit down once," she said.

Adam took his place at one end of a table which stood with its side against the wall. It was covered with a red cloth, and there were two plates turned upside-down, with a knife and fork crossed on each one. When his mother had heaped his plate high, she filled her own, and sat down, sighing heavily,

"What is the matter?" asked her son. "Have you got it somewheres?"

She did not answer at once, and he went on eating, not because he was not anxious to hear her reply, but because he was accustomed to have her take her time.

"Adam, I have been for some time thinking of something," she began presently. "It is that I must have help. It is so much all the time to do, and I cannot always do the things so quickly like sometimes. Till I get the cows milked in the morning, I am tired. I must get me somebody."

"You better get you a girl," answered Adam uneasily.

"But the girls, they cost so much. It won't anybody work in Millerstown for less than a dollar and a quarter."

"It is so," he acknowledged.

"And they eat so much. They eat more than they work."

"Well, I could do the milking. Then you would not have it so hard."

"But you would then have to hire a man, and it would come out the same. It is another way I am thinking from."

"What is that?"

Mrs. Troxell rose heavily, and went to the cellar for the pie. She did not answer until she was in her place opposite him.

"You might get married."

A wave of color flooded Adam's face.

"You are plenty old enough," she went on. 'You are now fifteen years older than your pop and I when we were married. Then it would n't be no wages to pay, and it would be some one what would take interest. These hired girls, they don't care. And we could then keep more chickens, and put the eggs in the store, and she could help sometimes in the field, and in the garden. I am getting so stiff, I cannot work any more in the garden —"

"But, Mom —"

He might as well have tried to dam the smoothly-flowing little Lehigh with a shingle. A listener might have wondered at his seeking, the tone was so round, so smooth, like the soft bubble of the stream, intensified a hundred times.

"— like I used to. And it is plenty girls, but not so many what are good for something. I have been thinking from the girls, Adam. Not Mary Kuhns, she is too much of a *schussle* [careless person], and not Elmina Fatzinger, while she is always too much for spending money, and not Mantana Kemerer. But Linnie Kurtz, Adam. She is a good worker, and she is not so proud. I think it would be good to get Linnie."

"But, Mom, when shall this marrying be?"

"Ay, soon. It must be somebody here for the harvest, and she must be by that time used to the things. Linnie cannot have so many eggs to bake with as at home. I will learn her to be saving."

"But, Mom —"

Mrs. Troxell gathered herself together as if to rise.

"If you get done early with the planting, you can go to-night to see Linnie, Adam."

Adam rose, and went out into the sunshine, his pale eyes blinking. He sat down on the doorstep and put on his heavy shoes, then he went slowly back to

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his work. He could not believe that his mother was growing old, she who, in spite of her vast size, had accomplished such herculean labors. He shared her distress at the idea of paying wages. Most of the girls were not willing to do as their mistresses wanted them to do; they liked to gad about, to go to the county seat on the trolley, to have beaux, and they ate more than they were worth. He had thought vaguely of getting married before, but he had put the thought aside, because he did not suppose his mother would approve.

But Linnie Kurtz! The flush came back to his cheek. He did not want Linnie Kurtz, she was too smart. There was always a laugh in her eyes when they met his.

No, there was some one else whom he would marry. As he thought of her, a little seed of romance, tiny and neglected in the bottom of his heart, put forth a pale green tendril. He would marry the girl whom he liked.

He finished his hoeing, then went back to the house and dressed quickly. His mother gave him his supper, then started to the barn to milk. She said nothing more about his marrying; she was accustomed to have him follow her suggestions.

It was seven o'clock, and the spring twilight had begun to fall. Adam walked swiftly into the village. When he reached the main street, the trolley car from the county seat had just come in, and he watched them change the fender, then climbed aboard.

He felt himself strangely excited, although he had scarcely thought of the girl for weeks. Her name was Florence Kramer; he had met her through his cousin, who worked with her in the silk mill, where she earned seven dollars a week. He knew that his mother would refuse to believe that, but it was true. And she was pretty and smart, and probably had money in the bank. Certainly she could not, even if she wished, spend seven dollars a week!

He had seen her only a few times, but he did not have any fear that she would refuse him. What girl would not be glad for such a home as he could offer her? Only he and his mother knew the amount of their deposits in the Millerstown bank and a bank in the county seat, kept thus divided so that prying Millerstown might not know how much they had.

His mother received his story that night with a long silence. He did not see, in the darkness of the porch, that twice she tried vainly to speak.

"C—Can she work?" she asked, at last.

"She is a fearful worker," answered Adam proudly. "She earns seven dollars a week."

"Have you asked her, already?"

"Yes, but she is not sure if she will."

Mrs. Troxell's head sank upon her breast. She made strange noises in her throat. For the first time in his life, Adam had acted without her counsel. Was this the effect the strange girl was to have upon him? Then her cold hands seized the arms of her chair.

"You bring her out here before you get married," she said, stammering a little. "I must talk to her before you get married to her. Tell her to come Sundays."

"Yes, Mom," answered Adam. "I was going Saturdays in, but I will write to her to come out."

The letter bore evidence of careful, even painful, composition. The girl, receiving it, laughed, then flushed scarlet.

"Dear Miss," it began. "I guess you are dissapointed while I do not come in. My Mom says you shall come to-morrow evening out for supper."

She sat a long time after she had finished reading it, with it crushed in her hand. She had never paid any attention to this "Dutchman" until he had startled her by proposing that she marry him. The half-spoken refusal had been smothered by the consciousness of an ugly pain in her side at the end of her day's work, and of the fact that her last week's wages was all she had in the world. Marriage

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would mean peace and comfort for her body at least, even though Adam Troxell was as far from the man she would have chosen as any one could be. She would go out and see where he lived, and then she might accept.

Mrs. Troxell, sitting behind the vines on the porch on the Sunday afternoon, watched the girl disapprovingly as she came with Adam up the long lane which led in from the road. There were drooping feathers in her hat, and she wore gloves. She looked about her eagerly, and her face sparkled at sight of the farmhouse with its broad porch. It would be pleasant there on summer evenings. The girls from the mill could come out to see her, and she could go often to town. She felt already the importance which being well married would bestow.

She could not help a sudden start when Adam's mother rose to meet her. There was something portentous in a first view of Mrs. Troxell. Her size took away one's breath.

"How do you do?" she said slowly, and her voice made the girl shiver, it was so unlike any other voice she had ever heard. "It is a nice day."

"You have a nice place here," Florence answered nervously.

"Yes," said Mrs. Troxell.

"But I should think it would be awful lonely."

Mrs. Troxell smoothed down her white apron.

"It is too much to do in the country to get lonely," she said. "It is all the time something to do."

The girl's face brightened.

"What do you do? Everything looks so quiet. I should n't think there would be anything to do."

For a moment Mrs. Troxell did not answer. Then she apologized for not having asked the girl to take off her hat.

"Adam shall take it in the house," she said.

When he had gone, she turned her head again toward Florence.

"What do you mean by something to do?" she asked.

"Why, there ain't no theatre here, and no people, and no places to go."

"We have no time to go places," said Mrs. Troxell, her great voice trembling. "There is too much work." Her little eyes watched the girl. "We have gardening and soap-boiling and white-washing and butchering and milking and harvesting and cleaning, and —"

"Oh!" Florence's eyes widened and she gasped a little.

"— and baking and canning and —"

At sound of Adam's footstep, Mrs. Troxell stopped abruptly. She lifted herself heavily from the chair.

"You can take her round to look at the things, Adam," she said. "I will make supper."

"All right," said Adam in his high voice, leading the way down the steps. His mother's tone seemed to breathe satisfaction. "We will go first to the barn, and then you can go along to fetch the cows."

"But ain't you going to stay with me when I come out here?" Florence demanded. It was not that she wanted him, but that she was afraid of his mother.

"Yes, when the cows are milked. I milk Sundays. Mom has it so bad in her back."

"But don't you have a girl or a hired man?"

"Ach, no, it is too expensive to hire. But we would have to hire if I did not get married."

"Oh, are you going to get married?" she said sharply.

Adam smiled at her. He could never quite understand her metropolitan wit.

"Come now this way and see the barn."

The girl followed him slowly, lifting high her trailing skirts. She made no response as he pointed out the various improvements he had made.

"But Mom, she thought of all these things," he explained proudly. "Now,

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I am going for the cows. Will you go along?"

"No, I'll go back to the house." She could not imagine a more terrifying experience than close contact with cows. She hurried back across the yard, and turned the knob of the front door. It would not open. She tried it again, and shook it, her face scarlet. Had the woman locked her out? She stood hesitating for an instant, then she heard a heavy footstep. There was a great sliding of bolts and keys, and Mrs. Troxell, a gingham apron over her white one, stood before her.

"I guess I did n't hear you first off," she said. "We use always the back door."

The girl stepped inside.

"He said I should find you."

"That was right. You come along in the kitchen."

Florence looked about her curiously. The hall was narrow and dark, and the doors leading into the rooms on either side were closed. There was an odor of recently applied whitewash. Mrs. Troxell opened a door which led into a room as dark as the hall. There were faint outlines of a table with a chenille cover, and chairs set in a neat row against the wall. Suddenly she paused. Florence, in the dark, walked against her, and stepped quickly back. It seemed hardly human, the vast mass which she had touched.

"I thought I heard one," Mrs. Troxell said mysteriously, making her way to the other side of the room. She lifted the curtain, where, buzzing against the window, there was a fly. She killed it with a stroke of her hand.

"It must a' sneaked in when we came in," she said. "Or else it is from last year."

Then she opened the door into a brighter room, furnished with a rag carpet, a row of chairs set against the wall, and a table set for supper.

"You can sit here," she said. "We always eat out in the kitchen except when it is company here."

"Do you eat in the kitchen in summer when it is so hot?"

"Of course. Shall I have flies in my house?" The expression of satisfaction had not left Mrs. Troxell's face.

The girl sat down, and watched, fascinated, Mrs. Troxell's careful exit. In a few moments the faint delicious odor of cooking stole in upon her. After a long time, she heard Adam's voice and a splashing of water at the pump. Presently he came into the kitchen and sat down beside her, whereupon she shivered and turned involuntarily away.

"Well, did you get lonely?" he asked cheerfully. "When you do yourself the milking you won't get lonely."

Florence did not answer. She was watching Mrs. Troxell's struggles with the door, her driving away of invisible flies, then her hurried entrance which left her almost breathless. This time there was a large tray in her hands.

In a few moments they sat down at the table. The meal was delicious; Florence was sure that she had never tasted anything so good. Nevertheless, she could eat but little. Mrs. Troxell's long grace, and her son's silent feeding, and Mrs. Troxell herself, frightened her. She wished herself back at the boarding-house table, with its poor coffee, and worse bread, and the good company.

Mrs. Troxell urged her to eat.

"You can't work when you don't eat," she said cheerfully, and her melodious voice seemed to fill the room. "In the country you must eat a lot so you can do country work."

Florence shook her head. She wondered whether this choke in her throat signified homesickness. And for what? What was it that made this place so terrible? Was it the silence? Was it the vast old woman?"

"What time does the next car go?" she asked, when Adam finally laid down his knife.

"Must you go already back?" asked Adam, in dismay. "I thought you should stay and go long in the church."

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"Yes, you can just so well stay," seconded his mother.

"No, I must — I have a sick aunt. I promised to stay with her." The excuse was the sudden reckless invention of the moment.

"But I can't go long so early. I take always the collection in the church."

"Oh, but I can go alone." Her eyes brightened. "You need not even go to the car with me."

"Ach, yes, that he will do," insisted his mother. "Of course he will go with you to the car."

"Of course I will," said Adam. His eyes sought his mother's, and met her gaze, alert, anxious, perhaps a little pitying. He interpreted it to mean that she was as eager that the bargain should be struck at once as he.

They had scarcely left the house before he spoke.

"Well, how would you like to live here?"

"I don't like the country. It is too lonely."

"But you would n't be lonely. Mom is always here, and it is not lonely when you have work to do."

"But I don't like to work."

"You don't like to work!" He stopped in the lane and stared at her. "But you get seven dollars a week, working."

"But I only work for the money. I don't like to work."

"But you will have here a good home. It is no one in the family but I and Mom, and it is a good farm, and we have money in the bank."

She turned on him suddenly.

"Will you let me have some of the money? Will you let me hire a girl?"

"A girl," he repeated heavily. "A girl yet, with you and Mom to do the work. What would a girl do?"

Florence broke suddenly into an hysterical laugh, then she started to run.

"Don't you see the car is coming?" she cried.

When Adam got back to the house, his mother was sitting on the porch.

"She would n't marry me!" he said.

"She would n't marry you!" Mrs. Troxell's voice was non-committal.

"She wanted me to take money from the bank, and hire a girl. Take the money from the bank!"

"What!" Now Mrs. Troxell did not need to assume surprise.

"Yes." Then his voice softened. "I guess we might 'a' made it easy for her. We might 'a' hired a girl to help. We —" he sat heavily down on the step. "I wanted her." After a long time he said again, "I wanted her."

Mrs. Troxell watched his bent head. Fear came into her eyes at this son who wanted anything she had not suggested. Then her eyes narrowed cunningly.

"The Lord does not let us have always what we want, Adam. It is some good reason why you shall not have her."

"I guess so," he answered piously, and with that, romance died. "But now we will have to hire, Mom."

"No, not yet awhile," his mother answered. "I feel good to-night. I will get a while along alone."

She sat on the porch for a long time after he had gone to bed. Occasionally she smiled and once she muttered softly,

"I settled it. I scared her. To take —" Mrs. Troxell gasped heavily — "to take the money from the bank to hire a girl!"

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SHELLEY

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

"I HAVE the vanity to write only for poetical minds," Shelley said to Trelawny, "and must be satisfied with few readers." "I am, and I desire to be, nothing," he wrote to Leigh Hunt, while urging him to "assume a station in modern literature which the universal voice of my contemporaries forbids me either to stoop or to aspire to." Yet he said also, "Nothing is more difficult and unwelcome than to write without a confidence of finding readers;" and, "It is impossible to compose except under the strong excitement of an assurance of finding sympathy in what you write." Of the books which he published during his lifetime, some were published without his name, some were suppressed at the very moment of publication. Only *The Cenci* went into a second edition. Without readers, he was without due recognition from the poets of his time. Byron was jealous, if we may believe Trelawny, but neither Keats nor Wordsworth nor Leigh Hunt nor Southey nor Landor seems ever to have considered him seriously as a rival. We must go to the enthusiastic unimportant Wilson, to find an adequate word of praise; for to Wilson "Mr. Shelley was a poet, almost in the very highest sense of that mysterious word." The general public hated him without reading him, and even his death did not raise him from oblivion. But Time has been on his side, and to-day the general reader, if you mention the word poet to him, thinks of Shelley.

It is only by reading contemporary writings and opinions in published letters of the time, — such as Southey's when he writes to Shelley, that the manner in which his powers for poetry "have been employed is such as to prevent me from feeling any desire to see more of productions so monstrous in their kind, and pernicious in their tendency," — that we can, with a great effort, realize the aspect under which Shelley appeared to the people of his time. What seems to us abnormal in its innocence was to them abnormal in guilt; they imagined a revolution behind every invocation to liberty, and saw Godwin charioted in the clouds of *Prometheus Unbound*. They saw nothing else there, and Shelley himself had moments when he thought that his mission was a prophet's rather than a poet's. All this, which would mean so little to-day, kept Shelley at that time from ever having an audience as a poet. England still feared thought, and still looked upon poetry as worth fearing.

No poet has defined his intentions in poetry more carefully than Shelley. "It is the business of the poet," he said, in the preface to *The Revolt of Islam*, "to communicate to others the pleasure and the enthusiasm arising out of those images and feelings in the vivid presence of which, within his own mind, consists at once his inspiration and his reward." But, he says further, "I would only awaken the feelings, so that the reader should see the beauty of true virtue, and be incited to those enquiries which have led to my moral and political creed, and that of some of the subtlest intellects in the world." In the preface to *Prometheus Unbound* he says, "Didactic poetry is my abhorrence; nothing can be equally well expressed in prose that is not tedious and supererogatory in vein. My purpose has hitherto been simply to familiarize the highly refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excel-

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lence." Writing to Godwin, he says, acutely, "My power consists in sympathy, and that part of the imagination which relates to sentiment and contemplation. . . . I am formed . . . to apprehend minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us, and to communicate the conceptions which result from considering either the moral or the material universe as a whole." And we are told by Mrs. Shelley that "he said that he deliberated at one time whether he should dedicate himself to poetry or metaphysics."

Shelley was born to be a poet, and his "passion for reforming the world," as well as what he fancied to be his turn for metaphysics, were both part of a temperament and intelligence perhaps more perfectly fitted for the actual production of poetry than those of any other poet. All his life Shelley was a dreamer; never a visionary. We imagine him, like his Asia on the pinnacle, saying,

> "my brain
> Grows dizzy: see'st thou shapes within the mist?"

The mist, to Shelley, was part of what he saw; he never saw anything, in life or art, except through a mist. Blake lived in a continual state of vision, Shelley in a continual state of hallucination. What Blake saw was what Shelley wanted to see; Blake never dreamed, but Shelley never wakened out of that shadow of a dream which was his life.

His poetry is indeed made out of his life; but what was his life to Shelley? The least visible part of his dreams. As the Fourth Spirit sings in *Prometheus Unbound*, —

> "Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
> But feeds on the aërial kisses
> Of shapes that haunt thought's wilderness."

He lived with ardor among ideas, aspirations, and passions in which there was something at once irresponsible and abstract. He followed every impulse, without choice or restraint, with the abandonment of a leaf in the wind. "O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!" was his prayer to the west wind and to every influence. Circumstances meant so little to him that he was unconscious of the cruelty of change to sentiment, and thus of the extent of his cruelty to women. He aimed at moral perfection, but was really of a perfect æsthetic selfishness. He was full of pity and generosity, and desired the liberation and uplifting of humanity; but humanity was less real to him than his own witch of Atlas. He only touched human action and passion closely in a single one of his works; and he said of *The Cenci*, "I don't think much of it. My object was to see how I could succeed in describing passions I have never felt."

To Shelley the word love meant sympathy, and that word, in that sense, contains his whole life and creed. Is this not why he could say, —

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away"?

It is a love which is almost sexless, the love of an enthusiastic youth, or of his own hermaphrodite. He was so much of a sentimentalist that he could conceive of incest without repugnance, and be so innocently attracted by so many things which, to one more normally sexual, would have indicated perversity. Shelley is not perverse, but he is fascinated by every problem of evil, which draws him to contemplate it with a child's inquiring wonder of horror. No poet ever handled foulness and horror with such clean hands or so continually. The early novels are filled with tortures, the early poems profess to be the ravings of a hanged madwoman; *Alastor* dwells lingeringly on death, *Queen Mab* and *The Revolt of Islam* on blood and martyrdom; madness is the centre of *Julian and Maddalo*, and a dungeon of *Rosalind and Helen;* the first act of *Prometheus* celebrates an unearthly agony, and *The Cenci* is a mart and slaughter-house of souls and bodies; while a comic satire is made up wholly out of the imagery of the swine-trough. Shelley could touch pitch and be

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undefiled; he writes nobly of every horror; but what is curious is that he should so persistently seek his beauty in such blackness. That a law or tradition existed was enough for him to question it. He does so in the name of abstract liberty, but curiosity was part of his impulse. A new Adam in Eden, the serpent would have tempted him before Eve. He wanted to "root out the infamy" of every prohibition, and would have tasted the forbidden fruit without hunger.

And Shelley was the same from the beginning. In the notes to *Queen Mab* he lays down with immense seriousness the rules on which his life was really to be founded. "Constancy has nothing virtuous in itself," he tells us, "independently of the pleasure it confers, and partakes of the temporizing spirit of vice in proportion as it endures tamely moral defects of magnitude in the object of its indiscreet choice." Again: "the connection of the sexes is so long sacred as it contributes to the comfort of both parties, and is naturally dissolved when its evils are greater than its benefits." This doctrine of "the comfort of both parties" was what Shelley always intended to carry out, and he probably supposed that it was always the fault of the "other party" when he failed to do so. Grave charges have been brought against him for his cruelty to women, and in particular to Harriet; and it is impossible to forgive him, as a reasonable man, for his abandonment of Harriet. But he was never at any time a reasonable man, and there was never a time when he was not under one form or another of hallucination. It was not that he was carried away irresistibly by a gross passion, it was that he had abandoned himself like a medium to a spiritual influence. A certain selfishness is the inevitable result of every absorption; and Shelley, in every new rapture, was dizzy with it, whether he listened to the skylark in the sky or to the voice of Mary calling to him from the next room. In life, as in poetry, he was the slave of every impulse, but a slave so faultlessly obedient that he mastered every impulse in achieving it, so that his life, which seems casual, was really what he chose to make it, and followed the logic of his being.

Shelley had intuition rather than instinct, and was moved by a sympathy of the affections rather than by passion. His way of falling into and out of love is a sign that his emotions were rapid and on the surface, not that they were deep or permanent. The scent or music of love came to him like a flower's or bird's speech; it went to his head, it did not seize on the heart in his body. It must have filled him with astonishment when Harriet drowned herself, and he could never have really understood that it was his fault. He lived the life of one of those unattached plants which float in water; he had no roots in the earth, and he did not see why anyone should take root there. His love for women seems never to have been sensuous, or at least to have been mostly a matter of sympathies and affinities; if other things followed, it seemed to him natural that they should, and he encouraged them with a kind of unconsciousness. Emilia Viviani, for whom he wrote the sacred love-song of the *Epipsychidion*, would have embarrassed him, I doubt not, if she had answered his invocation practically. He would have done his best for her, and, at the same time, for Mary.

Epipsychidion celebrates love with an icy ecstasy which is the very life-blood of Shelley's soul; there are moments, at the beginning and end, when its sympathy with love passes into the actual possession. But for the most part it is a declaration, not an affirmation; its love is sisterly, and can be divided; it says for once, exultingly and luxuriously and purely, the deepest thing that Shelley had to say, lets out the secret of his feminine or twy-fold soul, and is the epitaph of that Antigone with whom "some of us have in a prior existence been in love." Its only passion is for that intellectual beauty to which it is his greater hymn, and, with

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Emilia Viviani, he confessed to have been the Ixion of a cloud. "I think," he said in a letter, "one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal." In the poem he has done more than he meant to do, for it is the eternal beauty that it images for us, and no mortal lineaments. Just because it is without personal passion, because it is the worship of a shadow for a shadow, it has come to be this thing fearfully and wonderfully made, into which the mystical passion of Crashaw and the passionate casuistry of Donne seem to have passed as into a crucible: —

> Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
> We can desire, O Love!

and the draught is an elixir for all lovers.

That part of himself which Shelley did not put into *Epipsychidion* he put into *Adonais*. In that pageantry of sorrow, in which all temporal things mourn for the poet, and accept the consolation of eternity, there is more of personal confession, more of personal foreboding, than of grief for Keats, who is no less a cloud to him than Emilia Viviani, and whom indeed we know he did not in any sense properly appreciate, at his actual value. The subtlest beauty comes into it when he speaks of himself, "a pardlike spirit beautiful and swift," with that curious self-sympathy which remains not less abstract than his splendid and consoling Pantheism, which shows by figures a real faith in the truth and permanence of beauty. Shelley says of it and justly, "it is a highly wrought piece of art, and perhaps better, in point of composition, than anything I have written." The art is conscious, and recreates *Lycidas* with entire originality; but the vessel of ancient form carries a freshly lighted flame.

Shelley, when he died, left unfinished a splendid fragment, *The Triumph of Life*, which, inspired by Petrarch, as *Adonais* was inspired by Milton, shows the deeper influence of Dante. It ends with an interrogation, that interrogation which he had always asked of life and was about to ask of death. He had wanted to die, that he might "solve the great mystery." His last poem comes to us with no solution, but breaks off as if he died before he could finish telling the secret which he was in the act of apprehending.

II

There are two kinds of imagination, that which embodies and that which disembodies. Shelley's is that which disembodies, filling mortal things with unearthly essences or veiling them with unearthly raiment. Wordsworth's imagination embodies, concentrating spirit into man, and nature into a wild flower. Shelley is never more himself than in the fantasy of *The Witch of Atlas*, which he wrote in three days, and which is a song in seventy-eight stanzas. It is a glittering cobweb, hung on the horns of the moon's crescent, and left to swing in the wind there. What Fletcher would have shown and withdrawn in a single glimpse of magic, Shelley calls up in a vast wizard landscape which he sets steadily before us. He is the enchanter, but he never mistakes the images which he calls up for realities. They are images to him, and there is always between him and them the thin circle of the ring. In *Prometheus Unbound*, where he has made a mythology of his own by working on the stable foundation of a great myth of antiquity, his drama is a cloudy procession of phantoms, seen in a divine hallucination by a poet whose mind hovered always in that world

> where do inhabit
> The shadows of all forms that think and live
> Till death unite them, and they part no more;
> Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
> And all that faith creates or love desires,
> Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes.

The shapes hover, pause, and pass on unflagging wings. They are not symbols, they are not embodiments of powers and passions; they are shining or shadowy

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images of life and death, time and eternity; they are much more immaterial than judgment or mercy, than love or liberty; they are phantoms, "wrapped in sweet sounds as in bright veils," who pass, murmuring "intelligible words and music wild;" but their music comes from somewhere across the moon or under the sea, and their words are without human passion. The liberty which comes to Prometheus is a liberty to dream forever with Asia in a cave; the love which sets free the earth is, like the music, extra-lunar; this new paradise is a heaven made only for one who is, like Shelley,

> the Spirit of wind
> With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet
> Disturbing not the drifted snow.

The imagination which built this splendid palace out of clouds, of sunset and sunrise, out of air, water, and fire, has unbodied the human likeness in every element, and made the spirit of the earth itself only a melodious voice, "the delicate spirit" of an eternal cloud, "guiding the earth through heaven." When the "universal sound like wings" is heard, and Demogorgon affirms the final triumph of good, it is to an earth dying like a drop of dew and to a moon shaken like a leaf. And we are left "dizzy as with delight," to rise, like Panthea,

> as from a bath of sparkling water,
> A bath of azure light, among dark rocks,
> Out of the stream of sound.

It was among these forms of imagination, —

> Desires and adorations,
> Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
> Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
> Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies, —

as he sees them in *Adonais*, that Shelley most loved to walk; but when we come to what Browning calls "the unrivalled 'Cenci,'" we are in another atmosphere, and in this atmosphere, not his own, he walks with equal certainty. In the preface to *The Cenci* Shelley defines in a perfect image the quality of dramatic imagination. "Imagination," he says, "is as the immortal God which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion." And, in the dedication, he distinguishes it from his earlier works, "visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just." *The Cenci* is the greatest play written in English since *The Duchess of Malfy*, but, in the work of Shelley, it is an episode, an aside, or, as he puts it in his curious phrase, "a work of art." *Julian and Maddalo* is not less a work of art, and, for Shelley, an exception. In *Julian and Maddalo* and in the *Letter to Maria Gisburne* he has solved the problem of the poem which shall be conventional speech and yet pure poetry. It is astonishing to think that *Julian and Maddalo* was written within a year of *Rosalind and Helen*. The one is Byron and water, but the other is Byron and fire. It has set the pattern of the modern poem, and it was probably more difficult for him to do than to write *Prometheus Unbound*. He went straight on from the one to the other, and was probably unconscious quite how much he had done. Was it that a subject, within his personal interests and yet of deep significance, came to him from his visit to Byron at Venice, his study of Byron's mind there, which, as we know, possessed, seemed to overweigh, him? Shelley required no impetus, but he required weight. Just as the subject of *Prometheus Unbound*, an existing myth into which he could read the symbol of his own faith, gave him that definite unshifting substance which he required, and could not invent, so, no doubt, this actual substance in *Julian and Maddalo* and the haunting historic substance of *The Cenci* possessed him, drawing him down out of the air, and imprisoning him among human fortunes. There is no doctrine and no fantasy in either, but imagination speaking human speech.

And yet, as Browning has pointed out, though *Prometheus*, *Epipsychidion*, and the lyrics are "the less organized

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matter," the "radiant elemental foam and solution" of Shelley's genius, it is precisely in these, and not in any of the more human works, that we must look for the real Shelley. In them it is he himself who is speaking, in that "voice which is contagion to the world." The others he made, supremely well; but these he was.

What he made he made so well because he was so complete a man of letters, in a sense in which no other of his contemporaries was. Wordsworth, when he turned aside from his path, wandered helplessly astray. Byron was so helplessly himself that when he wrote plays he wrote them precisely in the manner which Shelley rightly protested that he himself had not: "under a thin veil converting names and actions into cold impersonations of his own mind." But Shelley could make no such mistake in form. It may be doubted whether the drama of real life would ever have become his natural medium; but, having set himself to write such a drama, he accepted the laws or limitations of the form to the extent of saying, "I have avoided with great care, in writing this play, the introduction of what is commonly called mere poetry." In so doing he produced a masterpiece, but knew himself too well to repeat it.

And he does not less adequately whatever he touches. Shelley had no genius for fun or caricature, but in *Swellfoot the Tyrant*, in *Peter Bell the Third*, he develops a satirical joke with exquisite literary skill. Their main value is to show how well he could do the things for which he had no aptitude. *The Mask of Anarchy* is scarcely more important as a whole, though more poignant in detail. It was done for an occasion, and remains, not as an utterance, but for its temper of poetic eloquence. Even *Hellas*, which he called "a mere improvise," and which was written out of a sudden political enthusiasm, is remembered, not for its "figures of indistinct and visionary delineation," but for its "flowery and starry" choruses. Yet not one of the four was written for the sake of writing a piece of literature; each contains a condemnation, a dogma, or a doctrine.

To Shelley doctrine was a part of poetry; but then, to him doctrine was itself the voice of ecstasy. He was in love not only with love, but with wisdom; and as he wished everyone to be good and happy, he was full of magics and panaceas, Demogorgons or Godwins, which would rejuvenate or redeem the world. There was always something either spiritual or moral in his idea of beauty; he never conceived of æsthetics as a thing apart from ethics; and even in his descriptions he is so anxious to give us the feeling before the details, that the details are as likely as not to go out in a rosy mist.

There are pictures in Shelley which remind us of Turner's. Pure light breaks into all its colors and floods the world, which may be earth or sea or sky, but is, above all, rapture of color. He has few twilights but many dawns; and he loves autumn for its wild breath and broken colors. Fire he plays with, but air and water are his elements; thoughts of drowning are in all his work, always with a sense of strange luxury. He has, more than any poet, Turner's atmosphere; yet seems rarely, like Turner, to paint for atmosphere. It is part of his habitual hallucination; it comes to him with his vision or message, clothing it.

He loved liberty and justice with an impersonal passion, and would have been a martyr for many ideals which were no more to him than the substance itself of enthusiasm. He went about the world, desiring universal sympathy, to suffer delicious and poignant thrills of the soul, and to be at once sad and happy. In his feeling for nature he has the same vague affection and indistinguishing embrace as in his feeling for humanity; the daisy, which was the eye of day to Chaucer, is not visible as a speck in Shelley's wide landscapes; and though in one of his subtlest poems he has noticed "the slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,"

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he is not minutely observant of whatever is not in some way strange or unusual. Even his significant phrase about "the worm beneath the sod" is only meant as a figure of the brain. His chief nature poem, *The Skylark*, loses the bird in the air, and only realizes a voice, an "unbodied joy;" and *The Sensitive Plant* is a fairy, and the radiant illustration of "a modest creed."

III

In a minute study of the details of Shelley's philosophy, Mr. Yeats has reminded us, "in ancient times, it seems to me that Blake, who for all his protest was glad to be alive, and ever spoke of his gladness, would have worshipped in some chapel of the Sun, and that Keats, who accepted life gladly, though 'with a delicious, diligent indolence,' would have worshipped in some chapel of the Moon, but that Shelley, who hated life because he sought 'more in life than any understood,' would have wandered, lost in a ceaseless reverie, in some chapel of the Star of infinite desire." Is not Shelley's whole philosophy contained in that one line, "the desire of the moth for the star"? He desired impossible things, and his whole theory of a reorganization of the world, in which anarchy was to be a spiritual deliverer, was a dream of that golden age which all mythologies put in the past. It was not the Christian's dream of heaven, nor the Buddhist's of Nirvana, but a poetical conception of a perfected world, in which innocence was lawless, and liberty selfless and love boundless, and in which all was order and beauty, as in a lovely song or stanza, or the musical answering of line and line in drama. He wrote himself down an atheist, and Browning thinks that in heart he was always really a Christian, so unlimited were his ideals, so imaginary his paradises. When Shelley thought he was planning the reform of the world, he was making literature, and this is shown partly by the fact that no theory or outcry or enthusiasm is ever strong enough to breathe through the form which carries it like a light in a crystal.

The spirit of Shelley will indeed always be a light to every seeker after the things that are outside the world. He found nothing, he did not even name a new star. There is little actual wisdom in his pages, and his beauty is not always a very vital kind of truth. He is a bird on the sea, a sea-bird, a winged diver, swift and exquisite in flight, an inhabitant of land, water, and sky; and to watch him is to be filled with joy, to forget all mean and trivial things, to share a rapture. Shelley teaches us nothing, leads us nowhere, but cries and flies round us like a sea-bird.

Shelley is the only poet who is really vague, and he gets some of his music out of that quality of the air. Poetry, to him, was an instinctive utterance of delight, and it recorded his lightest or deepest mood with equal sensitiveness. He is an unconscious creator of joy, and the mood most frequent with him is the joy of sadness. His poetry, more than that of any poet, is the poetry of the soul, and nothing in his poetry reminds us that he had a body at all, except as a nerve sensitive to light, color, music, and perfume. His happiness is

> To nurse the image of unfelt caresses
> Till dim imagination just possesses
> The half-created shadow,

and to come no nearer to reality. Poetry was his atmosphere, he drew his breath in it as in his native element. Because he is the one perfect illustration of the poetic nature, as that nature is generally conceived, he has sometimes been wrongly taken to be the greatest of poets. His greatness may be questioned, not his authenticity.

Shelley could not write unpoetically. Wordsworth, who is not more possessed than Shelley with ideas of instruction, moral reformation, and the like, drops constantly out of poetry into prose; Shelley never does. Not only verse but poetry came to him so naturally that he could not keep it out, and the least frag-

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ment he wrote has poetry in it. Compare him, not only with Wordsworth, but with Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Landor, with every poet of his period, and you will find that while others may excel him in almost every separate poetical quality, none comes near him in this constant level of general poetical excellence.

Is it an excellence or an acquirement? No doubt it was partly technique, the technique of the born executant. It is too often forgotten that technique, like talent, must be born, not made, if it is to do great work. Shelley could not help writing well, whatever he wrote; he was born to write. He was the one perfectly equipped man of letters of his circle, and he added that accomplishment to his genius as a poet. There was nothing he could not do with verse as a form, and his translations from Greek, from Spanish, or from German, are not less sensitive to the forms which he adapted. He had a sound and wide literary culture, and, with curious lack of knowledge, a generalized appreciation of art. He wrote a *Defence of Poetry* which goes far beyond Sidney's and is the most just and noble eulogy of poetry that exists. His letters have grace and facility, and when Matthew Arnold made his foolish joke about his prose being better than his verse (which is as untrue as to say that Milton's prose was better than his verse), he was no doubt rightly conscious that Shelley might have expressed in prose much of the actual contents of his poetry. What would have been lost is the rarest part of it, in its creation of imaginative beauty. It is that rare part, that atmosphere which belongs to a region beyond technique, which, more certainly than even his technique, was what never left him, what made it impossible for him to write unpoetically.

No poetry is more sincere than Shelley's, because his style is a radiant drapery clinging closely to the body which it covers. What he has to express may have little value or coherence, but it is the very breath of his being, or, it may be, the smoke of that breath. He says rightly, in one of his earliest prefaces, that he has imitated no one, "designing that even if what I have produced be worthless, it should still be properly my own." There is no poet, ancient or modern, whom he did not study; but, after the first boyish bewitchment by what was odd in Southey's *Thalaba*, and a casual influence here and there, soon shaken off, whatever came to him was transformed by his inner energy, and became his own. Every poem, whatever else it is, is a personal expression of feeling. There is no egoism of the passionate sort, Catullus's or Villon's; his own passions are almost impersonal to him. they turn to a poem in the mere act of giving voice to themselves. It is his sincerity that so often makes him superficial. Shelley is youth. Great ideas or deep emotions did not come to him, but warm ideas and eager emotions, and he put them straight into verse. You cannot imagine him elaborating a mood, carving it, as Keats does, on the marble flanks of his Grecian urn.

Shelley is the most spontaneous of poets, and one of the most careless among those who, unlike Byron, are artists. He sings naturally, without hesitation, liquidly, not always flawlessly. There is something in him above and below literature, something aside from it, a divine personal accident. His technique, in lyrics, is not to be compared with Coleridge's, but where Keats speaks he sings.

The blank verse of Shelley, at its best in *Prometheus Unbound*, has none of the sweetly broken music of Shakespeare or of the organ harmonies of Milton. It is a music of aërial eloquence, as if sounded by

> The small, clear, silver lute of the young spirit
> That sits i' the morning star.

There is in it a thrilling music, rarer in liquid sound than that of any other poet, and chastened by all the severity that can clothe a spirit of fire and air, an Ariel loosed from Prospero. Can syllables turn

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to more delicate sound and perfume than in such lines as these: —

When swift from the white Scythian wilderness
A wind swept forth wrinkling the Earth with frost:
I looked and all the blossoms were blown down.

If words can breathe, can they breathe a purer breath than in these strange and simple lines in which every consonant and every vowel have obeyed some learned spell unconscious of its witchcraft? Horror puts on all the daintiness of beauty, losing none of its own essence, as when we read how

foodless toads
Within voluptuous chambers panting crawled.

And out of this "music of lyres and flutes" there rises a symphony of many instruments, a choral symphony, after which no other music sounds for a time musical. Nor is it only for its music —

Clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones
Which pierce the sense and live within the soul —

that this blank verse has its power over us. It has an illumined gravity, a shining crystal clearness, a luminous motion, with, in its ample tide, an "ocean-like enchantment of strong sound," and a measure and order as of the paces of the boundless and cadenced sea.

But it is, after all, for his lyrics that Shelley is best remembered, and it is perhaps in them that he is at his best. He wrote no good lyrical verse, except a few stanzas, before the age of twenty-three, when he wrote the song beginning, "The cold earth slept below," in which we find, but for a certain concentration, all the poetic and artistic qualities of "A widow bird sat mourning on a bough," which belongs to the last year of his life. In the summer of the year 1816, he wrote the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, and had nothing more to learn. In a letter to Keats he said, "in poetry I have sought to avoid system and mannerism," and in the lyrical work written during the six remaining years of his life there will be found a greater variety, a more easily and continually inventive genius, than in the lyrical work of any other English poet. This faculty which came to him without warning, like an awakening, never flags, and it is only for personal, not for artistic reasons, that it ever exercises itself without a continual enchantment. There are, among these supreme lyrics, which no one but Shelley could have either conceived or written, others, here and there, in which the sentimentalist which was in Shelley the man improvises in verse as Thomas Moore would have improvised if he could. He could not; but to compare with his best lyrics a lyric of Shelley's such as, "The keen stars were twinkling," is to realize how narrow, as well as how impassable, is the gulf between what is not, and what just is, poetry. In the clamorous splendor of the odes there is sometimes rhetoric as well as poetry, but is it more than the tumult and overflow of that poetry? For spiritual energy the "Ode to the West Wind," for untamable choric rapture the "Hymn to Pan," for soft brilliance of color and radiant light the "Lines written among the Euganean Hills," are not less incomparable than the rarest of the songs (such songs as "To-Night," or "The golden gates of sleep unbar," or "When the lamp is shattered," or "Swiftly walk over the western wave"), in which the spirit of Fletcher seems returned to earth with a new magic from beyond the moon. And all this work, achieved by a craftsman as if for its own sake, will be found, if read chronologically, with its many fragments, to be in reality a sort of occasional diary. If ever a poet expressed himself fully in his verse, it was Shelley. There is nothing in his life which you will not find written somewhere in it, if only as "the ghost of a forgotten form of sleep." In this diary of lyrics he has noted down whatever most moved him, in a vivid record of the trace of every thrill or excitement, on nerves, or sense, or soul. From the stanzas, "To Constantia singing," to the stanzas,

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"With a guitar, to Jane," every woman who moved him will have her place in it; and everything that has moved him when, as he said in the preface to *The Revolt of Islam*, "I have sailed down mighty rivers, and seen the sun rise and set, and the stars come forth whilst I have sailed night and day down a rapid stream among mountains." This, no doubt, is his way of referring to the first and second travels abroad with Mary, and to the summer when he sailed up the Thames to its source, — the time of his awakening. And in all this, made day by day out of the very substance of its hours, there will not be a single poem in which the occasion will disturb or overpower the poetical impulse, in which the lyrical cry will be personal at the expense of the music Or, if there is one such poem, it is that most intimate one which begins: "The serpent is shut out of Paradise." Is there, in this faultless capacity, this inevitable transposition of feeling into form, something lacking, some absent savor? Is there, in this evocation of the ghost of every thrill, the essence of life itself?

THE HELPMATE[1]

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XXXVII

It was nine o'clock on Sunday evening. Majendie was in Scarby, in the hotel on the little gray parade, where he and Anne had stayed on their honeymoon.

Lady Cayley was with him. She was with him in the sitting-room which had been his and Anne's. They were by themselves. The Ransomes were dining with friends in another quarter of the town. He had accepted Sarah's invitation to dine with her alone.

The Ransomes had tried to drag him away, and he had refused to go with them. He had very nearly quarreled with the Ransomes. They had been irritating him all day, till he had been atrociously rude to them. He had told Ransome to go to a place, where, as Ransome had remarked, he could hardly have taken Mrs. Ransome. Then he had explained gently that he had had enough knocking about for one day, that his head ached abominably, and he wished they would leave him alone. It was all he wanted. Then they had left him alone with Sarah. He was glad to be with her. She was the only person who seemed to understand that all he wanted was to be let alone.

She had been with him all day. She had sat beside him on the deck of the yacht as they cruised up and down the coast till sunset. Afterwards, when the Ransomes' friends had trooped in, one after another, and filled the sitting-room with insufferable sounds, she had taken him into a quiet corner and kept him there. He had felt grateful to her for that.

She had been angelic to him during dinner. She had let him eat as little and drink as much as he pleased. And she had hardly spoken to him. She had wrapped him in a heavenly silence. Only from time to time, out of the divine silence, her woman's voice had dropped between them, soothing and pleasantly indistinct. He had been drinking hard all day. He had been excited, intolerably excited; and she soothed him. He was aware of her chiefly as a large, benignant presence, maternal and protecting.

His brain felt brittle, but extraordinarily clear, luminous, transparent, the delicate centre of monstrous and destructive

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energies. It burned behind his eyeballs like a fire. His eyes were hot with it, the pupils strained, distended, gorged with light.

This monstrous brain of his originated nothing, but ideas presented to it became monstrous too. And their immensity roused no sense of the incredible.

The table had been cleared of everything but coffee-cups, glasses, and wine. They still sat facing each other. Sarah had her arms on the table, propping her chin up with her clenched hands. Her head was tilted back slightly, in a way that was familiar to him; so that she looked at him from under the worn and wrinkled white lids of her eyes. And as she looked at him she smiled slightly; and the smile was familiar, too.

And he sat opposite to her, with his chin sunk on his breast. His bright, dark, distended eyes seemed to strain upwards toward her, under the weight of his flushed forehead.

"Well, Wallie," she said, "I didn't get married, you see, after all."

"Married — married? Why didn't you?"

"I never meant to. I only wanted you to think it."

"Why? Why did you want me to think it?"

He was no longer disinclined to talk. Though his brain lacked spontaneity, it responded appropriately to suggestion.

"I didn't want you to think something else."

"What? What should I think?"

His voice was thick and rapid, his eyes burned.

"That you 'd made a mess of my life, my dear."

"When did I make a mess of your life?"

"Never mind when. I *might* have married, only I didn't. That 's the difference between me and you."

"And that 's how I made a mess of your life, is it? I haven't made a furious success of my own, have I?"

"I wouldn't have brought it up against you, if you had. The awful thing was to stand by, and see you make a sinful muddle of it."

"A sinful muddle?"

"Yes. That 's what it 's been. A sinful muddle."

"Which is worse, d' you think, a sinful muddle or a muddling sin?"

"Oh, don't ask me, my dear; I can't see any difference."

"My God — nor I!"

"There 's no good talking. You 're so obstinate, Wallie, that I believe, if you could live your life over again, you 'd do just the same."

"I would, probably. Just the same."

"There 's nothing you 'd alter?"

"Nothing. Except one thing."

"What thing?"

"Never mind what."

"I don't mind, if the one thing was n't *me*. Was it?"

He did not answer.

"Was it?" she insisted, turning the full blue blaze of her eyes on him.

He started. "Of course it was n't. You don't suppose I 'd have said so if it had been, do you?"

"A-ah! So, if you could live your life over again, you would n't turn me out of it? I didn't take up much room, did I? Only two years."

"Two years?"

"That was all. And you 'd let me stay in for my two poor little years. Well, that 's something. It 's a great deal. It 's more than some women get."

"Yes. More than some women get."

"Poor Wallie. I 'm afraid you would n't live your life again."

"No. I would n't."

"I would. I 'd live mine, horrors and all. Just for those two little years. I say, if we 'd keep each other in for those two years, we need n't turn each other out now, need we?"

"Oh, no; oh, no."

His brain followed her lead, originating nothing.

"See here," she said, "if I come in —"

"Yes, yes," he said vaguely.

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He was bending forward now, with his hands clasped on the table. She stretched out her beautiful white arms and covered his hands with hers, and held them. Her eyes were full-orbed, luminous, and tender. They held him, too.

"I come in on my own terms, this time, not yours."

"Oh, of course."

"I mean, I can't come in on the same terms as before. All that was over nine years ago, when you married. You and I are older. We have had experience. We 've suffered horribly. We know."

"What do we know?"

She let go his hands.

"At least we know the limits — the lines we must draw. Fifteen years ago we didn't know anything, either of us. We were innocents. You were an innocent when you left me, when you married."

"When I married?"

"Yes, when you married. You were a blessed innocent, or you couldn't have done it. You married a good woman."

"I know."

"So do I. Well, I 've given one or two men a pretty bad time, but you may write it on my tombstone that I never hurt another woman."

"Of course you haven't!"

"And I 'm not going to hurt your wife, remember."

"I 'm stupid. I don't think I understand."

"Can't you understand that I 'm not going to make trouble between you and her?"

"Me? And her?"

"You and her. You 've come back to me as my friend. We 'll be better friends if you understand that, whatever I let you do, dear, I 'm not going to let you make love to me."

She drew herself back and faced him with her resolution.

She knew the man with whom she had to deal. His soul must be off its guard before she could have any power over his body. In presenting herself as unattainable, she would make herself desired. She would bring him back.

She knew what fires he had passed through on his way to her. She saw that she could not bring him back by playing poor, tender Maggie's part. She could not move him by appearing as the woman she once was, by falling at his feet as she had once fallen. This time, it was he who must fall at hers.

Anne Majendie had held her empire, and had made herself forever desirable, by six years' systematic torturings and deceptions and denials, by all the infidelities of the saint in love with her own sanctity. The woman who was to bring him back now would have to borrow for the moment a little of Anne Majendie's spiritual splendor. She saw by his flaming face that she had suggested the thing she had forbidden.

"You think," said she, "there is n't any danger? I don't say there is. But if there was, you 'd never see it. You 'd never think of it. You 'd be up to your neck in it before you knew where you were."

He moved impatiently. "At any rate I know where I am now."

"And I," said she, in response to his movement, "mean that you shall stay there." She paused. "I know what you 're thinking. You 'd like to know what right I have to say these things to you?"

"Well — I 'm awfully stupid —"

"I earned the right fifteen years ago. When a woman gives a man all she has to give, and gets nothing, there are very few things she has n't a right to say to him."

"I 've no doubt you earned your right."

"I 'm not reproaching you, dear. I 'm simply justifying the plainness of my speech."

He stared at her, but he did not answer.

"Don't think me hard," said she. "I 'm saying these things because I care for you. Because"— she rose, and flung her arms out with a passionate gesture

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towards him. "Oh, my dear — my heart aches for you so that I can't bear it."

She came over to where he sat staring at her, staring half stupefied, and half inflamed. She stood beside him, and passed her hand lightly over his hair.

"I only want to help you."

"You can't help me."

"I know I can't. I can only say hard things to you."

She stooped, and her lips swept his hair. For a moment love gave her back her beauty and the enchantment of her youth; it illuminated the house of flesh it dwelt in and inspired.

And yet she could not reach him. His soul was on its guard.

"You 've come back," she whispered. "You 've come back. But you never came till you were driven. That' s how I thought you 'd come. When you were driven. When there was nobody but me."

He heard her speaking, but her words had no significance that pierced his thick and swift sensations.

"What have you done that you should have to pay so?"

"What have I done?"

"Or I?" she said.

He did not hear her. There was another sound in his ears.

Her voice ceased. Her eyes only called to him. He pushed back his chair and laid his arms on the table, and bowed his head upon them, hiding his face from her. She knelt down beside him. Her voice was like a warm wind in his ears. He groaned. She drew a short, sharp breath, and pressed her shoulder to his shoulder, and her face to his hidden face.

At her touch he rose to his feet, violently sobered, loathing himself and her. He felt his blood leap like a hot fountain to his brain. When she clung he raged, and pushed her from him, not knowing what he did, thrusting his hands out, cruelly, against her breasts, so that he wrung from her a cry of pain and anger.

But when he would have gone from her his feet were loaded; they were heavy weights binding him to the floor. He had a sensation of intolerable sickness; then a pain beat like a hammer on one side of his head. He staggered, and fell, headlong, at her feet.

XXXVIII

Anne, left alone at her writing-table, had worked on far into Friday night. The trouble in her was appeased by the answering of letters, the sorting of papers, the bringing of order into confusion. She had always had great practical ability; she had proved herself a good organizer, expert in the business of societies and committees.

In her preoccupation she had not noticed that her husband had left the house, and that he did not return to it.

In the morning, as she left her room, the old nurse came to her with a grave face, and took her into Majendie's room. Nanna pointed out to her that his bed had not been slept in. Anne's heart sank. Later on, the telegram he sent explained his absence. She supposed that he had slept at the Ransomes' or the Hannays', and she thought no more of it. The business of the day again absorbed her.

In the afternoon Canon Wharton called on her. It was the recognized visit of condolence, delayed till her return. In his manner with Mrs. Majendie there was no sign of the adroit little man of the world who had drunk whiskey with Mrs. Majendie's husband the night before. His manner was reticent, reverential, not obtrusively tender. He abstained from all the commonplaces of consolation. He did not speak of the dead child; but reminded her of the greater maternal work that God had called upon her to do, and told her that the children of many mothers would rise up and call her blessed. He bade her believe that her life, which seemed to her ended, had in reality only just begun. He said that, if great natures were reserved for great sorrows, great afflictions, they were also dedicated to

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great uses. Uses to which their sorrows were the unique and perfect training.

He left her strengthened, uplifted, and consoled.

On Sunday morning she attended the service at All Souls. In the afternoon she walked to the great flat cemetery of Scale, where Edith's and Peggy's graves lay side by side. In the evening she went again to All Souls.

The church services were now the only link left between her soul and God. She clung desperately to them, trying to recapture through those consecrated public methods the peace that should have been her most private personal possession.

For, all the time, now, she was depressed by a sense of separation from the Unseen. She struggled for communion; she prostrated herself in surrender, and was flung back upon herself, an outcast from the spiritual world. She was alone in that alien place of earth where everything had been taken from her. She almost rebelled against the cruelty of the heavenly hand that, having smitten her, withheld its healing. She had still faith, but she had no joy nor comfort in her faith. Therefore she occupied herself incessantly with works; appeasing, putting off the hours that waited for her as their prey.

It was at night that desolation found her helpless. For then she thought of her dead child and of the husband whom she regarded as worse than dead.

She had one terrible consolation. She had once doubted the justice of her attitude to him. Now she was sure. Her justification was complete.

She was sitting at work again early on Monday morning, in the drawing-room that overlooked the street.

About ten o'clock she heard a cab drive up to the door.

She thought it was Majendie come back again, and she was surprised when Kate came to her, and told her that it was Mr. Hannay, and that he wished to speak to her at once.

Hannay was downstairs, in the study, standing with his back to the fireplace. He did not come forward to meet her. His rosy, sensual face was curiously set. As she approached him, his loose lips moved and closed again in a firm fold.

He pressed her hand without speaking. His heaviness and immobility alarmed her.

"What is it?" she asked.

Her heart was like a wild whirlpool that sucked back her voice and suffocated it.

"I 've come with very bad news, Mrs. Majendie."

"Tell me," she whispered.

"Walter is ill — very dangerously."

"He is dead."

The words seemed to come from her without grief, without any feeling. She felt nothing but a dull, dragging pain under her left breast, as if the doors of her heart were closed and its chambers full to bursting.

"No. He is not dead."

Her heart beat again.

"He 's dying, then."

"They don't know."

"Where is he?"

"At Scarby."

"Scarby. How much time have I?"

"There 's a train at ten-twenty. Can you be ready in five — seven minutes?"

"Yes."

She rang the bell.

"Tell Kate where to send my things," she said as she left the room. Her mind took possession of her, so that she did not waste a word of her lips, or a single motion of her feet. She came back in five minutes, ready to start.

"What is it?" she said as they drove to the station.

"Hemorrhage of the brain."

"The brain?"

"Apoplexy."

"Is he unconscious?"

"Yes."

She closed her eyes.

"He will not know me," she said.

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Hannay was silent. She lay back and kept her eyes closed.

A van blocked the narrow street that led to the East Station. The driver reined in his horse. She opened her eyes in terror.

"We shall miss the train — if we stop."

"No, no, we 've plenty of time."

They waited.

"Oh, tell him to drive round the other way."

"We shall miss the train if we do *that*."

"Well, make that man in front move on. Make him turn — up there."

The van turned into a side street, and they drove on.

The Scarby train was drawn up along the platform. They had five minutes before it started; but she hurried into the nearest compartment. They had it to themselves.

The train moved on. It was a two hours' journey to Scarby.

A strong wind blew through the open window and she shivered. She had brought no warm wrap with her. Hannay laid his overcoat over her knees and about her body. His large hands moved gently, wrapping it close. She thanked him and tried to smile. And when he saw her smile Hannay was sorry for the things he had thought and said of her. His voice when he spoke to her vibrated tenderly. She resigned herself to his hands. Grief made her passive now.

Hannay sank back in the far corner and left her to her grief. He covered his eyes with his hands that he might not see her. Poor Hannay hoped that, if he removed his painful presence, she would allow herself the relief of tears.

But no tears fell from under her closed eyelids. Her soul was withdrawn behind them into the darkness where the body's pang ceased, and there was help.

She started when the train stopped at Scarby station.

As they stopped at the hotel there came upon her that reminiscence which is foreknowledge and the sense of destiny.

A woman was coming down the staircase as they entered. She did not see her at first. She would not have seen her at all if Hannay had not taken her arm and drawn her aside into the shelter of a doorway. Then, as the woman passed, she saw that it was Lady Cayley.

She looked helplessly at Hannay. Her eyes said, "Where is he?" She wondered where, in what room, she should find her husband.

She found him upstairs in the room that had been their bridal chamber. He lay on their bridal bed, motionless and senseless. There was a deep flush on one side of his face, one corner of his mouth was slightly drawn, and one eyelid drooped. He was paralyzed down his left side.

His lips moved mechanically as he breathed, and his breath came with a deep grating sound. His left arm was stretched outside, upon the blanket. A nurse stood at the head of the bed. She moved as Anne entered and gave place to her. Anne put out her hand and touched his arm, caressing it.

The nurse said, "There has been no change." She lifted his arm by the wrist and laid it in his wife's hand that she might see that he was paralyzed.

And Anne sat still by the bedside, staring at her husband's face, and holding his heavy arm in her hand, as if she could thus help him to bear the weight of it.

Hannay gave one look at her as she sat there. He said something to the nurse and went out of the room. The woman followed him.

After they went Anne bowed her head and laid it on the pillow beside her husband's, with her cheek against his cheek. She stayed so for a moment. Then she lifted her head and looked about her. Her eyes took note of trifles. She saw that the blankets were drawn straight over his body, as if over the body of a dead man. The pillow cases and the end of the sheet which was turned down over the blankets were clean and creaseless.

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He could not move. He was paralyzed. They had not told her that.

She saw that he wore a clean white nightshirt of coarse cotton. It must have been lent by one of the people of the hotel. His illness must have come upon him last night, when he was still up and dressed. They must have carried him in here, and laid him in the clean bed. Everything about him was very white and clean. She was glad.

She sat there till the nurse came back again. She had to move away from him then. It hurt her to see the woman bending over his bed, looking at him; to see her hands touching him.

A bell rang somewhere in the hotel. Hannay came in and told her that there was luncheon in the sitting-room. She shook her head. He put his hand on her shoulder and spoke to her as if she had been a child. She must eat, he said; she would be no good if she did not eat. She got up and followed him. She ate and drank whatever he gave her. Then she went back to her husband, and watched beside him while the nurse went to her meal. The terrible thing was that she could do nothing for him. She could only wait and watch. The nurse came back in half an hour, and they sat there together, all the afternoon, one on each side of the bed, waiting and watching.

Towards evening the doctor, who had come at midnight and in the morning, came again. He looked at Anne keenly and kindly, and his manner seemed to her to say that there was no hope. He made experiments. He brought a lighted candle and held it to the patient's eyes, and said that the pupils were still contracted. The nurse said nothing. She looked at Anne and she looked at the doctor, and, when he went away, she made a sign to Anne to keep back while she followed him. Anne heard them talking together in low voices outside the door, and her heart ached with fear of what he would say to her presently.

He sent for her, and she came to him in the sitting-room. He said, "There is no change." Her brain reeled and righted itself. She had thought he was going to say, "There is no hope."

"Will he get better?" she said.

"I cannot tell you."

The doctor seated himself and prepared to deal long and leisurely with the case.

"It 's impossible to say. He *may* get better. He may even get well. But I should do wrong if I let you hope too much for that."

"You can give me *no* hope," she said, thinking that she uttered his real thought.

"I don't say that. I only say that the chances are not — exclusively — in favor of recovery."

"The chances?"

The doctor looked at her, considering whether she were a woman who could bear truth. Her eyes assured him that she could.

"Yes. The chances. I don't say he won't recover. It 's this way," said he. "There 's a clot somewhere on the brain. If it absorbs completely he may get well — perfectly well."

"And if it does not absorb?"

"He may remain as he is, paralyzed down the left side. The paralysis may be only partial. He may recover the use of one limb and not the other. But he will be paralyzed, partially or completely."

She pictured it.

"Ah — but," she said, laying hold on hope again, "he will not die?"

"Well — there may be further lesions — in which case —"

"He will die."

"He may die. He may die at any moment."

She accepted it, abandoning hope.

"Will there be any return of consciousness? Will he know me?"

"I 'm afraid not. If consciousness returns we may begin to hope. As it is, I don't want you to make up your mind to the worst. There are two things in his favor. He has evidently a sound constitution. And he has lived — up to now —

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Mr. Hannay tells me, a rather unusually temperate life. That is so?"

"Yes. He was most abstemious. Always — always. Why?"

The doctor recalled his eyes from their examination of Mrs. Majendie's face. It was evident that there were some truths which she could not bear.

"My dear Mrs. Majendie, there is no *why*, of course. That is in his favor. There seems to have been nothing in his previous history which would predispose to the attack."

"Would a shock — predispose him?"

"A shock?"

"Any very strong emotion —"

"It might. Certainly. If it was recent. Mr. Hannay told me that he — that you — had had a sudden bereavement. How long ago was that?"

"A month — nearly five weeks."

"Ah — so long ago as that? No, I think it would hardly be likely. If there had been any recent violent emotion —"

"It would account for it?"

"Yes, yes, it might account for it."

"Thank you."

He was touched by her look of agony. "If there is anything else I can —"

"No. Thank you very much. That is all I wanted to know."

She went back into the sickroom. She stayed there all the evening, and they brought her food to her there. She stayed, watching for the sign of consciousness that would give hope. But there was no sign.

The nurse went to bed at nine o'clock. Anne had insisted on sitting up that night. Hannay slept in the next room, on a sofa, within call.

When they had left her alone with her husband, she knelt down by his bedside and prayed. And as she knelt, with her bowed head near to that body sleeping its strange and terrible sleep, she remembered nothing but that she had once loved him; she was certain of nothing but that she loved him still. His body was once more dear and sacred to her as in her bridal hour. She did not ask herself whether it were paying the penalty of its sin; her compassion had purged him of his sin. She had no memory for the past. It seemed to her that all her life and all her sufferings were crowded into this one hour, while she prayed that his soul might come back and speak to her, and that his body might not die. The hour trampled under it that other hour when she had knelt by the loathed bridal bed, wrestling for her own spiritual life. She had no life of her own to pray for now. She prayed only that he might live.

And though she knew not whether her prayer was answered, she knew that it was heard.

XXXIX

It was the evening of the third day. There was no change in Majendie.

Dr. Gardner had been sent for. He had come and gone. He had confirmed the Scarby doctor's opinion, with a private leaning to the side of hope. Hannay, who had waited to hear his verdict, was going back to Scale early the next morning. Mrs. Majendie had been in her husband's room all day, and he had seen little of her.

He was sitting alone by the fire after dinner, trying to read a paper, when she came in. Her approach was so gentle that he was unaware of it till she stood beside him. He started to his feet, mumbling an apology for his bewilderment. He pulled up an armchair to the fire for her, wandered uneasily about the room for a minute or two, and would have left it had she not called him back to her.

"Don't go, Mr. Hannay. I want to speak to you."

He turned, with an air of frustrated evasion, and remained, a supremely uncomfortable presence.

"Have you time?" she asked.

"Plenty. All my time is at your disposal."

"You have been very kind —"

"My dear Mrs. Majendie —"

"I want you to be kinder still. I want you to tell me the truth."

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"The truth —" Hannay tried to tighten his loose face into an expression of judicial reserve.

"Yes, the truth. There 's no kindness in keeping things from me."

"My dear Mrs. Majendie, I 'm keeping nothing from you, I assure you. The doctors have told me no more than they have told you."

"I know. It 's not that."

"What is it that 's troubling you?"

"Did you see Walter before he came here?"

"Yes."

"Did you see him on Friday night?"

"Yes."

"Was he perfectly well then?"

"Er — yes — he was well. Quite well."

Anne turned her sorrowful eyes upon him.

"No. There was something wrong. What was it?"

"If there was he did n't tell me."

"No. He would n't. Why did you hesitate just now?"

"Did I hesitate?"

"When I asked you if he was well."

"I thought you meant did I notice any signs of his illness coming on. I did n't. But of course, as you know, he was very much shaken by — by your little girl's death."

"You noticed that while I was away?"

"Y-es. But I certainly noticed it more on the night you were speaking of."

"You would have said then that he must have received a severe shock?"

"Certainly — certainly I would."

Hannay responded quite cheerfully, to his immense relief.

It was what they were all trying for, to make poor Mrs. Majendie believe that her husband's illness was to be attributed solely to the shock of the child's death.

"Do you think that shock could have had anything to do with his illness?"

"Of course I do. At least, I should say it was indirectly responsible for it."

She put her hand up to hide her face. He saw that in some way incomprehensible to him, so far from shielding her, he had struck a blow.

"Dr. Gardner told you that much," said he. He felt easier somehow, in halving the responsibility with Gardner.

"Yes. He told me that. But he had not seen him since October. *You* saw him on Friday, the day I came home."

Hannay was confirmed in his suspicion that on Friday there had been a scene. He now saw that Mrs. Majendie was tortured by the remembrance of her part in it.

"Oh, well," he said consolingly. "He had n't been himself for a long time before that."

"I know. I know. That only makes it worse."

She wept slowly, silently, then stopped suddenly and held herself in a restraint that was ten times more pitiful to see. Hannay was unspeakably distressed.

"Perhaps," said he, "if you could tell me what 's on your mind, I might be able to relieve you."

She shook her head.

"Come," he said kindly, "what is it, really? What do you imagine makes it worse?"

"I said something to him that I did n't mean."

"Of course you did," said Hannay, smiling cheerfully. "We all say things to each other that we don't mean. That would n't hurt him."

"But it did. I told him he was responsible for Peggy's death. I did n't know what I was saying. I let him think he killed her."

"He would n't think it."

"He did. There was nothing else he could think. If he dies I shall have killed him."

"You will have done nothing of the sort. He would n't think twice about what a woman said in her anger or her grief. He would n't believe it. He 's got too much sense. You can put that idea out of your head forever."

"I cannot put it out. I had to tell you — lest you should think —"

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"Lest I should think — what?"

"That it was something else that caused his illness."

"But, my dear lady — it *was* something else. I have n't a doubt about it."

"I know what you mean," she said quickly. "He had been drinking —poor dear."

"How do you know that?"

"The doctor asked me. He asked me if he had been in the habit of taking too much."

Hannay heaved a deep sigh of discomfort and disappointment.

"It 's no good," said she, "trying to keep things from me. And there 's another thing that I must know."

"You 're distressing yourself most needlessly. There is nothing more to know."

"I know that woman was here. I do not know whether he came here to meet her."

"Ah, well — that I can assure you he did not."

"Still — he must have met her. She was here."

"How do you know that she was here?"

"You saw her yourself, coming out of the hotel. You were horrified, and you pulled me back so that I should n't see her."

"There 's nothing in that, nothing whatever."

"If you 'd seen your own face, Mr. Hannay, you would have said there was everything in it."

"My face, dear Mrs. Majendie, does not prove that they met. Or that there was any reason why they should n't meet. It only proves my fear lest Lady Cayley should stop and speak to you. A thing she would n't be very likely to do if they *had* met — as you suppose."

"There is nothing that woman would n't do."

"She would n't do that. She would n't do that."

"I don't know."

"No. You don't know. So you 're bound to give her the benefit of the doubt. I advise you to do it, for your own peace of mind's sake. And for your husband's sake."

"It was for his sake that I asked you for the truth. Because —"

"You wanted me to clear him?"

"Yes. Or to tell me if there is anything I should forgive."

"I can assure you he did n't come here to see Sarah Cayley. As to forgiveness — you have n't got to forgive him that; and if you only understood, you 'd find that there was precious little you ever had to forgive."

"If I only understood. You think I don't understand, even yet?"

"I 'm sure you don't. You never did."

"I would give everything if I could understand now."

"Yes, if you could. But can you?"

"I 've tried very hard. I 've prayed to God to make me understand."

Poor Hannay was embarrassed at the name of God. He fell to contemplating his waistcoat buttons in profound abstraction for a while. Then he spoke.

"Look here, Mrs. Majendie. Poor Walter always said you were much too good for him. If you 'll pardon my saying so, I never believed that until now. Now, upon my soul, I do believe it. And I believe that 's where the trouble 's been all along. There are things about a man that a woman like you cannot understand. She does n't try to understand them. She does n't want to. She 'd rather die than know. So — well — the whole thing 's wrapped up in mystery, and she thinks it 's something awful and iniquitous, something incomprehensible."

"Yes. If she thinks about it at all."

"My dear lady, very often she thinks about it a vast deal more than is good for her. And she thinks wrong. She 's bound to, being what she is. Now, when an ordinary man marries that sort of woman there 's certain to be trouble."

He paused, pondering. "My wife 's a dear, good little woman," he said presently; "she 's the best little woman in

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the world for me; but I daresay to outsiders she 's a very ordinary little woman. Well, you know, I don't call myself a remarkably good man, even now, and I was n't a good man at all before she married me. D' you mind my talking about myself like this?"

"No." She tried to keep herself sincere. "No. I don't think I do."

"You do, I 'm afraid. I don't much like it myself. But, you see, I 'm trying to help you. You said you wanted to understand, did n't you?"

"Yes. I want to understand."

"Well then, I 'm not a good man, and your husband is. And yet, I 'd no more think of leaving my dear little wife for another woman than I would of committing a murder. But, if she 'd been 'too good' for me, there 's no knowing what I might n't have done. D' you see?"

"I see. You 're trying to tell me that it was my fault that my husband left me."

"Your fault? No. It was hardly your *fault*, Mrs. Majendie."

He meditated. "There 's another thing. You good women are apt to run away with the idea that — that this sort of thing is so tremendously important to us. It is n't. It is n't."

"Then why behave as if it were?"

"We don't. That 's your mistake; ten to one, when a man 's once married and happy he does n't think about it at all. Of course, if he is n't happy — but, even then, he does n't go thinking about it all day long. The ordinary man does n't. He 's got other things to attend to — his business, his profession, his religion, anything you like. Those are *the* important things, the things he thinks about, the things that take up his time."

"I see. I see. The woman does n't count."

"Of course she counts. But she counts in another way. Bless you, the woman may *be* his religion, his superstition. In your husband's case it certainly was so."

Her face quivered.

"Of course," he said, "what beats you is — how a man can love his wife with his whole heart and soul, and yet be unfaithful to her."

"Yes. If I could understand that, I should understand everything. Once, long ago, Walter said the same thing to me, and I could n't understand."

"Well — well, it depends on what one calls unfaithfulness. Some men are brutes, but we 're not talking about them. We 're talking about Walter."

"Yes. We 're talking about Walter."

"And Walter is my dearest friend, so dear that I hardly know how to talk to you about him."

"Try," she said.

"Well, I suppose I know more about him than anybody else. And I never knew a man freer from any weakness for women. He was always so awfully sorry for them, don't you know. Sarah Cayley could never have fastened herself on him if he had n't been sorry for her. No more could that girl — Maggie Forrest."

"How did he come to know her?"

"Oh, some fellow he knew had behaved pretty badly to her, and Walter had been paying for her keep, years before there was anything between them. She got dependent on him, and he on her. We are pathetically dependent creatures, Mrs. Majendie."

"What was she like?"

"She? Oh, a soft, simple, clinging little thing. And instead of shaking her off, he let her cling. That 's how it all began. Then, of course, the rest followed. I 'm not excusing him, mind you. Only —" Poor Hannay became shy and unhappy. He hid his face in his hands and lifted it from them, red, as if with shame. "The fact is," he said, "I 'm a clumsy fellow, Mrs. Majendie. I want to help you, but I 'm afraid of hurting you."

"Nothing can hurt me," she said, "now."

"Well —" He pondered again. "If you want to get down to the root of it, it 's as simple as hunger and thirst."

"Hunger and thirst," she murmured.

"It 's what I 've been trying to tell you.

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When you 're not thirsty you don't think about drinking. When you are thirsty, you do. When you 're driven mad with thirst, you think of nothing else. And sometimes — not always — when you can't get clean water, you 'll drink water that 's — not so clean. Though you may be very particular. Walter was — morally — the most particular man I ever knew."

"I know, I know."

"Mind you, the more particular a man is, the thirstier he 'll be. And, supposing he can never get a drop of water at home, and, every time he goes out, some kind person offers him a drink, — can you blame him very much if, some day, he takes it?"

"No," she said. She said it very low, and turned her face from him.

"Look here, Mrs. Majendie," he said, "you know why I 'm saying all this?"

"To help me," she said humbly.

"And to help him too. Neither you nor I know whether he 's going to live or die. And I 've told you all this so that, if he does die, you may n't have to judge him harshly, and if he does n't die, you may feel that he 's — he 's given back to you. D' you see?"

"Yes, I see," she said softly.

She saw that there were depths in this man that she had not suspected. She had despised Lawson Hannay. She had detested him. She had thought him coarse in grain, gross, insufferably unspiritual. She had denied him any existence in the world of desirable persons. She had refused to see any good in him. She had wondered how Edith could tolerate him for an instant. Now she knew.

She remembered that Edith was a proud woman, and that she had said that her pride had had to go down in the dust before Lawson Hannay. And now she, too, was humbled before him. He had beaten down all her pride. He had been kind; but he had not spared her. He had not spared her; but the gentlest woman could not have been more kind.

She rose and looked at him with a strange reverence and admiration. "Whether he lives or dies," she said, "you will have given him back to me."

She took up her third night's watch.

The nurse rose as she entered, gave her some directions, and went to her own punctual sleep. There was no change in the motionless body, in the drawn face, and in the sightless eyes.

Anne sat by her husband's side and kept her hand upon his arm to feel the life in it. She was consoled by contact, even while she told herself that she had no right to touch him.

She knew what she had done to him. She had ruined him as surely as if she had been a bad woman. He had loved her, and she had cast him from her, and sent him to his sin. There was no humiliation and no pain that she had spared him. Even the bad women sometimes spare. They have their pity for the men they ruin; they have their poor disastrous love. She had been merciless where she owed most mercy.

Three people had tried to make her see it. Edith, who was a saint, and that woman, who was a sinner, and Lawson Hannay. They had all taken the same view of her. They had all told her the same thing.

She was a good woman, and her goodness had been her husband's ruin.

Of the three, Edith alone understood the true nature of the wrong she had done him. The others had only seen one side of it, the material, tangible side that weighed with them. Through her very goodness, she saw that that was the least part of it; she knew that it had been the least part of it with him.

Where she had wronged him most had been in the pitiless refusals of her soul. And even there she had wronged him less by the things she had refused to give than by the things that she had refused to take. There were sanctities and charities, unspeakable tendernesses, holy and half spiritual things in him, that she had shut her eyes to. She had shut her eyes that she might justify herself.

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Her fault was there, in that perpetual justification and salvation of herself, in her indestructible, implacable spiritual pride.

And she had shut her ears as she had shut her eyes. She had not listened to her sister's voice, nor to her husband's voice, nor to her little child's voice, nor to the voice of God in her own heart. Then, that she might be humbled, she had had to take God's message from the persons whom she had most detested and despised.

She had not loved well. And she saw now that men and women only counted by their power of loving. She had despised and detested poor little Mrs. Hannay; yet it might be that Mrs. Hannay was nearer to God than she had been, by her share of that one godlike thing.

She, through her horror of one sin, had come to look upon flesh and blood, upon the dear human heart, and the sacred, mysterious human body, as things repellent to her spirituality, fine only in their sacrifice to the hungry, solitary flame. She had known nothing of their larger and diviner uses, of their secret and profound subservience to the flame. She had come near to knowing through her motherhood, and yet she had not known.

And as she looked with anguish on the helpless body, shamed, and humiliated, and destroyed by her, she realized that now she knew.

Edith's words came back to her: "Love is a provision for the soul's redemption of the body. Or, maybe, for the body's redemption of the soul." She understood them now. She saw that Edith had spoken to her of the miracle of miracles. She saw that the path of all spirits going upward is by acceptance of that miracle. She, who had sinned the spiritual sin, could find salvation only by that way.

It was there that she had been led, all the while, if she had but known it. But she had turned aside, and had been sent back, over and over again, to find the way. Now she had found it; and there could be no more turning back.

She saw it all. She saw a purity greater than her own, a strong and tender virtue, walking in the ways of earth and cleansing them. She saw love as a divine spirit, going down into the courses of the blood and into the chambers of the heart, moving mortal things to immortality. She saw that there is no spirituality worthy of the name that has not been proved in the house of flesh.

She had failed in spirituality. She had fixed the spiritual life away from earth, beyond the ramparts. She saw that the spiritual life is here.

And more than this, she saw that in her husband's nature, hidden deep down under the perversities that bewildered and estranged her, there was a sense of these things, of the sanctity of their life. She saw what they might have made of it together, what she had actually made of it, and of herself and him. She thought of his patience, his chivalry and forbearance, and of his deep and tender love for her and for their child.

God had given him to her to love; and she had not loved him. God had given her to him for his help and his protection; and she had not helped, she had not protected him.

God had dealt justly with her. She had loved God; but God had rejected a love that was owing to her husband. Looking back, she saw that she had been nearest to God in the days when she had been nearest to her husband. The days of her separation had been the days of her separation from God. And she had not seen it.

All the love that was in her she had given to her child. Her child had been born that she might see that the love which was given to her was holy; and she had not seen it. So God had taken her child from her that she might see.

And seeing that, she saw herself aright. That passion of motherhood was not all the love that was in her. The love that was in her had sprung up, full-grown, in

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a single night. It had grown to the stature of the diviner love she saw. And as she felt that great springing-up of love, with all its strong endurances and charities, she saw herself redeemed by her husband's sin.

There she paused, trembling. It was a great and terrible mystery, that the sin of his body should be the saving of her soul. And as she thought of the price paid for her, she humbled herself once more in her shame.

She was no longer afraid that he would die. Something told her that he would live, that he would be given back to her. She dared not think how. He might be given back paralyzed, helpless, and with a ruined mind. Her punishment might be the continual reproach of his presence, her only consolation the tending of the body she had tortured, humiliated, and destroyed.

She prayed God to be merciful and spare her that.

And on the morning of the fifth day Majendie woke from his terrible sleep. He could see light. Towards evening his breathing softened and grew soundless. And on the dawn of the sixth day he called her name, "Nancy."

Then she knew that for a little time he would be given back to her. And, as she nursed him, love in her moved with a new ardor and a new surrender. For more than seven years her pulses had been proof against his passion and his strength. Now, at the touch of his helpless body, they stirred with a strange, adoring tenderness.

But as yet she went humbly, in her fear of the punishment that might be measured to her. She told herself it was enough that he was aware of her, of her touch, of her voice, of her face as it bent over him. She hushed the new-born hope in her heart, lest its cry should wake the angel of the divine retribution.

Then, week by week, slowly, a little joy came to her, as she saw the gradual return of power to the paralyzed body and clearness to the flooded brain. She wondered when he would begin to remember, whether her face would recall to him their last interview, her cruelty, her repudiation.

At last she knew that he remembered. She dared not ask herself, "How much?" It was borne in on her that it was this way that her punishment would come.

For, as he gradually recovered, his manner to her became more constrained, notwithstanding his helpless dependence on her. He was shy and humble; grateful for the things she did for him; grateful with a heartrending, pitiful surprise. It was as if he had looked to come back to the heartless woman he had known, and was puzzled at finding another woman in her place.

As the weeks wore on, and her hands had less to do for him, she felt that his awakened spirit guarded itself from her, fenced itself more and more with that inviolable constraint. And she bowed her head to the punishment.

When he was well enough to be moved, she took him to the south coast. There he recovered power rapidly. By the end of February he showed no trace of his terrible illness.

They were to return to Scale in the beginning of March.

Then, at their home-coming, she would know whether he remembered. There would be things that they would have to say to each other.

Sometimes she thought that she could never say them; that her life was secure only within some pure, charmed circle of inviolate silence; that her wisdom lay in simply trusting him to understand her. She *could* trust him. After all, she had been most marvelously "let off;" she had been allowed, oh, divinely allowed, to prove her love for him. He could not doubt it now; it possessed her, body and soul; it was manifest to him in her eyes, and in her voice, and in the service of her hands.

And if he said nothing, surely it would mean that he, too, trusted her to understand?

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XL

They had come back. They had spent their first evening together in the house in Prior Street. Anne had dreaded the return; for the house remembered its sad secrets. She had dreaded it more on her husband's account than on her own.

She had passed before him through the doorway of the study; and her heart had ached as she thought that it was in that room that she had struck at him and put him from her. As he entered, she had turned, and closed the door behind them, and lifted her face to his and kissed him. He had looked at her with his kind, sad smile, but he had said nothing. All that evening they had sat by their hearth, silent as watchers by the dead.

From time to time she had been aware of his eyes resting on her in their profound and tragic scrutiny. She had been reminded then of the things that yet remained unsaid.

At night he had risen at her signal; and she had waited while he put the light out; and he had followed her upstairs. At her door she had stopped, and kissed him, and said good-night, and she had turned her head to look after him as he went. Surely, she had thought, he will come back and speak to me.

And now she was still waiting after her undressing. She said to herself, "We have come home. But he will not come to me. He has nothing to say to me. There is nothing that can be said. If I could only speak to him!"

She longed to go to him, to kneel at his feet and beg him to forgive her and take her back again, as if it had been she who had sinned. But she could not.

She stood for a moment before the couch at the foot of the bed, ready to slip off her long white dressing-gown. She paused. Her eyes rested on the silver crucifix, the beloved symbol of redemption. She remembered how he had given it to her. She had not understood him even then; but she understood him now. She longed to tell him that she understood. But she could not.

She turned suddenly as she heard his low knock at her door. She had been afraid to hear it once; now it made her heart beat hard with longing and another fear. He came in. He stood by the closed door, gazing at her with the dumb look that she knew.

She went to meet him, with her hands outstretched to him, her face glowing.

"Oh my dear," she said, "you 've come back to me. You 've come back."

He looked down on her with miserable eyes. She put her arms about him. His face darkened and was stern to her. He held her by her arms and put her from him, and she trembled in all her body, humiliated and rebuked.

"No. Not that," he said. "Not now. I can't ask you to take me back now."

"Need you ask me — now?"

"You don't understand," he said. "You don't know. Darling, you don't know."

At the word of love she turned to him, beseeching him with her tender eyes.

"Sit down," he said. "I want to talk to you."

She sat down on the couch, and made room for him beside her.

"I don't want," she said, "to know more than I do."

"I 'm afraid you must know. When you do know you won't talk about taking me back."

"I *have* taken you back."

"Not yet. I 'd no business to come back at all, without telling you."

"Tell me, then," she said.

"I can't. I don't know how."

She put her hand on his.

"Don't," he said, "don't. I 'd rather you did n't touch me."

She looked at him and smiled, and her smile cut him to the heart.

"Walter," she said, "are you afraid of me?"

"Yes."

"You need n't be."

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"I am. I 'm afraid of your goodness."

She smiled again.

"Do you think I 'm good?"

"I know you are."

"You don't know how you 're hurting me."

"I 've always hurt you. And I 'm going to hurt you more."

"You only hurt me when you talk about my goodness. I 'm not good. I never was. And I never can be, dear, if you 're afraid of me. What is it that I *must know?*"

His voice sank.

"I 've been unfaithful to you. Again."

"With whom?" she whispered.

"I can't tell you — only — it was n't Maggie."

"When was it?"

"I think it was that Sunday — at Scarby."

"Why do you say you think?" she said gently. "Don't you *know?*"

"No. I don't know much about it. I did n't know what I was doing."

"You can't remember?"

"No. I can't remember."

"Then — are you sure you *were* — ?"

"Yes. I think so. I don't know. That 's the horrible part of it. I don't know. I can't remember anything about it. I must have been drinking."

She took his hand in hers again. "Walter, dear, don't think about it. Don't think it was possible. Just put it all out of your head and forget about it."

"How can I when I don't know?" He rose. "See here — I ought n't to look at you — I ought n't to touch you — I ought n't to live with you, as long as I don't know. *You* don't know either."

"No," she said quietly. "I don't know. Does that matter so very much when I understand?"

"Ah, if you could understand — But you never could."

"I do. Supposing I had known, do you think I should not have forgiven you?"

"I 'm certain you would n't. You could n't. Not that."

"But," she said, "I did know."

His mouth twitched. His eyelids dropped before her gaze.

"At least," she said, "I thought —"

"You thought that?"

"Yes."

"What made you think it?"

"I saw her there."

"You saw her? You thought that, and yet — you would have let me come back to you?"

"Yes. I thought that."

As he stood before her, shamed, and uncertain, and unhappy, the new soul that had been born in her pleaded for him and assured her of his innocence.

"But," she said again, "I do not think it now."

"You — you don't believe it?"

"No. I believe in you."

"You believe in me? After everything?"

"After everything."

"And you would have forgiven me that?"

"I did forgive you. I forgave you all the time I thought it. There 's nothing that I would n't forgive you now. You know it."

"I thought you might forgive me. But I never thought you 'd let me come back — after that."

"You have n't. You have n't. You never left me. It 's I who have come back to you."

"Nancy," he whispered.

"It 's I who need forgiveness. Forgive me. Forgive me."

"Forgive you? *You?*"

"Yes, me."

Her voice died and rose again, throbbing, to her confession.

"I was unfaithful to you."

"You don't know what you 're saying, dear. You could n't have been unfaithful to me."

"If I had been, would you have forgiven me?"

He looked at her a long time.

"Yes," he said simply.

"You could have forgiven me that?"

"I could have forgiven you anything."

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She knew it. There was no limit to his chivalry, his charity.

"Well," she said. "You have worse things to forgive me."

"What have I to forgive?"

"Everything. If I had forgiven you in the beginning, you would not have had to ask for forgiveness now."

"Perhaps not, Nancy. But that was n't your fault."

"It was my fault. It was all my fault, from the beginning to the end."

"No, no."

"Yes, yes. Mr. Hannay knew that. He told me so."

"When?"

"At Scarby."

Majendie scowled as he cursed Hannay in his heart.

"He was a brute," he said, "to tell you that."

"He was n't. He was kind. He knew."

"What did he know?"

"That I would rather think that *I* was bad than that you were."

"And would you?"

"Yes I would — now. Mr. Hannay spared me all he could. He did n't tell me that if you had died at Scarby it would have been my fault. But it would have been."

He groaned.

"Darling — you could n't say that if you knew anything about it."

"I know all about it."

He shook his head.

"Listen, Walter. You 've been unfaithful to me — once, years after I gave you cause. I 've been unfaithful to you ever since I married you. And your unfaithfulness was nothing to mine. A woman once told me that. She said you 'd only broken one of your marriage vows, and I had broken all of them, except one. It was true."

"Who said that to you?"

"Never mind who. It needed saying. It was true. I sinned against the light. I knew what you were. You were good and you loved me. You were unhappy through loving me, and I shut my eyes to it. I' ve done more harm to you than that poor girl — Maggie. You would never have gone to her if I had n't driven you. You loved me."

"Yes. I loved you."

She turned to him again; and her eyes searched his for absolution. "I did n't know what I was doing. I did n't understand."

"No. A woman does n't, dear. Not when she 's as good as you."

At that a sob shook her. In the passion of her abasement she had cast off all her beautiful spiritual apparel. Now she would have laid down her crown, her purity, at his feet.

"I thought I was so good. And I sinned against my husband more than he ever sinned against me!"

He took her hands and tried to draw her to him, but she broke away, and slid to the floor and knelt there, bowing her head upon his knee. Her hair fell, loosened, upon her shoulders, veiling her.

He stooped and raised her. His hand smoothed back the hair that hid her face. Her eyes were closed.

Her drenched eyelids felt his lips upon them. They opened; and in her eyes he saw love risen to immortality through mortal tears. She looked at him, and knew him as she knew her own soul.

(*The End.*)

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MARY ARMISTEAD

APRIL, 1865

A VETERAN CAVALRYMAN'S TALE

BY E. W. THOMSON

I

Low in the fertile vale by Tunstall's Run
A rainy rifle skirmish closed the day.

Beyond the April-swollen, narrow stream,
Lee's stubborn rearguard veteran raggedies
Lay prone amid last year's tobacco stalks,
Shooting hot Enfields straight from red-mud pools,
While from their rear four angry howitzers,
High set on Armistead's Plantation Hill,
Flamed shrieking shell o'erhead across the bridge
That Custer raged to seize before black night
Should close his daylong toil in mud and rain.

Thrice did we gallop vainly at the planks,
Then vainly strove on foot the pass to win,
Till through the drizzling dark but flashes showed
The points where sullen rifles opposite rang,
And back we straggled, stumbling up the slope
Where Union buglers shrilled the bivouac.

Ninety unanswering voices told our loss,
While silence ruled so deep we heard the rain's
Small rataplan on ponchos and on hats,
Until the crackling rail-fence Company fires
Lighted the piney length of Custer's Ridge.

That night John Woolston served as orderly,
The John who strokes to-day his white old beard
And sees himself, scarce downy of the lips,
Eying young long-haired Custer through the smoke
Across a flaming pyre, that steaming slaves
Of Tunstall fed afresh with Tunstall rails.

Down in the shrouded vale about the Run
Three score of boys John Woolston knew in life

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Lay scattered round an old-hoed, red-mud field,
Peaceful with scores of veteran boys in gray,
Whose bodily particles were resurrect
As corn for bread, and leaf for smokers' pipes,
Before the Americans of now were born
To share, through common-soldier sacrifice,
The comrade Union of the States to-day.

A rail-heap seated Custer with his aide,
Their drowsing bugler opposite leaned on John,
While overhead the swaying boughs of pine
Creaked in an upward-rushing draught of warmth,
And from our solitary surgeons' tent
Came smothered ecstasies of mortal pain,
And in the outer darkness horses stamped
And bit and squealed and enviously eyed
The huddling regiments about the fires,
Pipes lit, hats slouched to fend the rain and glare.

As Woolston watched lean Custer's martial face,
It seemed the hero heard not flame nor bough,
Nor marked the groans, nor knew at what he stared,
So deep intent his mind ranged o'er the Run
And up the opposite-sloping Arm'stead hill,
As questioning if the murderous howitzers
Would hold the bridge at dawn, or march by night,
And so, perchance, next eve, afar repeat
The dusky fight, and cost him ninety more
He fain would range about the field of fields
Where lion Lee, enringed, must stand at bay,
Choosing to greatly die, or greatlier yield.

At last he shook his aide. — "Get up! Go bring
A prisoner here." — And when the head-hurt man
In butternut stood boldly to his eyes,
He asked one word alone: "Your general's name?"

"My general's name!" stared Butternut, then proud,
As 't were a cubit added to his height,
He spoke, — "My general's name is R. E. Lee!"

"I mean who fights Lee's rearguard?" Custer said,
"Who held the bridge to-night? His name alone."

And then the bitter man in butternut
Smiled ghastly grim, and smacked as tasting blood;

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"It's General Henry Tunstall, his own self,
And if you find our 'Fighting Tunce' alive
When daylight comes, there'll be red hell to pay
For every plank that spans that trifling bridge."

"Good man!" said Custer. "Spoke right soldierly!
Here — take this cloak — to save your wound from rain:"
And gave the brave the poncho that he wore.

Then up flamed Butternut: "Say, General,
You're Yank, and yet, by God, you're white clean through.
And so I kind of feel to tell you why
Them planks will cost you so almighty dear. —
You're camped to-night on 'Fighting Tunce's' land;
Cross yonder, on the hill his guns defend,
Is where his lady lives, his promised wife, —
God bless her heart! — Miss Mary Armistead.
She's there herself to-night — *she'd* never run.
Her widowed father fell at Fredericksburg,
Three brothers died in arms, one limps with Lee.
Herself has worked their darkeys right along
Four years, to raise our army pork and pone,
And she herself not twenty-four to-day!
Will Tunstall fight for her? Say, General,
Your heart can guess what hell you'll face at day."

"You're right, my man," said Custer. "That will do."
And off they marched the ponchoed prisoner.

"By Heaven!" spoke Custer then, and faced his aide,
"I know why Tunstall's gunners spared the bridge.
It's ten to one he means to swarm across,
After his hungry Johnnies get some rest,
To strike us here and hard before the dawn.
His heart was forged in fire and enterprise!
His bully-boys will back his wildest dare!
Lieutenant — pick me out two first-rate men —
Morton for one, if 'Praying Mort's' alive —
Tell them I go myself to post vedettes.
Now — mind — I want a pair of wideawakes. —
You, Orderly, go saddle up my bay."

"I want to go with Morton," blurted John.

"You! Call yourself a wideawake, my lad?"

"Yes, *sir*," said Woolston. —

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"But you're just a boy."
"Well, General, Uncle Sam enlisted me
For man, all right." — Then Custer smiled, and mused.
"Farm boy?" he asked. —
"Exactly what I am."
"All right," he said. "If once I see he's keen,
A likely farm-boy's just the man for me."

When back his aide returned the General spoke:
"It's barely possible we march to-night.
You'll see that every man about the fires
Splits torch stuff plenty from the pitchy rails." —
And with the words he reined toward Arm'stead's hill.

II

Down hill, beyond the flares, beyond the pines,
Beyond his foothill pickets, through the rain,
He led as if his eyes beheld the way;
Yet they, who followed close his bay's fast walk
By sound alone, saw not their horses' heads,
Saw not the hand held up to blotch the gloom.
No breath of wind. The ear heard only hoofs
Splashing and squattering in the puddled field,
Or heard the saddle-leathers scarcely creak,
Or little clanks of curbing bit and chain.

Scattered about whatever way they trod
Must be the clay that marched but yesterday,
And nervously John listened, lest some soul
Faint lingering in the dark immensity
Might call its longing not to die alone.

Sudden a crash, a plunge, a kicking horse,
Then "Praying Morton" whispering cautiously:
"A post-hole, General! My horse is done.
His off fore-leg is broke, as sure as faith!
Oh, what a dispensation of the Lord — "

"Hish-sh. Save the rest!" said Custer. "Broke is broke!
Get back to camp whatever way you can."

"*Me*, General! What use to post the boy?
You, Woolston, you get back. — I'll take your horse."

"Not much, you won't," said Woolston angrily.
And Custer chuckled crisply in the dark.

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"Enough," he ordered. "Morton, get you back!
Be cautious when you near my picket post,
Or else they'll whang to hit your pious voice,
And I may lose a first-rate soldier man."

Then Morton, prayful, mild, and mollified:
"The merciful man would end a beast in pain —
One shot."
"No, too much noise. You get right back!
Horses, like men, must bear the luck of war."

III

Again the plashing hoofs through endless drip,
Until the solid footing of their beasts
Bespoke them trampling in a turnpike road,
And Custer reined with: "Hish-sh, my man — come here.
Now listen." Then John's ears became aware
Of small articulations in the dark,
Queer laughters, as of countless impish glee,
And one pervasive, low, incessant hum,
All strange till Custer spoke: "You hear the Run?
All right! Now, mind exactly what I say.
But no. First hold my horse. I'll feel the bridge.
Maybe I'll draw their fire; but stay right here."

On foot he went, and came, so stealthily
John could not hear the steps ten feet away.
"All right!" He mounted. "Not one plank removed."
Then, communing rather with himself than John:
"No picket there! It 's strange! But surely Tunce
Would smash the bridge unless he meant to cross
And rip right back at me in dark or dawn.
Now, private — mind exactly what I say;
You'll listen here for trampers on the bridge,
And if you hear them reach the mud this side,
With others following on the planks behind,
You'll get right back — stick to the turnpike, mind —
And tell my challenging road-guard picket post
They're coming strong. That's all you've got to do
Unless —" he paused — "unless some negro comes
Bringing the news they're falling back on Lee;
Then — if he's sure — you'll fire four carbine shots
Right quick — and stay until you see me come.
You understand?"
"I do. I'm not to shoot

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In case they're coming on. But if they're off,
I'll fire four shots as fast as I can pull."

"That's right. Be sure you keep your wits awake.
Listen for prowlers — both your ears well skinned."

John heard the spattering bay's fast-walking hoofs
Fainter and fainter through the steady pour,
And then no sound, except the beating rain's
Small pit-a-pat on poncho, and the Run
Drifting its babbling through the blinding mirk.

IV

How long he sat, no guessing in the slow
Monotony of night, that never changed
Save when the burdened horse re-placed his hoofs,
Or seemed to raise or droop his weary head,
Or when some shiver shook the weary boy,
Though sheltered dry from aching neck to spurs:

A shiver at the dream of dead men nigh,
Beaten with rain, and merging with the mud,
And staring up with open, sightless eyes
That served as little cups for tiny pools
That trickled in and out incessantly;

A shiver at the thought of home and bed,
And mother tucking in her boy at night,
And how she'd shiver could she see him there —
Longing more sore than John to wrap him warm;

A shiver from the tense expectancy
Of warning sounds, while yet no sound he heard
Save springtime water lapping on the pier,
Or tumbling often from the clayey banks
Lumps that splashed lifelike in the turbid flood.

His aching ears were strained for other sounds,
And still toward Arm'stead's Hill they ached and strained,
While, in the evening fight of memory,
Again he saw the broad Plantation House
Whene'er a brassy howitzer spouted flame,
Suddenly lighting up its firing men,
Who vanished dim again in streaking rain;
And then, once more, the Enfields in the vale

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Thrust cores of fire, until some lightning piece
Again lit all the Arm'stead buildings clear.

From visioning swift that wide Plantation House
John's mind went peering through its fancied rooms.
And who were there? And did they sleep, or wake?
Until he found Miss Mary Armistead
And General Henry Tunstall in the dream.

It seemed those lovers could not, could not part,
But murmured low of parting in the dawn,
Since he must march and fight, and she must stay
To hold the home, whatever war might send —
And they might never, never meet again.

So good she looked, described by Butternut's
"God bless her heart," and he so soldier bold
In "fire and enterprise," by Custer's words, —
So true and sorrowful they talked in dream,
Of Love and Life that walk the ways of Death, —
The dreamer's under lip went quivering.

Until the startled horse put up his head
And stood, John knew, stark stiff with listening
To that *kalatta-klank* beyond the Run,
As if some cowbell clattered far away
Once, twice, and thrice, to cease as suddenly.

Then John, once more keen Yankee soldier boy,
Gathered his rein, half threw his carbine breech,
Made sure again of cartridge ready there,
Felt for the flap of holster at his thigh,
Listened alert for that most dubious bell, —
Thinking of bushwhackers in campfire tales
Impressively related to recruits;

How, in deep night, some lone vedette might hear
An innocent-seeming *klatta-klatta-klank*,
And never dream but that some roaming cow
Ranged through the covering woodland nigh his post, —
Till — suddenly — a bullet laid him low!

Or, perhaps, guerillas crept before the bell,
Their footsteps deadened by its *klatta-klank*,
Till, rushing in, they clubbed the youngster down,
So "gobbling" him unheard, a prisoner,

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Then, sneaking through the gap, on sleeping posts,
They killed, and killed, and *killed* — so horridly
That green recruities' hairs would stand on end.

John, shrewdly discounting the veteran yarns,
Yet knew full well that *klatta-klatta-klank*,
Which came again, might mean the enemy
Intent on stratagem to search the dark,
Tempting some shot or challenge to reveal
If any Union picket held the bridge.
Or else the steady-coming, clanging knell
Might signify some party far advanced,
Creeping all noiselessly, and listening keen
For any sound of Custer, horse or man.

Even it might be that the ridgy road
Ten yards, or five, or three from where he sat,
Concealed some foemen hungry for a move
That might betray precisely where their rush
Should be, to seize his tightened bridle-rein,
Or grasp the poncho's skirt to pull him down.

John half inclined to lift the neck-yoke off
And lay the armless cloak on saddle-bow,
Lest it encumber him in sudden fight,
Or give the foremost foe a strangling hold.
Yet sat he motionless, since such a sound
As slicking glaze might guide an enemy.
And still the *klatta-klatta-klank* came on.

It surely neared the bridge! Yet John sat still,
With Custer's orders clearly in his brain,
Waiting to learn the meaning of the thing.
It trod the planks. It moved with solid hoofs,
Hoofs that declared to farm-bred Woolston's ear
Most unmistakably an actual cow!
But then! Oh, mystery! For rolling wheels
Rumbled upon the planking of the Run!

As up went Woolston's horse's head asnort,
Upon the bridge the other beast stood still.
The clanking ceased. Again no mortal sound
Blent with the tittering tumult of the stream.
Until a clear young voice of lady tone
Inquired in startled accents, — "Who goes there?"
Yet John, in utter wonder, spoke no word.

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"If there's a Yankee cavalry picket there,"
The voice proclaimed, "I wish to pass the line."
And still the Yankee knew not what to say,
Since Custer's orders covered not the case,
And since, alas, the wondrous lady voice
Might possibly denote some stratagem.
And yet — suppose 't was only just a girl!
John sickened with a sense of foolishness.

"Go on," she cried, and seemed to slap her beast,
Which moved some doubtful steps, and stopped again.
Then calmly scornful came the lady tones: —
"Oh, Mister Yankee picket, have no fear
To speak right up. No dangerous *man* am I.
Only a woman. And she's got no gun,
No pistol, bayonet, knife, or anything.
And all she asks is just to pass your line,
A prisoner if you like." But there she broke,
Or choked, and wailed, "O God, it's life or death!
Oh, soldier, soldier, let me pass the line."

So John, half desperate, called, "Young lady, come.
I don't care what the orders are. Come on."

"Get up," she slapped again. But then she called: —
"My cow won't move! She sees you, I suppose,
All armed and threatening in the middle road.
Please go away. Or ride a bit aside;
Perhaps then she'll come. Yes, now she moves along.
You'll pass me through? — But are there surgeons there
Where, hours ago, I saw your campfires glow?
If not, I may as well turn back again."

"No need," said John. "We've got a surgeon there.
But what's the trouble, Miss? Yourself been hurt?"

"The trouble is I've got a soldier here
With desperate wounds — if still alive he be.
Oh, help me save him." And she broke again.

"Why, Miss," said Woolston, melting at the heart,
"Was there no surgeon on the Arm'stead Hill
To help your wounded live?"
"No, none," she said,
"No man remained. At eve the negroes fled,
Or followed close behind the wagon train

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He urged, with every soldier, back toward Lee.
We two were left alone. I thought you'd come.
For hours and hours I waited, all in vain.
His life was flowing fast. One chance remained.
We women placed him in our best barouche,
The only vehicle our rearguard spared.
Alone I hitched this cow, the only beast
I kept from rations for our starving men.
I led her here. Oh, soldier, help me soon
To pass your lines, and reach a surgeon's care."

Then Custer's orders flashed again to John; —
"Hold hard one moment, Miss, I've got to shoot."
The carbine rang. "Thank God, that's done," said John.
" We'll wait right here. A surgeon 's sure to come
With Custer's march, for march I guess he will.
He'll turn you round, I think, and see you home.
I s'pose your name's Miss Mary Armistead?
I hope that's not your General wounded there."
She could but choke, or weep, and spoke no word.

It seemed long hours they waited silently,
Save once John heard the hidden carriage creak,
And guessed she rose beside the dying man
Beneath the drumlike pattering, sheltering hood.

At last, the bugles blared on Custer's Ridge.
Then, far away, a lengthening stream of flare
Came round the distant, curtaining screen of pines,
And down the hill the torches, borne on high
By fifteen hundred horsemen, formed a slope
Of flame that moved behind the bugles' call,
Till on the level road a fiery front
Tossing, yet solid-seeming, walked along.
And in the van rode Custer, beardless, tall,
His long hair dabbled in the streaming rain.

John rode to meet him. There he called the halt,
And came, with twenty torches, round the chaise.

Then first they saw Miss Mary Armistead,
Her honorable, fearless, lifted eyes
Gazing on Custer's bare and bended head,
While General Henry Tunstall's countenance,
Supported close within her sheltering arm,
Leaned unto hers in pallid soldier death.

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"Madam," said Custer, "would that I had known
The bravest of the brave lay needing aid.
Lady, the great heroic name he won
Held me from marching onward to your hill,
Held me expecting from him night-attack,
Till now in vain we bring a surgeon's help, —
And words are useless. Yet again I say —
Because a soldier's heart compels the due —
He lived the bravest of the bravest brave
That ever faced the odds of mighty war.
May God sustain yourself for years and years
The living shrine of Tunstall's memory."

She bowed her noble head, but answered naught.

Then past the chariot streamed our wondering men
Behind tall Custer in the foremost front,
Trampling as thunder on the bridging planks,
Their torches gleaming on the swirling Run;
A tossing, swaying column o'er the flat,
A fiery slope of fours abreast the hill,
And on, unresting on, through night and rain,
Remorseless, urgent, yet most merciful,
Because the Nation's life demanded war,
Relentless, hurrying swift to force an end,
And banish night, and bring a peaceful dawn.

But Old John Woolston sees across the years,
Beneath the black, cavernous carriage hood,
Flaring in torchlight, Tunstall's face of death
Beside a lovely, living, haloed face,
Heroic, calm, ineffably composed
With pride unconquerable in valiant deeds,
With trust in God our Lord unspeakable —
The sainted Woman of the Perished Cause,
The chastened soul of that Confederacy
Which marches on, no less than John Brown's soul,
Inspiring, calling on the Nation's heart,
Urging it dauntlessly to front stark death
For what ideals the Nation's heart holds true.

Straight rain streaks downward through the torches' flare,
And solemn through the ancient darkness sound
The small, bewildered, lingering, million tones
Of atoms streaming to the eternal sea.

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RESPICE FINEM

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

"GOOD-MORNIN', Mrs. Rhys," said Megan Griffiths, as she stooped to save her high beaver.

"'T is kind of ye to come," answered Nance.

"How is Mr. Rhys?"

"Och, he's no —" Nance began, but she was hindered by a merry voice singing in the next room.

"Dear, dear, I can't hear ye. Did ye say he is the same?"

"Aye, he's no better."

"Is that him singin'?"

"Aye," admitted Nance.

"He's no got any cause to sing, I'm thinkin'. 'T is a pity," she continued significantly, "ye could n't attend Hari James's funeral. 'T was grand. They had beautiful black candles with scripture words written on them."

Chuckles and a protesting bark followed this observation. Megan stiffened.

"Such a funeral, Mrs. Rhys," she snapped, "is an *honor* to Rhyd Ddu! An' such loaves as she handed over the bier to that hungry Betsan! An' the biggest cheese in the parish, with a whole guinea stuck in it! At every crossin' they rung the bell an' we knelt down to pray in all that drenchin' wet."

"'T is seldom Rhyd Ddu sees black candles with scripture words on them," assented Nance.

"Pw, the candles, *they* was nothin' to the cards Mrs. James had had printed for him — nothin'. Here's mine. They have his last words."

Nance looked eagerly towards the card.

"Scripture words, too," added Megan. "'T is sanctifyin' how many people in Rhyd Ddu die repeatin' such words."

"What was they, Mrs. Griffiths?" asked Nance, her eagerness turning into trembling.

Megan opened the large card with its wide border of black and inner borders of silver and black, and read the words. The verses were long, and during their reading no sound came from the adjoining room. Then, aloud, Megan counted off on her fingers neighbors who had left life in this approved fashion, while the excitement in Nance's eyes was deepening and her cheeks were quivering.

"Show it me," she said.

"Indeed, 't is a safe way to —" Megan commenced speaking, but commands and a sudden breaking forth of song interrupted her.

"'T is the dog takin' him his slippers," Nance apologized.

"Na, a safe way to die," concluded Megan testily.

In the midst of a blithe refrain of "Smile again, lovely Jane" she rose to go, muttering as she repocketed the card.

In Rhyd Ddu the rush of the modern world had not cut up the time of the folk into a fringe of unsatisfying days. With these Welsh mountain people from sunrise to sunset was a good solid day, full of solid joys and comforts or equally solid woes and sorrows. In Rhyd Ddu a man might know the complete tragic or joyous meaning of twenty-four hours, with solemn passages from starlight to dawn and manifold song from sunrise to dusk. There was no illusion in such a day, so that when he came to the Edge of the Great Confine, sharper than the ridge of his own thatched roof, that, too, seemed merely a part of the general illusion. Rather, he knew that step from the green and gold room of his outdoor world with its inclosed hearth of daily pleasures was a step into another room not known to him at all. But he said to himself, especially when he had spent his days among

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the hills and amid mountain winds and valleys, that he could not get beyond the love in the room he knew well, so, trusting what he could not see, he stepped forward quietly. And the deep waters of an infinite space closed over his head. One soul after another came to the Great Edge. There were no outcries, no lamentations over lost days, no shattering questions, no wail to trouble the ears of those who made grave signs of farewell. But there was a pang, part of the pang of birth and of love, and taken as the workman takes the ache in his crushed finger — silently. So simple were they that the coming and going of the mown grass was as an allegory of their own days, and the circumstance of death was as natural to them as the reaping of their abundant valley fruit, or the dropping of a leaf from a tree.

In Rhyd Ddu, however, the acceptance of death differed from life in one respect, for the simple pride of life was as nothing compared with the pride centring about some incident of death. They honored dying with the frank, unhushed voice with which they praised a beautiful song or the narration of some stirring tale. They discussed it freely at a knitting-night or a merry-making; even at the "bidding" of a bride the subject was accepted of discourse. The ways of their living taught them no evasion of this last moment. To Nance the little old man in the next room, with his arched eyebrows, delicate features, and whimsical, sprightly look, had been more than life itself, and, more completely than she had words to express, her hero. The one object through the years of living that seemed worth remembering at all — those with Silvan — had been to Nance the glorification of this husband about whom the Rhyd Ddu folk were by no manner of means in concord, for pranks of speech and hand are disconcerting to the slow-moving wits of the average human being. Now in the end Nance foresaw wrested away from Silvan the last of the distinctions she had hoped to win for him.

When she entered the room revolving these ambitions, beautiful only because love was their source, Silvan was shaking his finger at Pedr and taking advantage of his good-humor.

"Och, mam, this poor dog has had nothin' to eat. Ye're pinchin' him, whatever."

"Pinchin' him!" exclaimed Nance. "Twt, he'll no be gettin' in an' out'n the door much longer, an' I see the neighbors a-laughin' now when they look at him. He'll die with overfeedin', he will."

"He will," mocked Silvan, "die of overfeedin', he will."

"Lad, Mrs. Griffiths's been here."

"Na, dearie, do ye think I did n't know Megan Griffiths was here? She'd crack the gates of heaven with that voice. Was she tellin' ye everythin' that did n't happen, now was she?"

"Tad, what will ye say such things about Megan for? She was tellin' of Hari James's funeral."

"Nance, she's a bell for every tooth, an' they jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle."

Nance's eyes filled.

"Och, mam, I'm just teasin' ye; an' ye were thinkin' of me the while, now were n't ye?"

"Aye, father. 'T was a grand funeral, an' he died with them wonderful verses on his lips."

"Did he so!" exclaimed Silvan. "Well, the man had need to, drinkin' as he did."

"But, lad, there's been others, too."

"Aye, dearie, I heard Megan shoutin' them for my entertainment. I'm no deaf. But, mam," he continued, the merriment leaving his eyes, "ye're ambitious for me? Aye?"

"Aye, lad, I am," she whispered, looking away from Silvan. "I am, lad, for ye have been so long the cleverest man in Rhyd Ddu an' the handsomest an' the kindest, an' nothin' 's too fine for ye. There's no woman ever had a better man nor I have, lad."

"Na, Pedr, these girls —"

Nance put up her hand.

"Lad, lad, I cannot stand it, I cannot."

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"Och, dearie, I'm just teasin' ye; come here."

She went over to him and sat beside him, her head turned away from the bright eyes.

"Father, have ye thought of what's comin', have ye?"

"Nance, I'm thinkin' of it all the while, but I'm no afraid, only for ye. Dearie, ye're no to believe everythin' ye hear; Megan has a good memory an' it takes a good memory to tell lies. 'T is n't everybody dies repeatin' Bible verses."

"Aye, but father, Hari James *did* say those words on the card, an' all the time he never was a good man, swearin' an' drinkin' so, an' ye've been *so* good, tad, for all your teasin' an' fun."

"Twt, mam, ye're just wantin' to spoil me, a-makin' out I'm the best man in Rhyd Ddu. An' ye're wantin' me to have more honor among the neighbors nor any one else when I'm gone, now is n't that it?"

"Aye," she whispered.

"An' ye're wishin' me to promise to say some text? Would it comfort ye, mam?"

"Aye," she answered.

"What text?"

Nance thought, and repeated some verses.

"No, I can't," he said, shaking his head. "I can't. They're sad an' I've always been merry-like."

In the silence that followed these words Silvan turned to Nance.

"I might, if 't would please ye, say *these* words." Silvan repeated a verse. "But I cannot promise even these."

As she listened Nance's face fell.

"Aye, wel, tad darlin'," she said as bravely as she could, "they're good words indeed; over-cheerful I'm thinkin', but Holy Writ, aye, Holy Writ."

Whatever happened in the luxuriant green of the Rhyd Ddu valley, which the bees still preferred to Paradise, and the flowers to the Garden of Eden itself, whatever happened in this valley — some phenomenal spring season, the flood that swept away their plots of midsummer marigolds, the little life that suddenly began to make its needs felt, or the life with its last need answered — was adjudged with the most primitive wisdom and philosophy.

Megan Griffiths lost no time in distributing the gleanings from her visit with Nance, information that was often redistributed and to which new interest accrued daily as the end of Silvan Rhys's life drew near.

"Twt," said Megan, "she's that ambitious for him, it fairly eats her up. 'T was always so from the day of their biddin', an' here 't is comin' his funeral, an' he'll never end with a word of Holy Writ on *his* lips, that he won't."

"Na, na," Doli Owen objected compassionately, her motherly face full of rebuke.

"Aye, he won't, *that* he won't," affirmed Morto Roberts, wagging his head, and sniffing the pleasant odors from the browning light-cakes.

Doli made no reply, but turned a cake with a dexterous flip, and pulled forward the teapot to fill it with hot water. The quiet glow from the fire mirrored itself equally in her kind eyes and in the shining brass pots and kettles of the flanking shelves, and was multiplied in a thousand twinkles on the glistening salt of the flitches hanging above her head. The table was already spread with a gayly patterned cloth and set with china bright as the potted fuschias and primroses blooming in the sunshine of her windows. There was nothing garish about this humble dwelling of Doli's, yet everywhere it seemed as if sunshine had been caught and were in process. Warmth, odor, gleam, color, and the soft heavy wind traveling by outside, made this the workroom of a golden alchemy. Doli smiled with benevolence as she piled up the light-cakes.

"The fat's snappish to-day; it sputtered more nor usual," she said to Megan, who was seated in the shadow of the high settle.

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"Aye," responded Megan in an irritable voice. "When I went by the house this mornin'," she persisted, "I heard him singin' some gay thing, a catch, singin' in bed, indeed, an' dyin'."

"Singin' in bed," puffed Morto, "singin' in bed whatever an' dyin'. Up to the last a-caperin' an' a-dancin' like a fox in the moonlight."

"Na, na," Doli objected, again, filling Morto's plate with cakes; "he's been a kind man, a very kind man. There was Twm *bach* he put to school an' clothed would follow him about like a puppy, an' so would Nance, an' so would his own dog."

"Pw! what's that?" asked Megan. "Mrs. Rhys has had the managin' of most everythin', I'm thinkin', an' his houses he's been praised for keepin' in such fine repair, an' the old pastor's stipend — aye, well, ask Nance," ended Megan, with a shrug of her shoulder, and a gulp of hot tea.

"Aye, well, ask Mrs. Rhys," echoed Morto, "an' ye mind it was the same pastor's coat-tails he hung the dog tongs to when he was some thirty years younger an' by twenty too old for any such capers. He's an infiddle, he is, a-doin' such things."

"An' 't was he, was n't it," Megan added, "who put that slimy newt in Sian Howell's hat?"

"Aye, so 't was, an' she had a way of clappin' her beaver on quick, an' down came that newt on her white cap."

"An' he tied the two Janes's capstrings together, the one who always prayed sittin' straight up, an' the other in the pew behind leanin' forward, did n't he?" demanded Megan. "They went quite nasty with him for that."

"Well," said Doli, cutting a generous slice of pound cake for Megan, "I'm thinkin' it's no just, talkin' so; the lad was full of life. He could no more keep his feet on earth than the cricket in the field. 'T is come he's old an' dyin' an' I can see no harm in his havin' had a little fun, an' singin' now an' then."

"Twt, now an' then!" exclaimed Megan. "'T is over foolish he is, now is n't he?"

"Aye," agreed Morto, "he's light."

"He'd have gone quite on the downfall years ago, had n't it been for Nance."

"Quite on the downfall," echoed Morto.

"Aye, an' there'll be no word of Scripture crossin' *his* lips," concluded Megan.

Morto had his private reasons for losing no love upon Silvan, and Megan hers of a similar nature. Even the kindest villagers had taken to considering the words Silvan would or would not speak at the last. Rumor, peering into corners with antiquarian diligence and nodding his white head in prophecy, sat down by every fireside as much at home as the cottage cat or the fat bundle of babyhood that rolled upon the hearth. Wherever Rumor seated himself "he will" and "he won't" was tossed about excitedly under thatched roofs. The very shepherd on the hills cast a speculative glance upon Nance's cottage, and Mr. Shoni the *coach* added another question to his daily questionnaire. There was no begging the fact that precedent had begun to weigh heavily on the last moments of speech of the Rhyd Ddu inhabitants. A man of years thought anxiously, like one skating on thin ice, how far out he dare venture without some talismanic and now established words. There were neighbors in Rhyd Ddu, however, probably no more accomplished with their tongues than motherly Doli Owen, who speculated but little and whose hearts went out to Nance and Silvan. Although they had never seen the Silvan Nance saw, nevertheless they considered him a good neighbor, and the path to Nance's cottage was much traveled by kindly thoughts and by helpful feet.

While the news, old Rumor panting in the rear, was running swiftly from door to door, Nance was watching Silvan with passionate devotion, no expression of the

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face that had lain close to her own for so many years escaping her. Rhyd Ddu must know at the last, must have some solemn sign of the eminent goodness he had meant to her. She could not let him go with one of his jests on his lips — every day was fit enough for that, but not these minutes. Her thoughts clung even to the words of the over-cheerful verse she believed he would say. And yet there was a tantalizing merriness in his eyes.

"Father," she said, "do ye mind?"

"Aye, dearie, I'm to be sayin' that ye — have the faith an' I — I have the works?"

"Och, lad!"

"There, mam, I'm just teasin' ye — just teasin' ye."

"But, lad, it'll be soon."

"Mam," he whispered, "closer."

Nance bent her head.

"Mam — ye — are a darlin', an' — I'll — no — forget."

Every word came more faintly.

"Lad, lad," pleaded Nance, "quick, now!"

Silvan cast one imploring look at Nance and his lips struggled for speech; then his gaze slipped away like a light withdrawing into deep woods.

Coming down the lane sounded the tread of many feet. Nance heard the steps approaching, she rose, shook the tears from her eyes, and closed the bedroom door behind her. Already the latch had been lifted and her neighbors were filing in, the men taking off their caps and making way for the women. Nance, confronting them, leaned against the door frame.

"Och, dear," said Doli, compassionately, "he's gone already."

There was no reply.

"Were his last words —" asked Megan.

"Aye," answered Nance, her voice courageous, proud, "aye, these words: 'In the shadow of thy wings I will rejoice.'"

ELIZABETHAN PSYCHOLOGY

BY EDWARD DOWDEN

A CRUDE and popular psychology of the Middle Ages, itself derived in part from elder sources, from Aristotle and Plato, from Hippocrates and Galen, descended to the time of Shakespeare and Bacon, and much that is found in the literature of the Elizabethan period becomes intelligible only through a reference to the philosophy of an earlier period; much also becomes, through such a reference, illuminated with a fuller or more exact meaning.

The elder psychology is set forth in a summary by Bartholomew de Glanville, or, as it is safer to call him, Bartholomew Anglicus, who was living and writing, it is believed, in the century which immediately preceded that of Chaucer. His Book *De Proprietatibus Rerum* was translated into English by Trevisa, and in the later form, known as *Batman upon Bartholomew* (1582), it became a popular natural history for readers of the days of Shakespeare. But as, in our own time, if we open such a volume as Professor William James's *Text Book of Psychology* we shall find a considerable portion of it occupied with physiological inquiry and exposition, so in the Middle Ages it was felt that the study of the mind could not be separated from the study of the body, nor again could this be separated from a study of the four elements, out of which the whole of our globe, with all that lives

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and moves upon it, was formed by the Creator.

Nor was this all. The study of mind, thus involving the study of earth and its constituents, must needs be extended to a research into the influences of the heavens, of the astrological influences which affect the body and the soul of man, the powers of the stars that govern our conditions, and the play of each sign of the Zodiac upon the part of our frame specially related to it, — Aries, for instance, governing the head, Leo the heart, and Pisces the feet. With the macrocosm of the universe the microcosm of man had a correspondence. Thus the science of man became an inseparable portion of a vaster science, which included a knowledge of terrestrial and celestial phenomena. And, finally, over and above all these stood the science of sciences, — theology, — for man was not only a microcosm corresponding to the macrocosm; he proceeded, in his noblest part, immediately from God, and was made in His image.

If we should now ask an intelligent Sunday-school child, "Of how many parts did God make man?" the answer would probably be, "Of two, body and soul." But the child might have been instructed in the tripartite division, and answer, "Of three, body, soul, and spirit." Such certainly might have been the answer of a well-taught Elizabethan boy or girl, though instead of "spirit" the answerer might have used the plural "spirits," and he would have understood by "spirit" or "spirits" something that is perhaps different from the vague significance attached to the word "spirit" as distinguished from "soul" by the child of the present day. If we were to proceed with our questioning and ask, "Which of these parts is immortal?" a prompt reply would come from the Elizabethan child:

"The soul."

"And why it alone?"

"Because the body and the spirits are material and are therefore perishable."

As to the origin of the immortal substance which we name "the soul," there was less certainty. It might, like the body, have been propagated by parents, by the parent's soul if not his body; to use the technical term, it might have had its origin by "traduction." "If," writes Dryden, in the poem *To Mrs. Anne Killegrew*, —

> "If by traduction came thy mind,
> Our wonder is the less to find
> A soul so charming from a stock so good;
> Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood."

But the more orthodox answer would have been, "By divine infusion." Sir John Davies, in his poem "On the Immotality of the Soul," considers an objection to the theory of infusion, namely, that if the soul came thus direct from God, it could not partake of the sin of Adam. Of course he has his answers drawn from nature, and those drawn from divinity, and gives no uncertain sound in favor of the transfusion theory.

While each human soul is thus of immediately divine origin, some of its powers during our mortal life are dependent on its companion the body; certain of these powers are common to men and beasts; other functions are proper to the soul itself — apart from the body — and distinguish us as human beings from the inferior creatures. With the aid of the body the soul has the power of feeling; it has the power of knowing sensible things when they are present, and this was sometimes named "wit;" and, again, when sensible things are absent, the soul can behold the likeness of them by its faculty of imagination. Feeling, wit, and imagination are not peculiar to humanity; they are possessed by brutes. But to man alone belongs "Ratio," reason, by which we discern good and evil, truth and falsehood; and secondly — if a distinction should be made — Intellectus, understanding, by which we apprehend things immaterial, but yet intelligible. Reason may have for its object things that are of this lower earth and of our common daily life; but it has a perception in such things of qualities which are not recognized by

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creatures inferior to man. Intellect deals with things which are wholly beyond the apprehension of the lower animals, things spiritual and invisible.

Bacon in the *De Augmentis* follows the older psychology in distinguishing between Reason and Intellect, but he does not make his own distinction clear. It may be that he uses the word Intellect as the name of a faculty to which Reason, Imagination, and Memory make their reports, and which compares and pronounces upon those reports; at times he uses the word as a generic name including the three faculties which constitute the basis for his great division of human knowledge. He adopted from the Italian philosopher Telesio the doctrine that in man there are two souls — one rational and divine, the other irrational and common to us and the brutes; one inspired by the breath of God, the other springing from the womb of the elements; one an emanation of Deity, the other sensible and produced; one wholly immaterial, the other corporeal but so attenuated by heat as to be invisible; one immortal, the other subject to death. The lower, material soul is a breath compounded of air and fire, receiving impressions readily by virtue of its aerial quality, and propagating its energy by its fiery vigor — "clothed with the body, and in perfect animals residing chiefly in the head, running along the nerves, and refreshed and repaired by the spirituous blood in the arteries." The study of the nature, faculties, and operations of the higher soul Bacon would leave in the main to religion; the doctrine concerning the lower, corporeal soul, he held, was a fit subject — even as regards the substance of that soul — for philosophy.

To return from Bacon to the more generally accepted doctrine of the tripartite division into body, soul, and spirit, the operation, life, or activity of the soul in man was held to be threefold — vegetable, sensible, and rational. These three modes of activity are, indeed, often spoken of as if they were three separate kinds of soul; but it seems more correct to speak of them in man as three forms of one life or energy. The vegetable soul is found apart from the other two in plants; they live and increase in size, and multiply themselves by virtue of this soul. The vegetable and sensible souls are found cooperating in animals; they not only live and grow and multiply, they also feel. In man alone are the three souls — vegetable, sensible, and rational — found working together.

When, in Jonson's *Poetaster* (Act v, Scene 3), Tucca scorns to turn shark upon his friends, and scorns it with his "three souls," he is a sound psychologist. The theory appears and reappears in Elizabethan prose and poetry. Davies in his *Nosce Teipsum* deals, in successive sections, with the vegetative, the sensible, and the intellectual powers of the soul. Donne, of course, could not abstain from versifying the theory, as for example where, in his letter to the Countess of Bedford, he tries to explain the harmonious relation of zeal and discretion and religion, which must coöperate even as

> Our souls of growth, and souls of sense
> Have birthright of our reason's soul, yet hence
> They fly not from that, nor seek precedence.

And in one of his sermons three relations of man to temporal wealth and worldly goods — the possession and increase in riches, the sense of that advantage and its true uses for life, and last, the discerning the mercy and the purpose of God in the blessing of wealth — are compared to the three souls.

"First," he begins, "in a natural man we conceive there is a soul of vegetation and of growth; and secondly, a soul of motion and of sense; and then thirdly, a soul of reason and understanding, an immortal soul. And the two first souls, of vegetation and of sense, we conceive to arise out of the temperament and good disposition of the substance of which that man is made; they arise out of man himself; but the last soul, the perfect and immortal soul, that is immediately in-

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fused by God." In like manner we may, without God's immediate intervention, both possess riches and use riches discreetly; "but the immortal soul, that is, the discerning God's image on every piece, and the seal of God's love in every temporal blessing, this is infused by God alone, and arises neither from parents, nor the wisdom of this world, how worldly wise soever we be, in the governing of our estates."

Before proceeding to say something of the sensible and something of the rational soul, it will be worth while to call attention to a passage of Shakespeare and a passage of Spenser, each of which has perplexed and even baffled the commentators, yet which in truth present no difficulty to one acquainted with the popular psychology of the time, and the fanciful ingenuities based upon that psychology. In the first scene of *King Lear*, Regan, making declaration of her love for her father, says, —

> "I profess
> Myself an enemy to all other joys
> Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
> And find I am alone felicitate
> In your dear highness' love."

How shall we explain "the most precious square of sense?" Emendations have been proposed and have been adopted by editors; "spacious sphere of sense" is the reading of Singer; Mr. Craig interprets the text as meaning "Sense absolute, sense in its perfection."

Let us for a moment leave it unexplained, and pass on to a passage of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. In the ninth canto of the second Book the House of Temperance in which Alma dwells is described. Alma is the soul; her house or castle is the body. The twenty-second stanza presents the singular architecture of this castle: —

> The frame thereof seemed partly circulare,
> And part triangulare; O worke divine!
> Those two the first and last proportions are;
> The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;
> Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
> And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
> Proportioned equally by seven and nine;
> Nine was the circle sett in heaven's place;
> All which compacted made a goodly diapase. [1]

We may for a moment leave on one side the allusions of an arithmetical kind, seven and nine, for these have perhaps been sufficiently explained by the commentators. But what of the architecture triangular, quadrate, and circular? In 1644 Sir Kenelm Digby published a pamphlet of *Observations* on this stanza, which he had written at the request of a friend. It was reprinted by Todd in his edition of Spenser, at the end of the canto in which the stanza occurs. Were nothing extant of Spenser's writing but this stanza, the enthusiastic Sir Kenelm assures us, "these few words would make me esteem him no whit inferior to the most famous men that ever have been in any age."

In truth it needs no long commentary to explain the architecture of the Castle of Alma; it needs no more than reference to a passage of Bartholomew Anglicus, a passage which at the same time gives, we can hardly doubt, the true explanation of Shakespeare's "precious square of sense." Following elder authority, Bartholomew declares that the vegetable soul, with its three virtues of self-sustainment, growth, and reproduction, is "like to a triangle in Geometrie." The sensible soul is "like to a quadrangle, square and four cornerde. For in a quadrangle is a lyne drawen from one corner to another corner, afore it maketh two tryangles; and the soul sensible maketh two tryangles of vertues. For wherever the soule sensible is, there is also the soule vegetabilis." Finally, the rational soul is likened to a circle, because a circle is the most perfect of figures, having a greater power of containing than any other. The triangle of the Castle of Alma is the vegetative soul; the quadrate — identical with Shakespeare's "square of sense" — is

[1] So Dryden ("A Song for St. Cecilia's Day") — "The diapason closing full in man."

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the sensible soul; the circle is the rational soul.

As to Spenser's numbers, seven and nine, possibly the explanation given in the Clarendon Press edition of *The Faerie Queene*, Book II, may be right; the seven is there taken to refer to the seven planets, "whose influences on man's life and nature are mysteriously great;" the nine, says the editor, "is obviously the ninth orb of the heavenly sphere, enfolding all things." But Spenser is speaking of the Castle of Alma, not of the planets or the spheres. The triangle of the vegetative soul and the quadrate of the sensible soul give us the number seven, which sums up the corporeal part of man; but the rational soul is also necessary for man's life, and this, with its two faculties of understanding and will, raises the total number from seven to nine.[1]

The functions of the vegetative soul are, as we have seen, self-maintenance, growth, and reproduction. The processes by which these functions are accomplished are four — appetite or "attraction" as Burton calls it, digestion, the retention of what is needed for nutrition, and the expulsion of what is useless or superfluous. Such is Bartholomew's enumeration, and what is substantially identical appears in the verse of Sir John Davies: —

Here she attracts, and there she doth retain;
There she decocts and doth the food prepare;
There she distributes it to every vein;
There she expels what she may fitly spare.

And in Alma's Castle we are led into a hall where the marshal is Appetite, and to the kitchen where the clerk is named Digestion, whose retainers bear away the prepared food where it is needed, while all that is "nought and noyous" is carried off by its proper conduit to the Port Esquiline.

From the vegetable we pass to the sensible soul. Its seat is the brain; on its operation depend sensation on the one hand, and motion on the other. When Hamlet pleads with his mother in the closet scene, he cries, —

"Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd."

Commentators, (and among them the writer of this paper) have interpreted "motion" in this passage as "impulse of desire," a sense which the word certainly bears elsewhere in Shakespeare. Warburton, with his characteristic dogmatism in ignorance, would read "notion," and Capel explains "sense" as meaning precisely what it does not — "reason." A little knowledge of the mediæval theory would have saved much needless conjecture. Hamlet argues that bodily motion or, it may be, desire, — which is another form of motion, — implies the activity of the sensible soul, and therefore sense (that is, sensation) cannot be wholly destroyed. But it may be "apoplexed," and here again he uses his words with strict accuracy. "Apoplexia," notes Trevisa in his translation of Bartholomew, "is an evil that maketh a man lose all manner feeling."

Before going farther it is necessary to explain the nature and the function of "the spirits." The whole of animate and inanimate nature is pervaded by a highly attenuated and lively form of matter to which this name was applied. Bacon also uses the word "pneumaticals" in this sense, but he did no more than accept a common theory, and add some conjectures of his own. On the spirits chiefly depend all the active operations within material substances, and the operation of body upon body. They are, says Bacon, "unquiet to get forth and congregate with the air, and to enjoy the sunbeams," and hence arise the phenomena of putrefaction. According to La Chambre the constituents of matter are of three kinds, — the gross, the subtle (that is, the spirit) and, connecting these two, the humid. Through the sap plants are nourished by

[1] The powers are (1) life, in the sense of self-maintenance, (2) growth, (3) reproduction; (4) the common sense, (5) imagination, (6) reason, (7) memory; (8) understanding, (9) will.

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the spirits in the earth. Through food every animal adds to its supply of spirits. They are found in each part of the human body, but the special centre for their development is the liver. The veins, which originate in the liver, are the channels that convey blood through the body, and with this blood is conveyed the spirits, derived from a smoke that rises from the liver. These are however only the "natural" spirits, as yet partaking of a certain material grossness. They pass to the heart, and are played upon by the refining influence of the air inhaled by the lungs. Here the natural are transformed into the "vital" spirits. From the heart spring the arteries which transmit, not blood in the strict sense of the word, but a fine aerial substance, or a spirituous blood differing greatly from that which flows in the veins. Of this the vital spirits form a chief — or as some maintained, the sole — element.

"An artery," writes Phineas Fletcher in a note to *The Purple Island* (Canto II), "is a vessel long, round, hollow, formed for conveyance of that more spritely blood, which is elaborate in the heart. This blood is frothy, yellowish, full of spirits."

The motion of these spirits is the cause of the pulse. From the heart the vital spirits pass to the brain, and being once more attenuated and refined, become the "animal" spirits.[1] Now the chief functions of the animal spirits are two, — first, spreading through the nerves which originate in the brain, they convey sensations to the sensible soul and are its agent in producing motion; secondly, they act as the intermediary between man's spiritual and immortal part, the rational soul, and its poor mortal companion, the body. And here, it is well to remember that the words "nerve" and "sinew" have in part exchanged their meanings since Elizabethan and earlier times, or rather the application of each word has been narrowed to a single and definite use. Davies uses the word "sinew" for "nerve," but he also uses the word "nerve" in the sense familiar to us. "Nerves or sinews," writes Burton, "are membranes without and full of marrow within; they proceed from the brain, and carry the animal spirits for sense and motion." Here "sinew" means what we now call a "nerve." On the other hand, when Prospero declares to Ferdinand that his "nerves" are in their infancy again, and have no vigor in them, the word "nerves" means what we understand by sinews or tendons. Hence, from its double meaning, while "a nervous person" for us means one who is subject to the weakness of nervous excitement or agitation, a "nervous arm" in our elder poetry means what we should call a strong and sinewy arm, and the meaning is not even yet obsolete.

In the function of sense or apprehension which is proper to the sensible soul, two groups of faculties — one outward, the other inward — coöperate. The "outer wit" as it is named in Trevisa's Bartholomew, consists of the five senses. Along the nerves to each sense hasten the animal spirits, which are now named, with reference to their special employment, the spirits of feeling, or "spirits of sense." Thus Davies writes of

> those nerves, that spirits of sense do bear,
> And to those outward organs spreading go.

Troilus, in Shakespeare's play, thinking of the soft seizure of Cressida's hand, declares that compared with it

> "The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
> Hard as the palm of ploughman;"

that is to say, the subtlest and most tenuous of bodies — the spirit, passing from the brain along the nerves of sensation, — seems as hard as the gross and indurated skin of the ploughman's hand. In another passage of the same play, the eye itself is named the spirit of sense, but here the meaning is no more than

[1] The affable archangel, explaining to Adam (*Paradise Lost*, bk. v, 482–485) the processes of nutrition, uses the words "vital," "animal," and "intellectual" spirits, in place of natural, vital, and animal.

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that the eye, as Bartholomew has it, is the subtlest of the outer wits.

The senses make their reports concerning the external objects which have impressed them to the brain. Perhaps those reports do not agree with one another; a marble, which the eye recognizes as only one, may be felt by the fingers, if crossed, as two. There is need of some judge to compare and decide between the reports of the several senses. This judge is the inner wit, or inner sense, which Trevisa, translating Bartholomew, names also the common sense. As Bartholomew uses this term "common sense" it has a generic meaning, including under it the inner senses of imagination, reasoning, and memory. But different writers employ the term in different ways. With Davies it means the imagination; with Burton it is the kind of reason or judgment which is concerned only with things sensible, as distinguished from the higher faculties of "understanding;" he describes it as the moderator of the other senses — "all their objects are his, and all their offices are his." In the allegorical poem of Phineas Fletcher the meaning is identical with that of Burton. His Common Sense is a Counsellor of middle years and seemly personage, — "Father of laws, the rule of right and wrong," who tries the causes submitted to him by the five outward senses. However the term "common sense" may be applied, it was generally agreed that the inner senses of the sensible soul are three — reason, imagination or phantasy, and memory. The brain consists of three cells, or ventricles, or wombs, — each of these names was in common use, — and in each of these one of the three faculties had its residence; each can, however, pass on ideas to its neighbor faculty. Spenser, agreeing in this with Bartholomew and with Phineas Fletcher, places his Phantastes in the foremost cell, that is in the cell of the brain which is nearest to the forehead. He is a young man, swarthy, of crabbed hue,

"That him full of melancholy did shew."

His chamber is "dispainted with sundry colours" in which were writ "infinite shapes of things dispersed thin." But Burton placed phantasy in the middle cell of the brain. The hindmost cell is assigned with little difference of opinion to memory. Certain writers add a fourth cell devoted to the special work of elaborating the animal spirits.

Bacon's division of human studies into history, poesy, and philosophy, is founded upon the three faculties of the "rational soul," as he calls it, but he would have been more accurate if he had said "the sensible soul." History is connected with memory, poesy with imagination, philosophy with the reason. In a poem by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, *A Treatise of Human Learning*, the date of the composition of which it is not easy to ascertain, an account almost identical is given of the centres of human knowledge. Nothing could be more natural, — reason and imagination and memory were recognized as the inner wits of the sensible soul, each in possession of a special ventricle of the brain. Of the ventricle appropriated to memory Shakespeare speaks in *Love's Labour's Lost*, — ideas "begot in the ventricle of memory," — and in a speech of Lady Macbeth he refers to the second ventricle of reason. She promises that she will so subdue with wine and wassail the two chamberlains of Duncan, —

"That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only."

The idea that fumes arose from meat and drink, stupefying the brain, is of frequent recurrence; memory, occupying the part of the brain connected with the spinal marrow, is "the warder or sentinal to warn the reason against attack." Such is the explanation of Dr. W. Aldis Wright; but perhaps the following passage from Purchas's *Microcosmus* suggests the true meaning: "The Memorie is a sure *Prison* for such as Reason hath committed to ward . . . or hath not yet leisure to hear." It may be noticed in

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passing that where Shakespeare in the same speech of *Love's Labour's Lost* mentions the *pia mater*, a membrane which covers the brain, — "nourished in the womb of pia mater" are the words, — he does not give the term its proper meaning; it signifies with him the brain itself or some portion of the brain, and in each of the other two passages where *pia mater* occurs, it is used by Shakespeare with the same inaccuracy.

Those fumes or vapors of which Lady Macbeth speaks are the cause of sleep. Such vapors, as Burton explains, arising out of the stomach, fill the nerves by which the spirits are conveyed. The common sense cannot communicate through the nerves with the external senses, and therefore the external senses cease to operate. The fantasy or imagination, however, remains free, and hence come dreams. "My spirits," exclaims Ferdinand to Prospero, "as in a dream are all bound up;" and in the same play, Antonio, taking up Sebastian's word that he is "indisposed to sleep," goes on, "my spirits are nimble," that is, the spirits can dart along the nerves without encountering the obstruction of vapors.

From the sensible soul proceeds, as we have seen, not sensation only but also motion. If we move from place to place, it is to obtain some object which we desire or to avoid some object which causes us displeasure. The efficient cause of motion is therefore either reason, or the subordinate of reason, as Burton names it, fantasy, which apprehends good or bad objects. The spirits, commissioned by reason or fantasy, contract or relax the nerves and muscles, which draw after them the joints, and thus we walk, we run, we leap, we dance, we sit.

But the word "motion" comprehends more than this. It includes the motions of the internal parts of the body, such as the passage of blood through the veins; and these are perhaps rather of a vegetable or vital origin than dependent upon the animal spirits. It includes the power of appetite, and appetite is either sensitive, which is common to man and brutes, or intellective, which is possessed by man alone, and which in a well-regulated nature controls and directs the sensitive appetite. Behind this intellective appetite — if it does not, as some hold, belong rather to our immortal part — lies the reason or the common sense; its proper functions are to seek good and to avoid evil in sensible things. In its function of seeking what is desirable, it is named the "concupiscible" appetite; in its function of repelling or evading evil it is named the "irascible" appetite. Hence arise all the affections and passions, or, as they are commonly named, "perturbations" of man. With Shakespeare the word "motion" is used in the two senses, — motion with reference to change of place, and motion, an impulse of desire, as in the line of *Measure for Measure*, — "the wanton stings and motions of the sense." In more than one passage he seems to make a distinction between "affection" and "passion," and perhaps a line in the *Merchant of Venice* points to what the distinction is: —

> "for affection,
> Master of passion, sways it to the mood
> Of what it likes or loathes."

"Affection" here means a man's liking for or disinclination to some object, caused by an external impression on the senses, while "passion" — which results from the affection — signifies the inward perturbation. In Jonson's *Love's Welcome*, written when King Charles I was entertained at Welbeck in 1633, the Passions — Doubt and Love — enter with the Affections — Joy, Delight, and others. The distinction here is not very evident; but perhaps Love and Doubt are more inward — perturbations of the mind — and Joy and Delight more outward and of the senses.

The division of the Passions into two groups — the irascible and the concupiscible — determined the plan of the second Book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, that which tells the legend of Sir Guyon,

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Knight of Temperance. The theme of the Book is discipline in self-control; through the first six cantos the dangers and errors to which the soul of man is exposed through the irascible passions are exhibited in the allegory; in the last six the temptations are those offered by the concupiscible passions, chief among which are the lust for money, the lust for false glory and gross ambition, and the lust for sensual pleasure. The cave of Mammon, the throne of Queen Philotime, the Bower of Bliss, with Acrasia in all her deceiving loveliness, are successively exhibited.

There is, however, another classification of the passions — that founded on their origin and composition. Some are primary and simple; others are mixed or composite. Differences of opinion appear among various writers as to the number and names of the primary passions, but a commonly accepted doctrine sets them down as four: Pleasure and Pain, — the good or evil object being present; and Hope and Fear — the good or evil object being absent, but conceived by the imagination. From these four it was held that all the other passions were evolved by successive minglings and compositions, which grew more complex as the series proceeded in its developments. In that curious piece of dramatic literature, *Pathomachia*, by an unknown author, no fewer than fifteen Affections play their parts. Much speculation existed as to the seat of the passions in the human body. Have they one common centre, or does each passion reside in a special organ of its own? A general, but by no means a universally accepted, answer was that they reside in the heart. Four female figures, Pleasure and Pain, Hope and Fear, are presented on the pretty title-page of Grimeston's translation of Coffeteau's *A Table of Humane Passions* (1621), while the title itself appears inclosed within a heart in outline. The mode in which the passions are awakened and excited is described with precision by Davies: —

> From the kind heat, which in the heart doth reigne,
> The spirits of life [the vital spirits] doe their beginning take;
> These spirits of life ascending to the braine,
> When they come there the spirits of sense do make.
>
> These spirits of sense, in Fantasie's High Court,
> Judge of the formes of objects, ill or well;
> And as they send a good or ill report
> Down to the heart, where all affections dwell,
>
> If the report be good, it causeth love,
> And longing hope, and well-assuréd joy;
> If it be ill then doth it hatred move,
> And trembling fear and vexing grief's annoy.

Thomas Wright, in his *Treatise on the Passions of the Mind* in general, agrees with Davies in regarding the heart as the dwelling-place of the passions, and so too Timothy Bright, in his *Treatise of Melancholy*. Nevertheless there was a special connection between certain passions and other organs, which aided in a special way the operations of each. Thus the liver was supposed to be in a peculiar degree connected with amorous passion; the gall secreted by the liver was at least an aider and abettor of the passion of anger; what Shakespeare calls "the passion of loud laughter" was connected with the spleen, or the midriff; and the spleen, if distempered, — but indeed, of almost every organ this might be said, — was the cause of melancholy. The references to these beliefs, and to others of a like kind, are numerous in Shakespeare. The Friar in *Much Ado about Nothing* advises that a report be circulated of Hero's death, and then shall Claudio mourn,

> "If ever love had interest in his liver."

When Hamlet reproaches himself for his deficiency of wrath against his father's murderer, he exclaims, —

> "for it cannot be
> But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
> To make oppression bitter."

"Pigeon-livered," for the mildness of doves and pigeons was the result of these

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creatures possessing no secretion of gall. Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, when she entreats Sir Toby to come and observe the ridiculous follies of Malvolio, cries, "If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me."

The amorous Duke of Illyria imagines Love enthroned in the whole nature of Olivia; the moment of this consummation will be one

> "when liver, brain and heart,
> These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
> Her sweet perfections with one selfe King."

And in truth he has named the chief organs that govern the life of man and woman — "*those Triumviri*" as Purchas calls them in *Microcosmus*, "the liver, heart and Braine, as a sensible Trinity in this Unity, having under their leading and command three great bands of a Subtill, Swift, Aerie Generation," — the natural, vital, and animal spirits, — "all of them the bond to unite the Soule and Body, the Chariots of the Faculties, and prime instruments of all bodily actions."

In connection with all the operations of the corporeal part of man — the body, the vegetable and sensible souls, the spirits, — and especially in connection with the play of the passions, it should be remembered that, setting aside the rational and immortal soul, men are creatures made of the four elements, and according to the different proportion which the qualities of these elements bear in our composition, we exhibit differences of complexion, and probably of conduct. "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" asks Sir Toby Belch. The elements are, of course, earth, air, fire, and water. Their qualities are heat, coldness, dryness, moisture. Fire is hot and dry; air is hot and moist; water is cold and moist; earth is cold and dry. Now as each of the four qualities preponderates in our bodies, and especially in the blood, and as it is combined with other qualities, our temperament is determined. It may be a simple temperament, — hot, or cold, or moist, or dry; it may on the other hand be a compound temperament, — hot and moist, or hot and dry; cold and moist, or cold and dry. We can hardly hope that any of us should possess the perfect temperament, where each quality bears its due proportion, that temperament named "Eucrasy." It is this perfect Eucrasy which, at the close of *Julius Cæsar*, Mark Antony ascribes to the dead Brutus: —

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"

Now the food which we eat, itself consisting of the four elements, and having their several qualities, is converted by the internal processes of the body into four humors, which have a certain correspondence with the elements, from which they are derived. These primary, nutritive humors are blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy. In what we popularly call "blood" each of these humors is found, and as it courses through the veins each humor supplies nutriment in a peculiar degree to that organ of the body which it is specially adapted to nourish. Thus phlegm, which is cold and moist, in a peculiar degree supplies the brain — itself a cold and moist substance — with the food it needs; choler, which is hot and dry, feeds especially the lungs; and so with the rest. A "cool" head, and a "warm" heart, describe only the healthy condition of these organs. As each of the humors preponderates in a man's veins, his complexion — which is often identified with the temperament — is determined; he is of a sanguine complexion, or it is melancholy, or phlegmatic, or choleric. And, the bodily organs being the instruments of the sensible soul, the thoughts and passions of a man are obviously in a great degree influenced by his complexion.

The doctrine that man is made of the four elements is frequently referred to by Shakespeare. It forms the theme of two connected sonnets, the forty-fourth and forty-fifth, written in absence from the friend to whom his Sonnets are addressed. The dull elements of earth and water

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cannot leap across the distance which separates him from his friend — that is the theme of the forty-fourth sonnet; the other two elements, air and fire, are gone on embassy to his friend, leaving him mere earth and water —

> My life, being made of four, with two alone
> Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy,
> Until life's composition be recured
> By those swift messengers return'd from thee.

Thus the doctrine is applied to his purposes in the forty-fifth sonnet. "I am fire and air," cries Cleopatra, when about to apply the asp to her breast,

> "My other elements
> I give to baser life."

The Dauphin's horse in *Henry V* — for all animals are made of the four elements — "is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him." The word "temperament" is never employed by Shakespeare; "temper" fills its place. The small page, Moth, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, loves a little fooling with his solemn and self-conceited master, Don Adriano. The Don would learn from Moth what was the complexion of Samson's love, Delilah. "Of all the four," answers the impertinent boy, "or the three, or the two, or one of the four?" — which is indeed, about all that we can conjecture concerning Delilah's complexion, the question giving no less opening to conjecture than those of Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn-Burial*, — what song the Sirens sang, and what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women. The word "humour" is gloriously abused by Pistol in *Henry IV* and by Nym in the *Merry Wives*. Ben Jonson comments upon the careless use of the word for some fantastic oddity, and, through his Asper, in the opening of *Every Man out of his Humour*, he gives the correct definition. By a metaphorical transfer Jonson himself, as is explained by Asper, extends the significance of the word from physiology to psychology, and makes this idea a basis for his dramatic representation of character: —

> It may, by metaphor apply itself
> Unto the general disposition;
> As when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers
> In their confluctions all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a humour.

Allusions to the hot, the cold, the moist, the dry temperaments are, of course, of most frequent occurrence in Elizabethan literature. The elements, with their children, known as the complexions, and the five senses appear upon the stage, each appropriately habited, in the moral masque, *Microcosmus*, by Thomas Nabbes. The subject of the masque is not unlike that of the old moralities — the struggle for Physander, who represents (as his name signifies) the natural man, between the powers of good and evil. At the close Physander is accused in the court of Conscience of infidelity to his lawful spouse, Bellanima, the soul. Fire and Air, the active elements, are presented as men in the vigor of youth; Water and Earth, the passive elements, as women. Choler is a fencer with rent garments, Blood, a dancer, Phlegm, an old physician, and Melancholy, a musician, swarthy of hue, attired in black, a lute in his hand. "He is likewise," adds the description of the *dramatis personæ*, "an amorist." Melancholy and love are both connected in a special degree with the liver and hence with one another; it will be remembered how large a proportion of Burton's *Anatomy* is devoted to the melancholy of lovers.

It remains to say a few words of that part of man which is wholly immaterial, — his immortal part, the rational soul. But they may well be few, for as Burton, quoting from Velcurio, puts it, this is "a pleasant but a doubtful subject, and with the like brevity to be discussed." The two chief faculties of the reasonable soul are first, wit, or understanding, or intellect (for each of these terms is used), and secondly, will; an understanding occupied not only with particular and ma-

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terial things but capable of comprehending truths that are general, universal, and divine; a will, not merely set in motion by desires of the lower nature, but, when duly informed and illuminated by the understanding, capable of seeking the highest good, which is God Himself. From each of these faculties a habit of life may proceed, — from the will, the active life; from the understanding, the life contemplative. Instead of understanding and will, we may, if we please, use the word "intellect" as comprehending both functions, with a distinction between "the intellect speculative" and "the intellect practical." Under these heads subordinate powers may be ranged; thus, the understanding includes a memory, which is not, like the memory of the sensible soul, a perishable thing, but which survives the great change of death, when the reasonable soul enters on its disembodied state.

In *Humour's Heaven on Earth* by John Davies of Hereford, the ornaments of Psyche (the soul) are Wit, Will, and Memory:—

Her Understanding's power that Power did line,
Which Heaven and Earth religiously adore;
And in her will she wore grace most divine;
But in her memory she Artes did store;
. . . . . .
Affects and Fantasies her servants were.
. . . . . .
The outward Senses her Purveyors were,
To whom the Common Sense was Treasurer.

The Conscience, again, may be regarded as one of the powers of the higher understanding. The images of things sent up by the sensible to the reasonable soul are tested, judged, purified, and when found in accordance with truth are offered by the understanding to the will. But the will of the reasonable soul is something far different from appetite. "The object of appetite," writes Hooker in the first Book of *Ecclesiastical Polity*, "is whatsoever sensible good may be wished for; the object of will is that good which reason doth lead us to seek." The will, illuminated by the understanding, in its own right of freedom chooses good. It cannot directly control the appetites, which move instinctively and involuntarily when the objects of their desire are presented to them; but the will can refuse the gratifications demanded by the appetites. Over the irascible and concupiscible passions the power of the reasonable soul is, or rather may and ought to be, supreme. All these and kindred matters are discoursed of in much detail by Primeaudaye in the Second Tome of the *French Académie*. The doctrine of the reasonable soul was sung by Phineas Fletcher in the *Purple Island*, and by Sir John Davies in *Nosce Teipsum*. Thus Davies puts it:—

Will is the Prince, and Wit the Counsellor,
Which doth for common good in Counsell sit,
And when Wit is resolved, Will lends her power
To execute what is devised by Wit.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controule
Of Fancies Court the Judgments false and vaine,
Will holds the royal scepter in the soule,
And on the passions of the heart doth raigne.

Some writers, and among them Samuel Purchas, argue that all the operations of the sensible, and even those of the vegetative, soul are ultimately dependent on the reasonable soul; "Not the liver, but the Soule, in and by the Liver, sanguifies; as the Heart and Braine are but Shoppes and Tooles for Life and Sense; the Workman is the Soule in these."

But we need pursue these discussions, and the diversity of opinions, no farther. The whole of the little world of man, the Microcosm, has now been mapped out, as it was known to Elizabethan explorers. Explorers they were to some small extent, but in a considerable degree they did no more than repeat what had come down to them with authority from their predecessors.[1]

[1] An excellent resumé of the whole subject will be found in the preface to *A Table of Humane Passions*, by N. Coffeteau, translated by E. Grimeston, 1621; much may also be learned from *The Examination of Men's Wits*, by Huarte, translated by R. C.

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TO THE WIND

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

I

Wind, breathe thine art
Upon my heart;
Blow the wild sweet in!
Let my song begin.

Bring measures grave;
The hill pines wave;
Blow with thee along
All the valley song.

Hymn of the night,
Hymn of the light,
Rhythm of land and sea,
Breathe to the heart of me.

Swift wind of God,
Quicking the clod,
Give of the heavens strong
My heart a song!

II

Wind in the late September bough,
Rocking the empty nest,
Never before so sweet as now
Your melody of rest.

Is it because so close they be,
The loss, the bitter smart, —
The *sighing* in the naked tree,
The crying in the heart?

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THE IMMIGRANT WOMAN

I

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

WHAT becomes of the ever-increasing number of immigrant women who come to this country? Do they enter the ranks of laborers or of drifters? Do they rise in the scale of human life and friendship, or deteriorate? The labor and vote of immigrant men are so valuable to the business interests of this country, that there is much available information as to what becomes of them, but no corresponding data for immigrant women. The Inter-Municipal Research Committee, in co-operation with others, has set out to gather this information, particularly for the young and unmarried women during their first three years of residence. This is the critical period, and their life and work during that time constitute a great social, economic, and moral factor in the progress and development of this country and its people. As these studies are in process, and the space limited, these questions cannot be answered exhaustively nor finally.

Immigrant women, quite as much as immigrant men, belong to the exploited and disinherited group, and though we flatter ourselves that women are better protected than men, immigrant women upon their arrival have no advantage in laws or trade over men, and are at a disadvantage politically. The problem of immigrant women is not entirely that of immigrant men, for two main reasons. First, the labor, housing, and wages of women are more complicated by questions of sex and morality; and second, the field of domestic service, which takes great numbers of them, has an influence unlike that of any other occupation. It is a mistake to attempt to understand or solve the social, industrial, and moral questions arising from immigration without considering the women. Yet this is the most common of mistakes, as is illustrated by the recent three-day conference, held under the auspices of the National Civic Federation. There "the whole question was discussed," but there was no mention made of immigrant women.

For the year ending June 30, 1905, 301,585 women, nearly one-half of the number of men, came to this country. The great majority of these came here for work. 19 out of every 100 native American women are engaged in gainful occupations; but 32 out of every 100 foreign-born women are so engaged, and the percentage is increasing. In my investigation of several thousand unmarried immigrant women, and married immigrant women without children, who had arrived within three years, fully 90 per cent were found at work or looking for work. Furthermore, among such nationalities as the Poles, Lithuanians, Hungarians, and others, young women are banding together and coming over in small gangs, without connections of any kind on this side, for the purpose of working.

The chief value of women immigrants to this country at the present time is industrial. They are a greater industrial factor than is generally recognized. They bear as important a relation to households, factories, and shops, as contract laborers do to the business, commerce, and transportation interests of the country. The demand fully equals that for men. The nature of their employment, their means of obtaining work, conditions of work, and effect upon industry, are therefore of the first importance. By

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far the greatest number are found in domestic service. The household industry is literally dependent upon the immigrant, and a famine of labor would result should this supply be cut off. This is in a scarcely less degree true of the factories.

For the year ending June 30, 1905, 84 per cent of all women entering the port of New York gave domestic service as their occupation; of Philadelphia, 65 per cent; and of Boston, 82 per cent. The last available statistics for Massachusetts show that 16,694 women were engaged in domestic service in Boston, and of this number 80 per cent were foreign-born. In Chicago there are many agencies entirely for foreign women. In New York city there are 169 agencies run for the purpose of distributing immigrant houseworkers, chiefly women. Many others also supply immigrants. This dependence upon immigrants is proportionally true in most of the cities where the negro is not the main source of supply. The small town also has increasing numbers of foreign-born houseworkers.

Notwithstanding the constant increase in immigration, under the present conditions of prosperity, the demand far exceeds the supply. The first problem which faces the immigrant is the need of work which she can do. The American housewife is depending upon the immigrant to solve her domestic problem, while the great number of immigrants come to America to be free, and especially from all badges of servitude. To them America is something beautiful, and represents a great opportunity. Ordinarily they are unskilled and may be willing to be household workers while learning English and American ways and acquiring training; but housewives who are looking to the immigrant as a means of establishing a trained servant class in this country, will be disappointed, for opportunities are open to them to enter any trade, profession, or home for which they fit themselves.

The immigrant then is a transient, not a permanent, domestic worker. The privilege of the American housewife is to train the green immigrant, not for her permanent or even long service, but to give her knowledge, efficiency, culture, and a democratic spirit. When she has acquired these, the power of choice becomes hers, and she leaves for a trade or public house where the conditions are better, hours regular, duties definite, and social isolation and discrimination not so pronounced. Because of her greater knowledge and efficiency, and recently acquired higher standard of living, these have become essential to her happiness. The number who enter housework and desert it within a year or two is alarming from the point of view of the industry. Many marry young, but many others desert to the trades. Of 300 Jewish girls who were placed at household work on their arrival, when visited at the end of the first year fully two-thirds of those not married had gone into factories, stores, millinery, or other sewing trades. In Philadelphia, out of 500 girls traced, less than 10 per cent were in household industry. In Chicago many desert to the stock-yards, and in Massachusetts to the mills.

While the number of all nationalities is increasing, there were in 1905, 78,136 women immigrants from Austria-Hungary, — three times as many as came from Ireland, Germany, or England, and nearly seven times as many as from Sweden or Norway. From Russia there were 51,883 women, or more than from Sweden, Germany, and England put together. From Italy 38,761 women, or more than from Germany and Sweden. To meet the increasing demand for household workers, the increase has not been among the Germans, Swedes, English, Irish, and other hitherto considered most desirable aliens, but among races more or less untried and more difficult to assimilate. The following table of persons who gave domestic service as their occupation on entering America shows where the increase has come: —

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	1900.	1905.
Bohemian	8 %	17 %
Bulgarian	—1	1
Slavonians	2	6.1
Dutch and Flemish	30	5
English	7	8
Finns	18	17
French	8	13
German	4	15
Hebrews	1.5	6
Irish	4.3	4.2
Italians	4	6.8
South Italians	4	4.6
Japanese	1.7	1.8
Lithuanians	1	13
Magyar	1.3	11
Polish	2.8	16
Ruthenian, Russian	—1	17
Scandinavian	27	25

There are increases in the French and German, but the employers of general houseworkers will find small consolation, for the increasing demand for ladies' maids, companions, nurses for children, and personal attendants, is necessarily met chiefly by these and kindred nationalities.

The bulk of immigrant women represent races having wide language variations, and not only a different standard of living, but variations from the American social standard — all serious matters where a worker becomes a part of the home. Two civilizations meet in intimate daily contact under one roof. The one often represents experiences, traditions, superstitions, and suspicions of a middle-age progress and opportunity, together with a different language and religion. The other often represents an advanced civilization which has little sympathy with or understanding of the other. The transition of the peasant from Russia or Austria or Hungary to the American home is, at its very best, difficult and perplexing. Even where the worker goes, as many thousands do, into the home of one of her own nationality, who has been here one or more generations, the transition is not an easy one.

The question of difficult adjustment is also complicated by that of limited supply. Few Italian women are found in household work. In New York, where the greatest majority enter, there is but one agency which furnishes Italian girls and that one "only once in a while." The Italian girls are, however, attracted by the light and music and color of the cafés and restaurants, and are entering them to such an extent as to present a grave moral situation. The Italian man is opposed to menial work for women, and the Italian feeling of the "impropriety of their going about unaccompanied" prevents to any degree their isolation as household workers, which would remove the guardianship now maintained. The home ties of the Jews are proverbially strong, and there also exists a prejudice against personal service. The difference in food and in its preparation is an obstacle to their working in Christian families or for unorthodox Jews. The Jewish girl prefers to return to her home at night, and to marry young, and she is consequently found in the restaurant, hotel, and boarding-house, or in factories and shops, There are more than 75 agencies in New York city run by Jews for the purpose of placing Jewish girls in households, hotels, restaurants, and similar places. They are well patronized, but not so much by girls who have been here several years. Domestic training-schools started for Jewish immigrant girls have failed utterly. Germans, French, Scandinavians, English, Irish, and Canadians are found in large numbers in domestic work, and are much in demand. The difficulties are that they come in small numbers, and many prefer mills and factories and are quite as much in demand by business men. Housewives can well complain to their husbands that their competition has depleted the homes of its domestic workers. The tendency of the Scandinavians to colonize withdraws many from the cities. The rapid assimilation of American standards and customs and freedom by Germans and Irish makes them train their children for occupations other than housework.

Roughly speaking, there are three

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classes of immigrants who are coming to America. (1) Those who come because the way is made easy and who do not intend to work. They hope to live off their friends and relations, or marry. They are the drifters, and contribute to the immorality among foreign-speaking peoples. (2) Those who come on promises of high wages and easy work. They mean to work, but at something they like, and they mean to be free. They are independent and demand good wages in domestic work from the start. They frequently leave for the shop. (3) Those who have been poor beasts of burden, and are driven to this haven by persecution, taxation, wretchedness, starvation, oppression, and the great desire to better their condition. They are willing to learn, will do anything that comes to hand, and in their generation, barring marriage, rarely leave domestic work or get beyond the factory or sweat-shop door.

These last two classes, who constitute our present and future domestic workers, include ever-increasing numbers of Jews, Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, Lithuanians, and Portuguese. In their racial, industrial, historical, social, and political life, they are not closely allied with the Anglo-Saxon race. Their language is another bar. Assimilation of races from Northern and Western Europe, that at one time constituted the greater part of immigration, is an easier matter than of these races. The standard of living is also radically different. Many are peasants unused to any other than field work. They frequently have lived in one or two room huts and have crude ideas of food and its preparation, housing, sanitation and cleanliness, and have no idea whatever of the methods, appliances, or utensils in use in American homes.

Influences are also at work that are changing the moral fibre of the immigrants. Formerly they came for some strong political, religious, or economic reason. They meant to win their way by hard work. They had to suffer many privations in order to come, and they came to stay — to make this their home, and not to earn as much money as possible and then go back and live in ease. Strong characters equal to these privations came, and they made equally good citizens. Now the desire to emigrate is artificially stimulated, and this is more successful in countries from which undesirable workers come. In Ireland and Sweden there are anti-emigration societies which prevent many young girls from coming to America, and these countries, including Germany, have a knowledge of the lack of protection given young women in our cities, and prevent many from coming.

Steamship ticket agents offer cheap rates and present alluring and misleading pictures of ease. Friends and relatives send them the money. Employment agents lure them on and are their only friends and advisers when they arrive. Two ignorant immigrant girls came over here because they had been told gold could be found in the streets. They were found in an agency, without food, refusing work, because they daily expected to find gold. This is the immigrant girl who becomes the prey of idlers and procurers in cities, for they promise "easy work and high wages." Other promises equally preposterous are the cause of their leaving home. When they come under such inducements they are easily discontented and fall into the casual labor class, working a short time here and there and not content anywhere. Domestic service is well at the head of the list of casual labor industries.

There are other explanations of the prevailing inefficiency. Not only have American standards advanced, but formerly the employer went to Castle Garden or to the immigrant home for her employee. Now she resorts to the employment agency. The employment agencies in the cities are the first, chief, and only training-schools for thousands of immigrant women yearly, and the whole country is affected by their training, for the women go from them to all parts of

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the country. The agency is a necessary means of distribution, but the employer makes a great mistake in tolerating it as a training-school and as the sole interpreter to immigrant women of the standards, requirements, and wages in American homes. Legislation is powerless to change this condition. Household employers will do well to bear in mind that they provide no better training-schools. Several agencies, started in the employer's interest, by intelligent persons, have failed because the employers have not supported them.

The agent is frequently foreign-born, knows little or nothing of the American household standards, or if so, ignores them, works for a fee, and his sympathies are with the immigrant. If the immigrant is too old for the position, the agent starts her American career by teaching her to lie, a step made necessary, in his judgment, by the false standard of age instead of efficiency, on which the employer insists. Next she is told that she can get high wages for what she can do, and so he teaches her a few replies to questions which will make her appear efficient. She thus starts with an erroneous idea of her own worth, and when discharged for incompetency the agent immediately gets her another place and labels her "experienced." What is she to think of our wonderful country, where she is offered two dollars more a month when she has just been discharged as "incapable"? She must be "neat, clean, and industrious," and the agent tells her what this means in America, and it is difficult to make her understand afterward that he has misrepresented. She asks for a "steady job." The agent prefers to place her for a month and then call for her for another patron, thereby making another fee. She does not know this is his object, but in a short time she likes changing about, and her idea of a steady place becomes half a dozen in a year.

These are only instances of the kind of training given by the agent, for he really continues her education. She visits him frequently, goes to him for advice or when out of work, and sees much of American life as he represents it.

But his influence does not end there. The household worker, unlike any other worker, when she loses her position loses her "home," and it may be at an hour's notice. The immigrant homes will take such a worker in, but these are unknown to the great majority, and the house-worker, if known as such, is barred from most working-girls' clubs, homes, and hotels. So the agent and his boarding-house friend take her in. The boarding-house keepers, anxious for the lodging fee, frequently refuse to let the immigrant girls work anywhere but in hotels and restaurants, and they become the active competitors of household employers. The surroundings of these agency lodging-houses and boarding-houses are such that the employer would hesitate to employ a woman coming from them; and the woman used to the sociability, intemperance, associations, glare, and crowd, becomes ill adapted for isolation in a private family. These associations, which usually include seeing the sights, create impressions from which it is difficult to break away. Even after living with relatives in a tenement, the loneliness of the private family is appalling to her. When asking the question why immigrant women do not choose housework, it is well for the housewife to remember that they come to America for a home, and that a thing which can be taken away from them at an hour's notice cannot mean that, for it is only a place. To be homeless in a great city on short notice has perils which even the ignorant peasant quickly realizes.

I have tried to make clear that immigrant women constitute the main source of supply of domestic workers in cities; that they are transient workers; and that their inadaptability and inefficiency require more patience, training, and adjustability on the part of housewives in order that they may become good workers. Nevertheless, with all of these disadvant-

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ages, they make it possible for the housewife to care for her home properly and to have leisure and time to participate in other occupations. But for these conditions she gives much more than do most other employers.

If the immigrant worker is not able at first to meet the complex demands of the American home, one of two things results. The first is — and it is the great reason why immigrants should be encouraged to go into domestic work — that in no way can the immigrant learn so quickly and so well the American customs and standards. There is no greater help to assimilation than work in the American home. All of the culture and advantages of the home are placed at her disposal. She learns to do things for her own home, and stores up many things for a wise training of her children, which she could not learn in many years if she went directly into the factory. This is her opportunity. The races whose women go into household work are more Americanized than those who do not. Not only does the worker profit, but she carries to her friends and relatives the knowledge and habits and customs and new things that she has learned. But it is the employer's *responsibility* to see that she learns good standards and customs and real culture. The life which some American homes place before their employees, and which to these employees is typical of America, is more misleading and pernicious than the training in employment agencies. These employers do not realize that they are poor patriots in holding out such standards to the eager immigrant. Every housewife who takes a green immigrant woman into her home is largely responsible for her impressions of American life and belief in American ideals. In the alternative of receiving such good standards lies the real danger. Where the standard of the American home is not superior to that of the immigrant worker, the employee gradually lowers the standard of the employer. Where supervision is lax, intelligence low, and the housekeeping neglected, the employee gradually adopts the standards of sanitation, hygiene, and conversation which she was taught in the crowded tenement. The housewife now tolerates it where she at first rebelled against it. The care of the children is entrusted to the servant, and they are taught things and do things that are ignored in order to "keep the maid." Thus the whole tone is lowered and the home ceases to be a means of culture or advantage to the worker.

The housewife almost invariably has the selfish point of view: she objects to training green immigrant girls because they leave her for some one else, and says her "effort is wasted." It may be wasted in so far as her own home is concerned, but not only is some other home benefited, but the immigrant is a great gainer, and household employers become direct contributors to the public welfare. One main justification for the existence of domestic service, which is not a productive trade but economically parasitic, is that culture may be diffused, and that the homes of immigrant women who marry may be patterned after those of their former employers, and their children be reared according to American standards.

From this brief discussion of immigrant women in domestic work, it may be said that domestic service is preferable for them when they first arrive, especially for races which do not readily assimilate. Since the demand exceeds the supply, and the industry is dependent upon foreign-born workers, and their children, this supply should be increased in the following ways: —

1. Greater supervision of work, and training by housewives, and a higher home standard, so that the immigrant will realize more quickly its advantages in making her a better citizen.

2. Establishment of training-schools or transition schools for newly arrived immigrants, instead of leaving all of this training to employment agents. These schools cannot be entirely for training in domestic work, for the girls will not attend them.

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They need to offer courses in English, American standards of living, personal hygiene, sanitation, information about rights, wages, conditions of work, etc. Folk dances, games, amusements of their nationalities, to lessen the isolation in a new country, will attract them.

3. Friendly visiting of young immigrant workers in their own homes when they first arrive and are looking for work, so that they may become interested in the right kind of work and be directed to fair employers to whom they will make fair representations.

4. A coöperative movement on the part of employers, with agents abroad, to bring in desirable workers. This is being done by various states and employers for other kinds of labor.

5. Effective competition with other industries by placing housework on a business basis and making the conditions compare favorably with those in shop and factory.

6. Patronage of agencies which maintain good standards. . Most employers never inquire about agency conditions or the relation of the agent to the girl, so long as they are treated satisfactorily.

7. Treatment of the green immigrant worker as a human being. Many leave housework because of impositions made by employers. This question of domestic service is not one of what immigrants shall do to get work in houses, but what employers must do to obtain enough immigrant workers for their homes.

8. Protection of young immigrant women who come here, so that they may find honest work. Business men are interested in obtaining laws to prevent the exploitation of their employees and in movements to make them efficient. But in many cases housewives permit, without apparent interest, the exploitation and demoralization of young women who would have become honest workers had they been protected upon arrival. The café, disorderly house, amusement den, massage parlor, and other places which have a bad or doubtful influence, have little difficulty in obtaining a corps of workers, and the household employers' superficial treatment of the causes of the insufficiency of workers aids them.

9. Some provisions for lodging household workers when out of employment. Household employers will find a great field for work in improving lodging conditions for domestic workers.

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THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SCHOOL OF POLITE UNLEARNING

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

In the exuberant hospitality of America if a person wants anything he has only to ask for it. Whether he gets it, is another matter; he will at least get something with the same name.

In London if one in his secret heart longs for something, he has only to leave the main thoroughfares and get lost. He finds himself in a maze of narrow streets where shopkeepers make a living by selling unheard-of things to people who have wandered in by accident. These shopkeepers never advertise. Their disposition is secretive, and they trust to the method of ambush. A person is walking along with only a vague impulse to find his way out without demeaning himself by asking advice of a policeman. He finds himself in front of a shop devoted to traffic in snails from Astrakhan. It is the sole emporium for these articles. If the wayfarer be of an inquiring mind the unexpected supply wakens a demand, at least the demand for further knowledge. Who is there in all London who would be likely to support such a shop, or even know that it is here? The dingy sign appeals not to his conscious aims but to a dim sub-conscious longing for he knows not what. It seems like a strange coincidence that he of all persons in the world should have come upon the only place in London where these articles are for sale. The chances are that if he be an American he will pluck up courage and venture in and ask the proprietor, "How's the snail-trade to-day?" The shopkeeper receives him without surprise. He knows that, according to the doctrine of probabilities, somebody is bound to turn up in his shop, sometime.

To my mind this is the very romance of trade. Had I a moderate but assured income, as I trust all these London shopkeepers have, I should follow their example. I have no ambition to be a great "captain of industry," and have the magazine writers tell the truth about me. I should prefer to be one of these merchant adventurers in a small way. Hiding my shop from the unsympathetic public "as if the wren taught me concealment," I should bide my time. Let the huge department stores cater to the obvious wants of the crowd. Some day my customer will drift in. He will find that my shop satisfies an inner, and hitherto unfelt, want. He will inadvertently buy something. Then he will drift off to the Antipodes, and ever after boast of his bargain. When he compares notes with other travelers he will take down his treasure and ask, "When you were in London did you happen upon a queer little shop, the only place where they sell this sort of thing?" And when they, in shamefaced fashion, confess their failure to have discovered me they will fall in his esteem.

I claim no merit for having one day wandered from the plain path of High Holborn into an obscure street where I accidentally stumbled upon what was to me the most interesting place in London. I am aware that, if I had not stumbled accidentally upon it, it would not have seemed so interesting to me. It was not, as it happened this time, a shop, but an educational institution. The sign above the door must have been recently painted, but the London smoke had already given it an air of grimy respectability. I read with pleasure the legend, "The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning."

I was gratified over my discovery. In-

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stitutions of learning we have at home — and some very good ones too; but I realized that in the nature of things somewhere in London there must be an institution for the benefit of persons who are desirous, not so much of learning, but of being assisted to unlearn a number of things that are not good for them. And here it was. Like so many things in London, the moment I saw it, I felt that I had always seen it.

A few moments later I was in familiar converse with the Principal of the school, who gave me the history of the institution from its inception. He was a quiet, unassuming man, thoroughly devoted to his idea. In this age of educational fads it was a pleasure to find some one who adhered to very simple methods. "We do not believe," he said, "in what is called enriching the curriculum. When there have accumulated such vast stores of misinformation, we do not think it wise to burden our pupils' minds by trying to get them to unlearn everything. Such smattering has little educational value. We limit ourselves to seeing that a few things which make the people of one country obnoxious to the people of another shall be thoroughly unlearned. When we consider what soil and climate have done in developing our own splendid type of manhood, it is natural that we should think highly of our own national environment, but it is unfortunate that we should usually think so poorly of those whose environment has been different. Each nation 'holds a thought' of its neighbors, and these thoughts are seldom altogether flattering. This is evidently a case for the application of mind cure.

"Even with nations so akin to each other as the British and the American, the thoughts that are held are not always pleasing, especially when they sometimes forget their company manners. The adjective American is not usually found in conjunction with those heavenly twins, 'Sweetness and Light.' Indeed, the suggestion is quite the opposite. Only when used in connection with dentists does it imply undoubted excellence. In the United States the word British is not used as a term of endearment.

"A good while ago Emerson declared that the English had good will toward America, but in their ordinary conversation they forgot their philosophy and remembered their disparaging anecdotes. Of course the difficulty lies partly in the nature of an anecdote. Those we tell about our best friends usually convey to a stranger the impression that they are half-witted. It would be possible to collect a vast number of anecdotes illustrative of the fact that most people will, under ordinary circumstances, act in a rational manner. The trouble with such anecdotes is that they are so hard to remember.

"One is led to inquire as to the best means to promote international goodwill. One of the most obvious methods is through the encouragement of travel. Railways and steamships by annihilating distance may, it is said, annihilate the enmities between nations. The more opportunities people have of seeing one another, the better friends they will be. This theory is such a credit to human nature that at first I accepted it without a question.

"I looked at the growing passenger lists of the transatlantic steamers and thought of the peaceful invasion of our American cousins. Here are missionaries of good will. No collections! Every man his own Missionary Board, paying his bills and diffusing the gospel of kindliness. Think of these fresh, enthusiastic missionaries who are continually seeing and being seen, appreciating and being appreciated. And think of the cordial feeling diffused through America by every English traveler who goes about viewing American institutions and candidly telling the people what he thinks of them. I had thought of suggesting that the Palace of Peace at the Hague should be surmounted by an heroic statue of the travel-compelling Cook.

"My enthusiasm for travel as a suffi-

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cient corrective of international misunderstandings was chilled by observations on its results.

"A friend who for many years had spent his summers in Switzerland remarked that the Germans are less popular than they were before their present era of prosperity. I asked the reason, and he answered, 'We see more of them now.' I have known Germans who insisted that a visit to England did not cure Anglophobia, any more than the application of water would cure Hydrophobia. It might even aggravate the symptoms. That going to see people may have different effects is shown in our use of the words 'visit' and 'visitation.' Whether a visit shall seem like a visitation depends a good deal on the visitor.

"I greeted a Lancashire manufacturer on his return from the United States. 'How did you like it over there?' I asked. 'I did n't expect to like it,' he answered, 'and I did n't like it as well as I expected. It was brag! brag! all the time, and when I found that I was beginning to brag too, I thought it was time for me to come home.'

"He seemed grateful for his preservation as one who had providentially escaped the plague. A few months later, being in New York, I happened to mention his name to a gentleman to whom he had brought letters of introduction. It appeared that this gentleman had not recognized the admirable qualities which had made my Lancashire friend an ornament to his native city. He had however borne him no personal malice but had set down all his less pleasing characteristics to his nationality. After narrating several incidents illustrative of the general quality of pig-headedness, he added charitably, 'But what could you expect of a Britisher?'

"Travel can hardly be relied upon as a sufficient salve for international irritations. There is sure to be a fly in this ointment. The fly, I take it, is apt to be imported. The trouble comes, not from something the traveler sees which he dislikes, but from some prepossession which makes him dislike what he sees. He sets out with certain preconceived ideas which he uses alternately as a club with which to belabor the foreigners on their native heath, and as blinders to prevent himself from seeing anything new. As a consequence, his little journey in the world does not add to the sum total of the amenities.

"An Englishman goes to New York with the settled conviction that it ought to be just like London. When he discovers that it is n't, trouble begins. He accumulates inconvertible evidences of divergencies. It is too hot in summer and too cold in winter and too noisy all the time. The buildings are too high, and the lifts drop suddenly from under him, giving him a 'gone' feeling that he does n't like. Above all there is a distressing dearth of afternoon tea.

"With the best intentions in the world he points out these defects of a crude civilization. He waxes didactic. These things, my brethren, ought not so to be.

"And his American brethren do not like it. It is not because they really care a fig about their sky-scrapers, with their necessary attendant evils. It is because they had wished to show him some things they were really proud of and which he in his misery refuses to see.

"The American in the old country makes himself obnoxious in the same way. He starts out with the assumption that London is and of right ought to be a bigger Seattle. It has had plenty of time, and if it is not up-to-date it argues a mental defect on the part of its citizens. He is disappointed in what he sees. The belated people still go about on omnibuses and seem to like it. The telephone service is beneath contempt, and the ordinary business man does only one thing at a time. This is all wrong, and with the zeal of a missionary he urges the native islanders to 'get busy.' He explains to them the defects in their education. On the slightest provocation he indulges in statistics

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of American bank clearances and grain shipments, and the increase in population since the last census. He is annoyed because they refuse to be astonished at these things and reserve their surprise for his incidental revelations of the methods of municipal politics. He is thoroughly kind. He is careful to make them understand that he does not wish to offend against any of their inherited prejudices.

"That attitude which Lowell described as 'a certain condescension in foreigners' is not confined to any one nation. It seems to be the most natural thing in the world for the foreigner as foreigner. When a person leaves his home and becomes, for the time being, a foreigner, he is likely, unless he has had the benefit of a school like ours, to retain his home standards of judgment. He passes rather severe verdicts on what he sees, and imagines that he renders them agreeable by expressing them in the most conciliatory tones. Perhaps he even tries to keep his opinions to himself. He does n't say anything, but he does a lot of thinking. He would n't for the world have the people among whom he is moving know how inferior, in certain respects, he thinks them. Usually they are clever enough to find out for themselves.

"You see the same thing among dogs. You take your little dog for a walk in a strange part of the town. Before starting on your travels you have admonished him, and he is on his good behavior. He trots along in the middle of the road, 'saying nothing to nobody.' To the obtuse human observation he is a model of propriety; but to the more acute canine sensibility there is something in the glint of his eye or the crook of his tail that is most offensive. The sudden altercations that seem to come like bolts out of the clear sky must have some reason. I am sure that the curs that leave the sweet security of their own dooryards to do battle do so because they have detected a certain condescension in this foreigner. Something in his bearing has emphasized the fact that he is not of their kind; and that he is mighty glad of it."

"Your remarks," I said, interrupting the Principal, "about the way people carry their home-bred opinions about with them reminds me of a dear old lady I once knew in the Mississippi Valley. She went to London to attend the Queen's Jubilee. On her return we asked her to describe the pageant. It seemed that the Queen and all the imperial pomp made very little impression on her mind, she had been so interested in herself. She told how, at considerable expense, she had secured a good seat. 'Then I looked down and saw a ragged little boy. I called him to come up with me, and I wrapped him in an American flag which I always take with me. And there I sat all day, "The Genius of America protecting the British Poor."' It was a beautiful symbolic act, but I fear it may have been misinterpreted."

"I see you get the point," said the Principal. "Now we may come back to the School of Polite Unlearning. Its aim is to rid the foreigner in as short a time as possible of the preconceived notions of his own superiority. These notions if left unchecked would have prevented his getting any good of his travels, as well as making him more or less of a nuisance to the people among whom he happened to be. We intend to enlarge our institution gradually until we have branches in all the great capitals. We will teach Frenchmen that their ideas of Germany are all wrong, and eventually we may solve the Eastern question by convincing the Russians, Bulgarians, Macedonians, Servians, Turks, and others, that they do not really know so much to each other's discredit as they have for centuries been led to suppose.

"At the present we are confining our attention to improving the relations between the British and the Americans. That two nations with a common language and literature should heartily like each other seems eminently desirable.

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Do we not belong to the same reading club? But what avail these literary communings so long as thousands of persons are annually let loose in the territories of each nation disseminating misunderstandings of the most irritating character?

"The customs regulations might do something. The United States has already adopted the policy of forbidding the importation on regular lines of steamships of certain ideas. On entering an American port the passenger is asked whether he has in his possession any anarchistic opinions. If he makes the declaration in due form, he is immediately deported. This has had an excellent effect in keeping out anarchists whose veracity is above the normal; though for those of the baser sort there is a great opportunity for smuggling.

"In like manner we might have the customs officers anticipate the newspaper reporters, and ask each foreigner before landing what he thinks of the country. If he reveals a set of opinions that are not likely to be modified by further experience he might be sent back at the expense of the steamship company. All this however is of purely academic interest. For the present, we must trust to voluntary action. If the visitor is wise he will welcome any aid in getting rid of the opinions which stand in the way of his pleasure and profit. Our school attempts to minister to this need. Here for example is a middle-aged Englishman who is contemplating a visit to America. He has a number of ideas in regard to what he calls 'the States,' and he is much attached to those ideas. He has not had occasion clearly to differentiate 'the States' from 'the colonies;' they are all alike a long way off. He thinks of the States as British colonies that got themselves detached a long time ago from the apron-strings of the mother country. Since then they have been going to the dogs more or less without knowing it. They have fallen into the hands of trusts and dissenters. They have taken to over-educating the lower classes and under-educating the upper classes, till you can't tell which is which. In their use of the English language liberty has degenerated into license, as it always does where you have no leisure class that has time to speak correctly. Their pronunciation is utterly barbarous, and now they are endeavoring to conceal their offenses by getting us to spell the language as they pronounce it. They are always talking about the dollar, which is a very different thing from our silent respect for shillings and pence. Their children are intolerable, owing to their precocious imitation of the manners of their elders. While boastful of their liberty they are curiously submissive to tyranny, and if their newspapers are to be believed, they universally cower in the presence of a janitor. In their public conveyances they hang to straps and gasp for air in a manner pitiable to behold. All these tortures they endure with stoical fortitude, which they have learned through their long intercourse with the Red Indians.

"He is aware that in the States he will hear a deal of 'tall talk;' this he is prepared to discount. A very safe rule to observe is not to believe anything that sounds large.

"The American business men, he understands, have no interests whatever except in money-getting. They are prodigiously active, but their activity is providentially limited by dyspepsia and nervous prostration. He is inclined to attribute the physical break-down of the race to the universal consumption of Chicago tinned meats.

"On the whole, however, he has a friendly feeling toward the people of the States. They are doing as well as could be expected of such people, under the circumstances. They have already, in their immature civilization, produced some men whose names are household words — there was Artemus Ward and Fenimore Cooper and Mark Twain and Buffalo Bill. This proves that after all blood is thicker than water.

"He starts on his travels very much as

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the elder brother in the parable might have done had he thought to pay a visit to the prodigal in the far country. After all, the lad came of good stock, even though he did show poor judgment in going so far off. He had heard a good deal about his adventures, though he did n't believe half of it. It might be interesting to run over and see for himself whether the reports about those husks had not been exaggerated.

"Now is it safe to allow such a person to go about in a friendly country, unattended? 'One sinner destroyeth much good,' and one such traveler destroyeth much international good feeling. After three months he will have returned having every one of his opinions confirmed by a dozen instances. And he will have left behind him a score or more Americans confirmed in their opinion as to what a typical Britisher is like.

"How much better for him to enter our school before engaging his passage westward. Here, surrounded by all the comforts of home, he could begin the painful but necessary process of unlearning. Each day we would examine him and find out his fixed opinion and flatly contradict it. He would lose his temper, and become grumpy and sarcastic, and threaten to write to the newspaper. But this would hurt nobody's feelings, for all the teachers and attendants in the institution are immune. Our object is a simple one: to rid him of the opinion that there is one right way of doing things, and that all other ways are wrong. We want to teach him to be content to say simply that the other ways are different. When he has learned rather to like the differences, and to be interested in finding out why they are as they are, we give him a diploma.

"A great deal of our time is spent over the bare rudiments. You may have noticed as you came in, in the little classroom to the left, a gentleman unwillingly engaged in studying a large wall map of Oklahoma. He is an Oxford man who makes his living writing for the reviews. He lately expressed the intention of visiting America. His friends felt that he was not in a fit state, and advised him to take a short course in our school simply as a precautionary measure. You have no idea how hard it is for him to unlearn, he had learned everything so thoroughly. We have had to put him in a class by himself in elementary geography. We found that he had a most inadequate idea of the extent of the American Union, and had always looked upon the States as corresponding to the English counties. This of itself would have been no detriment to him if his geographical ideas had been held only as a part of the equipment of a modest ignorance. It would have endeared him to his American friends, who would have been only too happy to set him right. But unfortunately he is not the kind of a man who can be set right with impunity. When any one would tell him the distance from New York to San Francisco it would not make the slightest impression on his mind. He would set it down as a piece of American brag. We have found that the best way is to give him set tasks. We have dissected maps of Europe and America drawn to the same scale, and we make him put the map of Great Britain into the map of Texas and calculate the marginal area. Then we have memory work, having him from time to time repeat the length of the Missouri-Mississippi, and the number of vessels passing every year through the Detroit River. We set before him the latest railway map of the United States and ask him to tell at sight which railways belong to Hill and which to Harriman, and since when? When he asks what difference it makes, we rebuke his impertinence, and keep him after school.

"We give him daily themes to write. For example we present this text from Sam Slick: 'They are strange folks, them English. On particulars they know more than any people; but on generals they are as ignorant as owls. The way they don't know some things is beautiful.'

"What national characteristics did Mr. Samuel Slick of Slickville, Connecticut,

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have in mind when he made these animadversions? Is the dislike for general ideas really necessary to the stability of the British Constitution? Is Mr. Slick's criticism sufficiently answered by pointing out the fact that it is couched in language that seriously conflicts with the accepted rules of English grammar?

"On another occasion I gave him these lines from one of our own poets:—

> "'The House of Peers throughout the war
> Did nothing in particular,
> And did it very well.'

Compare this admirable record of the finished work of our upper house with the proceedings of a session of the Missouri Legislature, which did a lot of highly important and necessary work, and did it all very badly. Give your opinion as to the comparative value of the two legislative bodies. Indicate on the margin whether you consider a person who holds the opposite opinion to be beneath your contempt, or just worthy of it?

"Yesterday I gave him an item from the sporting columns of a San Francisco newspaper. After describing the strenuous physical exercises of a distinguished pugilist, the writer adds: 'O'Brien is diligently using his leisure time in study. It is his intention when retiring from the ring to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. To this end he has engaged a tutor and under his direction is reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Dante, and Homer.'

"Use this paragraph as a text for a sarcastic article on the absurdities of popular education and the chaotic condition of a society in which anybody feels competent to study anything he has a mind to. After having done this to your own satisfaction look at the subject from another point of view. Granted that you with your excellent classical education are more capable of appreciating Homer, ask which one would Homer be more likely to appreciate, you or O'Brien?

"We are now making use of the phonograph, which repeats for him choice extracts from American newspapers and magazines devoted to making the world familiar with the growth of the country. This familiarizes him, through the ear, with certain uncongenial habits of thought."

The Principal led me for a moment into the entry, and looking through the door we saw the Oxford man in a dejected attitude listening to the phonograph, which was monotonously informing him of the glories of Chicago and the exact floor-space of Marshall Field's store.

"He will have to hear these things sometime," said the principal, on returning to his own room, "and he might as well do so now. I fear, however, I may have been too severe in the training, and that he may be going stale. He told me this morning that perhaps he might give up his American trip and take a little run up to Bibury instead.

"The real difficulties are always those that lie in the background of the mind and therefore are hard to get at. The traveler insists on putting everything into the same categories he uses at home, and sometimes they won't fit. Englishmen, for example, have got used to dividing themselves into three distinct classes, and when they come to a community where these divisions are not obvious they regard it with suspicion, as they would an egg in which the distinction between the white and the yellow is not as clearly marked as in the days of its first innocency.

"I have been reading the book of a clever writer who discourses on 'The Future in America.' He found in America no recognized upper class and no plainly marked lower class, and so he drew the conclusion that all Americans belong to the middle class. Then he attributed to them all the characteristics which middle-class Englishmen of a literary turn of mind are always attributing to their own class. But this is fallacious. In my youth we used to amuse ourselves by beheading words. We would ruthlessly behead a word and then curtail it. But

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when the middle letters were relieved of their terminal incumbrances and set up as an independent word, that word had a meaning of its own. My own opinion is that we middle-class Englishmen are pretty fine fellows, and that we are in most respects superior to our betters; but if we had n't one class to look up to and another to look down on, I doubt whether we should feel middle-class at all. We should feel, as do our American brethren, that we are the whole show."

"A most difficult matter is to bring my pupils to a sympathetic appreciation of American optimism. It goes against all their preconceived notions of the fitness of things. The airy way in which an American will mention the most distressing present moral conditions and assure you that everything is as bad as it can be, and is coming out all right, irritates them. It seems to argue a state of ethical inconsequence. 'You can't pin these fellows down to hard facts,' a pupil complained to me, 'the pin won't hold.'

"'That's just it,' I answered, the facts these people are dealing with are not hard, they are fluid. In the old world social facts are hard, they have been solidified by the pressure of population exerted for generations. In the vast spaces of America this pressure has as yet been little felt. If you don't like the facts that are presented to you you need not take the disappointment seriously, for you are promised a new set of facts while you wait. And the remarkable thing is that about half the time the promise is fulfilled. The facts are flowing. You can't nail them; the best thing you can do is to float on them. The American is not a worshiper of things as they are, his curiosity is aroused by the things that are going to be.'

"We try to make our students, through a variety of illustrations of rapid change, and that mostly in the right direction, see that there is some justification for the American expectation that when things are pretty bad they are about to be better. It is not altogether to his discredit that even his moral indignation at obvious abuses takes a characteristically cheerful and even self-congratulatory tone. 'Things are looking up morally,' he says, 'when I can get so righteously indignant as all this.'

"I endeavor to get my pupils to unlearn their natural repugnance to the American quality of self-assertiveness. Sometimes I try the kindergarten method. Most of them are interested in pop-corn, which they have heard is the chief diversion of rural America. To shake a corn-popper over a glowing bed of coals is a new experience. When the miniature bombardment is at its height I begin to moralize.

"'That is what you will see over in America, and I hope you will like it. Think of the states in the Mississippi valley as a huge corn-popper. Into the popper are poured millions of grains of ordinary humanity. They don't take very much room, for they have grown close together. They are not much to look at. They are shaken till they are pretty evenly distributed and each one feels the genial warmth of a general prosperity. Then they begin to expand, not in a quiet fashion but in a series of small explosions, each individual popping out of his shell and surprised that he takes up so much room in the world. He very naturally thinks he's the biggest thing out.'

"If you are a cross-grained foreigner you may look at the process with critical disfavor. You may say that there is n't any more substance in it than there was before and that they ought to have remained in the original envelope which Providence had provided for them. You may look upon it as highly dangerous, and say that if they keep on popping like that they will burst the popper. Or you may end the conversation by remarking that, for your own part, you don't like pop-corn, anyway. But if you are open to conviction we hope to bring you to a better frame of mind."

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"That is all very interesting," I said, "to get your pupils to unlearn their distaste for American self-assertiveness. I hope you will go farther and get them to unlearn the notion that all Americans are self-assertive. I am sure that many of my country menpossess the pearl humility."

"Yes," said the principal, "I have no doubt of it. By the way, there is a singular thing about pearls, which I believe has never been explained. It is said that the best way to preserve their lustre is to wear them occasionally."

I learned that the American students had not begun to drift in, though my arrival had strengthened the hope that such accidents might happen. Of course the tourist who had only a few days to spend in the country could hardly be expected to give up part of his holidays for the sake of getting rid of a few long-cherished notions which had no value except to their owner. But the needs of those who were anticipating a more prolonged stay could be provided for.

"I anticipate great pleasure," said the Principal, "from my American pupils, when once they find their way here, for I am told that they unlearn easily. They will also have the great advantage of being removed from their customary environment, so that their erroneous opinions may be more readily eradicated.

"A matter to which we shall give some attention is the American's notion that the stay-at-home Englishman's ignorance of things American arises from superciliousness. When his host, in order to put him at his ease, makes a few vague remarks about the Great Republic and then lets the subject drop, it seems to indicate an affectation of haughty indifference. We shall endeavor to correct this impression and to show that the ignorance is not affected but is quite real. When the pupil feels that he has a grievance because he has been asked whether Philadelphia is on the right or left bank of the Mississippi River, we shall apply a counter-irritant.

"'Brazil,' we shall say, 'is a great and glorious country. Indicate in a pleasant conversational way what you know about it, avoiding the appearance of having looked it up, for the occasion, in the Encyclopædia. After you have made a few remarks about Rio, connected in your mind with coffee and yellow fever, lead the conversation in a sprightly fashion to some of the other great cities. In alluding to some of the states of Brazil, show that you greatly admire them, and tactfully conceal the fact that you are not very clear in your mind as to where they are. In mentioning the Amazon indicate that you have some ideas about it besides those derived in your childhood from Mayne Reid's *Afloat in the Forest*. When the conversation turns upon the great statesmen and men of letters of Brazil, take your part with sympathetic intelligence. When, providentially, the subject is changed, do not appear to be too much relieved.'

"After a few such exercises the pupil will be introduced to an Englishman who knows as much about the United States as he does about South America. A fellow feeling will make them wondrous kind.

"I shall prepare a short course of lectures on English Reserve for the benefit of pupils from the great West who complain because we do not open our hearts to strangers before we have learned their names. It seems to them undemocratic that cordiality of manner should be dependent on the mere accident of being acquainted. I suppose that they are right, and that if we were more large-minded we should consider nothing human as foreign to us. But we are not so happily constituted. Something more than mere humanity is needed to start the genial currents of our nature. Our pump must be 'primed' with something in the way of an introduction.

"In the Far West, I understand, you have a system of agriculture known as 'dry farming.' The plan is to keep the surface pulverized so that the moisture

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stored beneath may be preserved for the feeding roots. We English have for generations cultivated our friendships by a similar method. The non-conducting surface of our manner keeps the deeper feelings from evaporating. There is, we think, a good deal to be said in behalf of this system of dry farming.'

"A much more delicate subject for unlearning is the American's curious notion about the Englishman's attitude toward humor. Ever since Artemus Ward amused the citizens of London by giving notice that he would call upon them at their residences in order to explain his jokes, his countrymen have assumed a patronizing air. When an American ventures on a pleasantry, he tells the story simply, as to a little child; he has heard that an Englishman finds difficulties in such matters. He somewhat officiously offers 'first aid.' All this is strange when one considers how much our transatlantic brethren have been indebted to the glorious company of English humorists, from Chaucer down. One is reminded of George Eliot's *Legend of Jubal.* Jubal, 'the father of all such as handle the organ and pipe' and other instruments of music, returned from a long journey to find the people whom he had blessed enjoying a musical festival. He was not recognized by the new generation, and when he attempted to join in the jubilation the musicians turned upon him and 'beat him with their flutes.'"

"I think we appreciate our literary indebtedness" I interrupted, "though our gratitude does not always take the form of a lively anticipation of favors to come. It seems to be the old story of forgetting our philosophy and remembering only our anecdotes. Now, I can tell you an anecdote which will illustrate what we mean."

"It is not necessary," said the Principal; "we have made a large collection of them, and they are all essentially the same. The American tells a story which is received by his respectable British friend with solemn attention worthy of a better cause. Then, when the legal time for laughter has expired according to the statute of limitation, he acknowledges his liability and pays his debt of merriment, with deferred interest. The American argues that his mental processes, though sure, are somewhat slow.

"But if we had Courts of Humor as in the days of chivalry they had Courts of Love, I should like to present these cases for adjudication. I should argue that the anecdotes do not prove a deficiency in humor so much as a higher standard of rectitude. The Englishman is not less quick than the American to see a point, but when he does not see it he is less likely to conceal the fact. If he suspects that there is a poor little joke concealed somewhere, he does not find it in his heart to allow it to perish of neglect, but returns to it as a friendly visitor, to see what he can do for it."

"I shall endeavor," said the Principal, "to get them, if not to unlearn, at least to moderate the 'Old Home' idea. Every American, no matter where his family originated, likes to think of England as the Old Home. It satisfies his historic sense and gives him the feeling that he is revisiting the green graves of his sires.

"Once arrived at the Old Home he goes about in search of the quaint and venerable. His head is chock-full of more or less vague historical and literary allusions which he is anxious to attach to their proper localities. He is on the lookout for the people he has read about. He would not be surprised to meet Falstaff or Mr. Pickwick when he turns the corner. I was myself taken for Mr. Pickwick once, and I did n't like it.

"In the mean time the Twentieth Century England, with its rapidly growing cities, its shifting population, its radical democracy, its socialistic experiments, its model tenements, its new universities, its ferment of fresh thought, escapes his notice.

"'Fine country this,' he says, 'to rest

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in. Beautiful ruins, well-kept lawns, good old customs unchanged for a thousand years. Everything is kept up just as it used to be. I like to see the conservative ways; makes you realize how your forefathers felt. I tell you it touches a soft spot in your heart to come back to the Old Home.'

"To the alert, public-spirited, intensely modern Englishman who is eager to show him the latest thing in municipal housekeeping this is disconcerting."

"Yes," I said, "I think I understand. If I were a prosperous planter away down on the Suwanee River, and were anxious to show my visitor the brand-new mansion I had built with the proceeds of my last year's cotton crop, I should object to his striking a sentimental attitude and warbling the ditty about the 'old folks at home.' I should especially object if he mistook me for one of the old folks."

"That is the trouble," said the Principal, "with living in a place that has become a household word. The traveling public seems like a many-headed monster with only one idea. When the idea is a trivial one and keeps popping up continually, it becomes tiresome. There for instance is Banbury, a thriving market town. The present inhabitants are eminently progressive, and the town bears all the evidences of prosperity. But when the train draws up in the summer, one may hear girlish American voices exclaiming, 'How fascinating! Is n't it too cunning for anything! Ride a cock horse.' And they look out upon the Banbury people as if they belonged to an immemorial nursery.

"The Americans ignore the political divisions of the country, and acknowledge only the divisions into the Scott country, the Burns country, the Wordsworth country, the Shakespeare country, the Dickens country, and the Lorna Doone country. We sometimes wonder where they think we come in."

"Still," I said, "we must remember that though it may be tiresome to the inhabitants to have a few associations recurring continually, a great part of the pleasure of travel consists in comparing our previous impressions with what we see. There was that most delightful of English wayfarers, George Borrow; he was doing that all the time.

"'On arriving at Chester,' he says, 'at which place we intended to spend two or three days, we put up at an old-fashioned inn in Northgate Street to which we had been recommended. My wife and daughter ordered tea and its accompaniments; and I ordered ale and that which should always accompany it, cheese. "The ale I shall find bad," said I; "Chester ale had a bad reputation since the time of old Sion Tudor, who made a first-rate Englyn about it, but I shall have a treat in the cheese; Cheshire cheese has always been reckoned excellent."'

"To his great delight he found the ale as bad as it was in the days of Sion Tudor, and therefore he hilariously threw it out of the window. Then tasting the cheese, he found the cheese bad also, and promptly threw that after the ale. 'Well,' he said, 'if I have been deceived in the cheese, at any rate I have not been deceived in the ale, which I expected to find execrable. Patience! I shall not fall into a passion, more especially as there are things I can fall back upon. Wife! I will trouble you for a cup of tea. Henrietta, have the kindness to cut me a slice of bread and butter.'

"Now it is evident that Borrow had two distinct pleasures in his visit to Chester. The ale was as bad as from his previous reading of the Welsh bards he had been led to suppose, and the cheese was worse. The pleasure in each case came from the fact that his experience had reacted upon his previous ideas. After all, this is a harmless sort of pleasure."

"Yes," said the Principal, "in a bluff, whole-souled Briton like Borrow, there could be no harm in throwing the ale and cheese around, just for the sake of auld lang syne; but it is different with a vulgar rich Am—— Pardon me, I am

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falling into the bad habits of my pupils."

"I take no offense," I said; "you know I am not rich."

"We shall," he said, "deal tenderly with the literary and historical treasures which our pupils bring with them, but we shall endeavor to teach them to use their excellent gifts in such a way that the Past may not altogether obscure the Present."

"Another idea," said the Principal, "is that of 'the tight little island.' It is a term that the British themselves delight in; but it should be remembered that diminutives, while very endearing when used in the family circle, are less pleasing when taken up by strangers. The American expects to find the British quite insular, and so they are, — 'of or pertaining to an island, surrounded by water, opposed to continental.' The real question is, what effect has being surrounded by water upon the mind? Is water, especially when it is salt, a conductor or non-conductor of cosmopolitan sympathies? The dictionary takes the latter view and goes on to the slurring secondary definition, 'characteristic of the inhabitants of islands, hence, narrow, contracted.'

"Why 'hence, narrow, contracted'? It would seem as if the dictionary man had been consorting with land-lubbers and had taken their point of view. One would suppose from his reasoning that the sea cut one off from communication with the rest of the world, while prairies and mountains were the true highways of nations. This is not the doctrine of the Blue-water school. It is based on the recognition of the broadening effect of an insular position. There is no place so easy to get at or to get away from as an island. It makes us next-door neighbors to the ends of the earth, especially when we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too. It is your dweller in a section of a continent who is shut in, 'hence, narrow, contracted.' Your islander knows no such narrow bounds as he sings his victorious *Song of the Seven Seas*. If this be insularity make the most of it!"

At this moment the door-bell rang and a shy individual appeared whom I took to be the first American student.

PERSONALITY IN JOURNALISM

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

A TIME-HONORED distinction is drawn between two of the most conspicuous daily papers in New York — that the one renders vice attractive in the morning, and the other virtue unattractive at night. With each of these papers, in the form known to the present generation of readers, the name and the work of an eminent journalist have been associated. So strongly did these two men impress themselves upon their respective journals that, though it is now ten years since Mr. Dana's death and five since Mr. Godkin's, their personalities may still be felt in every issue of the *Sun* and *Evening Post*. It is a happy coincidence that their biographies[1] appear almost simultaneously. The books have a value far beyond their illumination of the rival charms and repulsions of vice and virtue. They enable one to consider with some serious-

[1] *The Life of Charles A. Dana.* By JAMES HARRISON WILSON, LL. D., Late Major-General, U. S. V. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1907.

Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Edited by Rollo Ogden. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

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ness the uses and the scope of personality in journalism.

Mr. Dana's biographer quotes an utterance of his in reply to those who were lamenting thirty-five years ago that "the day for personal journalism is gone by, and that impersonal journalism will take its place."

"Whenever, in the newspaper profession," said the *Sun*, "a man rises up who is original, strong, and bold enough to make his opinions a matter of consequence to the public, there will be personal journalism; and whenever newspapers are conducted only by commonplace individuals whose views are of no consequence to anybody, there will be nothing but impersonal journalism.

"And this is the essence of the whole question."

From the beginning to the end of his life, Dana could never have been classed with the "commonplace individuals." The career which his biography presents is that of an idealist developing into an opportunist. The book does not, probably because it cannot, explain all the steps in such a development. The studious country boy, whose eyes would not carry the burden of discursive reading which he imposed upon them while a student at Harvard, drifted naturally into the Brook Farm experiment. It was another natural step from this association to an intimate relation with Greeley and the *Tribune*, to which he rendered valuable editorial service. Through this work his abilities won the recognition which made him, during the Civil War, "the eyes of the government," — a special field correspondent of the War Department, — and Assistant Secretary of War. Nothing could have given him a more thorough training as an observer and reporter upon men and momentous actions than this experience. He carried into it an optimism, a philosophic temper, an independent judgment, which he brought out augmented. Because General Wilson's relations with Dana were those of a fellow-servant of the Union during the war, he has been led to lay upon the war period an emphasis which to many readers will seem out of proportion with the scantier measure of detail devoted to his work in the *Sun*. Yet the very fullness of the record gives definiteness to the personality which Mr. Dana brought to his final editorial task, and withal exhibits the man at his best.

The journalist whose work expresses his personality must, of all men, come out into the open, and bear the brunt of his independence. This is a quality which deserves all the praise it gets, yet the moment a man of independent spirit does something radically different from what is expected of his kind, his motives fall under suspicion. After all, he may merely be carrying his independence to conclusions which to him are logical. The independent journalist is just as sure to displease some of his readers as to please others. Certainly there were many whom Mr. Dana displeased, many who regarded his variations of party and personal allegiance as the sign of all that was unworthy.

The "cleverness" of the *Sun* under his guidance was a commonplace of public estimation; so too was its "wickedness." The proof was found in such perversities as its preference for Butler to Cleveland as a presidential candidate, its hostility to Cleveland as president, its other animosities which time has shown to be mistaken, its alignment in critical periods in the local politics of New York with the forces which have abundantly justified their reputation as those of evil. The charity of a later day should at least plead for the opportunist of positive views that his independence is bound to land him on many sides, some of which must be wrong.

The personality of an editor may express itself almost as fully in the news as in the editorial columns of his paper. As manager and editor, Mr. Dana signed the prospectus of the new *Sun* when he took charge of it in 1868. Two sentences from this statement of the paper's policy

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set a standard which he well maintained and fixed: —

"It will study clearness, condensation, point, and will endeavor to present its daily photograph of the whole world's doings in the most luminous and lively manner.

"It will not take as long to read the *Sun* as to read the London *Times* or *Webster's Dictionary*, but when you have read it, you will know about all that has happened in both hemispheres."

The fulfillment of these prophecies has made the *Sun* the special delight of the male sex, and the model, often imperfectly copied, for the presentation of news in many other journals. This in itself has been no mean achievement. Add to it the vigorous and clarifying manner of the editorial page, which has always made people read and regard it even when the substance has been foreign to their sympathies, and the *Sun* stands forth as the journalistic embodiment of just such a man as the biography of Dana presents: penetrating, humorous, intense, a warm friend and a spirited foe, one who kept to the end some hold upon the idealistic standards of his youth, yet found that many existing conditions had better be supported than overthrown. When the idealist turns opportunist, he may well become a little cynical, and lend himself to cynicism in others. But he has probably made up his mind with his eyes open that in this world of ours the man who is content to choose between two evils that which appears to him the lesser may contribute more to human progress than he who rejects them both. Such at least is his justification in his own eyes, and his presumable honesty with himself must be weighed in any true accounting for his character.

It was personality of another sort which Mr. Godkin expressed through the *Nation* and *Evening Post*. Compromise bore no part in it. The standards of youth grew even sterner with age. The "really critical spirit" which the *Nation* promised at its foundation in 1865 to bring to its discussions, was conspicuously the spirit of Mr. Godkin. His work as the field correspondent of a London paper during the Crimean War and the war between our own states gave his pen as invaluable a bit of training as Dana's was receiving from his more specialized experience. The careful student of affairs in wartime, when all the powers of government are in undisguised use, often qualifies himself for the best criticism of government in peace. Certainly the newspaper letters reproduced by Mr. Ogden are notable for their clear vision and forcible expression. Through this work Mr. Godkin acquired early a habit of relating effects to causes, embodied in men, and of witholding no censure which seemed to him deserved. It was this very rigor of thought and utterance which enabled Lowell at a later day to define the *Nation* as "a most valuable breakwater against the tepid wish-wash of incompetence which pours through the American press."

Mr. Godkin did not win without a hard struggle the place which he and his paper came to hold. Before embarking in his undertaking he wrote in a letter to his friend, F. L. Olmsted, "I have not got the *literary temperament*, and, in fact, in so far as I have ever done any work well, it has been due rather to bodily activity than anything else. . . . I am not popular in my manners and could never become so." He continues even further the catalogue of his disabilities. When his work began, there were not wanting those to whom his Irish birth and English training seemed utterly to disqualify him as an American journalist. Neither he nor these objectors could realize that the value of such a service as the *Nation* has rendered lies in the very fact that such a personality as Mr. Godkin's was vigorously behind it.

It is not the millions, but at most the few thousands, to whom the "really critical spirit" makes its appeal. It has been reserved for our own day to show what can be achieved by personality in journalism,

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when conspicuous ability is devoted to ends antipodal to those which the *Nation* proposed for itself. By these new methods the successful journalist becomes a "captain of industry," acquires that *summum bonum*, circulation, and with it a vast uncritical following of hungry sheep who somehow imagine themselves fed by the rank mists they draw. Over against such rewards must be set those which Mr. Godkin's career won for him — the inward testimony of a good conscience, with no reproach of compromise when occasion came for a choice between what seemed to the chooser clearly right and merely expedient; the outward recognition and approval of those who are hardest to satisfy and therefore best worth satisfying. Perhaps the highest token of this approval was the urgent offer to Mr. Godkin, only five years after the establishment of the *Nation*, to occupy a chair of history in Harvard College. His friends, according to their natural bent, looked upon it as a greater and a smaller opportunity for service than that which his continuance with the *Nation* would afford. It is significant of his own point of view that, after a careful weighing of the matter, he decided to remain where he was. To the less tangible rewards were added, in due time, those of the successful business enterprise which the *Nation* seems to have become even before its merging with the *Evening Post* in 1881.

There is one reward which is denied to the possessor of the "really critical spirit," developed as highly as Mr. Godkin's was. That is the satisfaction of seeing — or thinking one sees — some of the improvements for which one has been working in the world. The temper of Mr. Godkin's view of the American situation in his later years is so well illustrated by a passage from one of his letters at the time of Cleveland's Venezuela message that its quotation is justified: "The situation seems to me this: an immense democracy, mostly ignorant, and completely secluded from foreign influences and without any knowledge of other states of society, with great contempt for history and experience, finds itself in possession of enormous power and is eager to use it in brutal fashion against any one who comes along, *without knowing how to do it*, and is therefore constantly on the brink of some frightful catastrophe like that which overtook France in 1870. The spectacle of our financial condition and legislation during the last twenty years, the general silliness and credulity begotten by the newspapers, the ferocious optimism exacted of all teachers and preachers, and the general belief that we are a peculiar or chosen people to whom the experience of other people is of no use, make a pretty dismal picture, and, I confess, rather reconcile me to the fact that my career is drawing to a close. I know how many things may be pointed out as signs of genuine progress, but they are not in the field of government."

The observer with any endowment whatever of the critical spirit must admit that there is truth enough and to spare in this arraignment — which, by the way, does not confine itself to "the field of government." Yet will not the most candid critic protest that such a deliverance — and the state of mind from which it springs — lacks the illumination of the whole truth, and that the dangers of a "ferocious optimism" may often be pretty evenly balanced by those of a ferocious pessimism?

Of course he will; and just as surely a consideration of the whole truth will lead him to remember that the clock of affairs is kept going by a pendulum which swings just as far in one direction as in the other. All the more because the ferocious optimists exist, are the men like Godkin and the journals like the *Nation* needed. An implicit following of their leadership, a constant adoption of the critical attitude, may not be the shortest cut to progressive action. But it is an immensely valuable corrective. The fear of the *Post* is the beginning of a certain sort of wisdom. It breeds in public serv-

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ants and writers a wholesome dread of insincerity, if for no other reason than that this particular weakness is pretty sure to be exposed. It acts at the same time as a positive stimulus to honest thought and action. This is what the personality of Mr. Godkin especially contributed to the journalism of his time.

The side of Mr. Godkin's personality which had no public expression is delightfully revealed in the letters which Mr. Ogden has brought together. The critical faculty doubtless had its exercise in the first establishment of personal relations. But when his affections were once engaged, their warmth and tenacity had a Celtic quality which gives the picture of them a peculiar charm. The tenderness of his domestic relations shines with a special clearness through the records of his sore bereavements. His friendships with women of notable understanding and sympathy might have supplied a delightful chapter by themselves, if the editor's arrangement of his admirable material had not — from the topical as from the chronological point of view — so nearly approached the chaotic. From a letter to one of these feminine friends a characteristic passage must be taken: "As far as I can see, the great interests of civilization in this country are being left pretty much to the women. The men have thrown themselves pretty much into money-making. You have no idea how they shirk everything which interferes with this, how cowardly they have grown about everything which threatens pecuniary loss. It is the women who are caring for the things which most distinguish civilized men from savages. . . . I do not know what the future of our modern civilization is to be. But I stumble where I firmly trod. I do not think things are going well with us in spite of our railroads and bridges. Among the male sex something is wanting, something tremendous."

Yet there were friendships with men which bore importantly upon Mr. Godkin's life, both private and public. The two which most conspicuously combined these bearings were those with Professor Charles Eliot Norton and with Mr. Wendell Phillips Garrison. In so far as Mr. Godkin's life is the history of the *Nation*, these names are inseparable from it. In the story of the beginnings of the paper, it is well to have on permanent record the fact that of the hundred thousand dollars raised for the undertaking fifty thousand came from Boston — and that "Norton rallied the Boston friends." It is well to find Mr. Godkin writing to Mr. Norton at the end of the first year of his editorship, "If the paper succeeds I shall always ascribe it to you, as without your support and encouragement I do not think I should have been able to endure to the end." Fifteen years later, in 1881, when Mr. Godkin was considering the offer of the *Post* to purchase the *Nation*, he wrote again to Mr. Norton, "You had so much to do with starting the *Nation*, and, I may say, its existence is so largely due to the support and encouragement which you gave me in its early days, that I shall be exceedingly sorry if its latter end should in any way be disappointing to you." These are but two from many testimonies to a close and generously reciprocal relation.

Toward Mr. Garrison, for his support in the conduct of the *Nation*, as for Mr. Norton's in its origin, there was the same hearty spirit of recognition. Again and again Mr. Godkin expressed it, perhaps most forcibly at the time of the centenary of the *Post*, when he wrote to Mr. Garrison about the reported speeches, "The dearest thing I recall in it all, is my thirty years' association with you. You have been to me, in it all, the kindest and most devoted friend." No one would have been quicker than Mr. Godkin to feel that the true history of the *Nation* should include as full a recognition of Mr. Garrison's service, in the capacity of literary editor, as of his own. When Mr. Garrison died, only a few months ago, an extraordinary chorus of appreciation rose from the host of contributors, in

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all parts of the country, with whom it was his function to deal. Between them and Mr. Garrison, as the *Nation* itself has said, "there existed a peculiar, almost a family, feeling. He watched over them with an interest and pride well-nigh of kinship. The relation was, to him, less editorial than paternal." Of his relation with Mr. Godkin we read, "With unbounded admiration and loyalty for his chief, Mr. Garrison brought to his assistance a nice scholarship, a patient scrutiny, a calm judgment, and a noble sympathy."

The unobtrusive, unfaltering work of such a man as Mr. Garrison, known to his fraternity much more than to the public, must be, wherever and whenever it is done, one of the most reassuring expressions of personality in journalism. That it can be joined, to the satisfaction of the two fellow-workers and to the general advantage, with the labors of such a man as Mr. Godkin, yields fresh hope for the power of strong personal forces in the journalistic profession. "The day for personal journalism," in the sense of the term as it might have been applied to Horace Greeley or Thurlow Weed, may be going — or gone. But while such an example of happy coöperation as that of Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison is fresh in memory, we need not despair of its repetition. There is, however, one condition precedent to it — and that is the adoption of the journalistic career by men of the highest type in native character and cultivated ability. When all such men choose other pursuits, a barren time in journalism will indeed be imminent.

JOY FROM SORROW

BY R. VALANTINE HECKSCHER

I BORROW Joy from Sorrow —
A Rainbow from the Rain!
If Life were not in Shadow,
My Star would shine in vain!

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A SICK-ROOM ANTHOLOGY

I CAN hear the old doctor's voice today, cheery and strong, — but not too cheery and not too strong, — just as it sounded years ago, when he stood up and drew on his gloves ready to leave my sick-room. His voice will be one of the first I shall listen for in that world where there are no sick-rooms, and where we are led to believe there is no need for doctors. "Don't read anything but *Mother Goose*," he would say, "and don't think."

I was reminded of these words when I saw, not long ago, in the Contributors' Club, the pathetic story of the poor woman with the sick nerves, who was soothed and comforted by having the recipes from a cook-book read to her hour after hour; and I was also reminded of a long-cherished wish of my own, the compiling of a sick-room anthology.

Since seeing the article in the *Atlantic* I have heard of another case of the soothing effects of cook-book literature in illness. In this instance the patient was a man, and he insisted upon hearing the entire volume read and re-read, finding it all equally comforting and restful, from the preparing of soup-stock to the compounding of the most intricate dessert. It seemed an odd choice for the man, whose literary taste when well is fastidious in the extreme. But this is only another instance of nature assuming the defensive, as she would more often do if we left ourselves to her. The weary brain knew that it must not think, and instinctively withdrew as far as possible from its own world of ideas.

As to my old doctor's compound prescription, "Read *Mother Goose* and don't think," I often smiled over it in secret, for to my mind those immortal melodies have always seemed stimulating to thought. They might well serve as models for that sort of impressionistic literature exemplified by the best short stories of modern French authors. In the old rhymes, as in these stories, the scenes are depicted with a few strong strokes, every unnecessary detail omitted, the dénouement merely suggested, and all the rest left to the imagination of the reader.

Take for example that wonderful bit of verse, —

> "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
> The beggars are coming to town.
> Some in rags and some in shags
> And some in velvet gowns."

This was usually the first to come to my mind (perhaps because I am a lover of dogs) after the good doctor had left me. I would close my eyes, the better to see the picture.

It is always a stormy twilight scene. The rain has ceased, but the sky is gray and swept by clouds. In the west a band of strange yellow light shows just at the horizon. Lights are beginning to appear in distant farmhouses, and here and there in the streets of the town. The town itself is of the mediæval sort, with massive walls, and gates that will soon be closed for the night.

Suddenly a dog begins to bark, — "Hark! hark!" I find myself whispering, — then another and another. What can have stirred them all at once at this quiet hour? Now and then a door is heard to open, a face inquiring appears at a window. The sense of mystery deepens, the barking grows louder and louder, until all the beloved dog voices I have ever known join in the chorus.

Then a muffled sound, as of the distant trampling of many feet, and down the road they appear, in the strange, stormy light, the beggars coming to town. I can see them now as they looked to my sick fancy; so many of them, of all ages and

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all sizes, men, women, and little children; some lame and decrepit, clothed in rags and shags quite as conventional beggars should be. But now more mystery, — in the very midst of the raggedest and dirtiest are a few shining ones, dressed in velvet gowns. And here the author shows her genius. Not another word, all the rest is left to the imagination.

Why they were all arriving in this particular town, at this particular hour; how these special ones came by their beautiful gowns, — whether they had been stolen (in which case would some dreadful nemesis overtake the happy-go-lucky wearers?), or whether they had been presented by some philanthropic society for the promotion of the sense of the beautiful in beggars, — all these things we are never told. But what ground for infinite conjecture!

And then, the *finale:* — did they reach the town, this motley crowd, before the gates were closed? What did the dogs say then? what did the people do? I usually spent a wakeful night inventing different endings for the story.

No, I should never recommend *Mother Goose* for the invalid with an overwrought brain. And yet there are other ills of the flesh besides nervous exhaustion, — bronchitis, rheumatism, indigestion, — cases where the fancy craves stimulus; and the Anthology must be broad enough to cover these also. We shall have to include the best rhymes of *Mother Goose* in our volume, together with the best recipes.

When one enters that strange world of the sick-room, hushed and remote, one realizes that it is a place quite apart from the well-world, with an atmosphere of its own. But we must have gone there sometime as an inhabitant, rather than as a casual visitor, to understand fully the needs and ideals of the place. To be the ruling monarch of this kingdom of quiet and order, where the ordinary and possible are set aside for the time being for the extraordinary and impossible, and all on our account, — this is among the compensations of an invalid's life. One easily becomes an autocrat where one's slightest wish is humored, and one's whims and fancies for once in the world are taken seriously. And in compiling our Anthology all this must be borne in mind.

I have read for hours, day after day, in a low, monotonous voice, Browning's *Translation of the Agamemnon*, to an invalid, with wonderful results. When everything else failed, the tired eyes would droop and close after a few pages of this poem. Then how one's heart beat faster and one's voice trembled with anxiety — would they stay closed? Not if the reading ceased, I found; but if one went on and on without variation of tone the spell continued to work.

So the Agamemnon shall not be left out of my Anthology. Then the *Alice in Wonderland* rhymes must have a place, and some of Edward Lear's; and for children, the *Canterbury Tales*, in the old English, for they like their Chaucer best when they cannot understand all the words, but are soothed and quieted by the swing and rhythm of the verse.

When the Anthology appears we venture to hope that it will come as a great relief to those who make a study of the needs of the sick. Imagine having in one precious volume all, or many, of the well-tried bits of remedial literature.

The success of the book, however, will depend largely upon the skill and tact with which it is used. The question as to what selection from the sick-room Anthology shall be prescribed in a critical case will surely rank in importance with the prescriptions for medicine and diet. Shall it be left for the doctor to decide, or the nurse?

Perhaps a good suggestion would be to choose — in that world where all the rules of the game are reversed — just the one thing the patient would not care for when well. For your professional man the soothing monotony of long-tried recipes — which would drive a housekeeper mad; for your middle-aged people, not suffering from nervous exhaustion, the

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stimulating charm of the *Mother Goose* stories, or the rhymes from *Alice in Wonderland;* for your little child the sonorous verse of the old classics; and each and every one read in just the right way, by just the one voice in the world the sick person most cares to hear.

WIT AND HUMOR

WIT and humor are such elemental, fundamental things, that it has always been found difficult to analyze them. Upon some points, however, those who have essayed this puzzling task agree, for they all hold that wit is an intellectual, humor an emotional, quality; that wit is a perception of resemblance, and humor a perception of contrast, of discrepancy, of incongruity. The incongruity is that which arises between the ideal and the fact, between theory and practice, between promise and performance; and perhaps it might be added that it is always, or almost always, a moral incongruity. In the case both of wit and humor there is also a pleasurable surprise, a gentle shock, which accompanies our perception of the hitherto unsuspected resemblance or incongruity. A New England farmer was once describing in the presence of a very humane person the great age and debility of a horse that he formerly owned and used. "You ought to have killed him!" interrupted the humane person indignantly. "Well," drawled the farmer, "we did — almost."

A humorous remark or situation is, moreover, always a pleasure. We can go back to it and laugh at it again and again. One does not tire of the *Pickwick Papers*, or of Jacobs's stories, any more than the child tires of the nursery tale which he knows by heart. Humor is a feeling, and feelings can always be revived. But wit, being an intellectual and not an emotional impression, suffers by repetition. A witticism is really an item of knowledge. Wit, again, is distinctly a gregarious quality: whereas humor may abide in the breast of a hermit. Those who live much by themselves almost always have a dry humor. Wit is a city, humor a country, product. Wit is the accomplishment of persons who are busy with ideas: it is the fruit of intellectual cultivation, and abounds in coffee-houses, in salons, and in literary clubs. But humor is the gift of those who are concerned with persons rather than ideas, and it flourishes chiefly in the middle and lower classes.

Wit and humor both require a certain amount of idleness, time enough for deliberation, — that kind of leisure, in short, which has been well described as a state of receiving impressions without effort. Thus we find wit in the drawing-room, humor in the country-store, and neither in the Merchants' Exchange.

Humor is inherent in the nature of things, and even the dumb animals have some sense of it. When your dog welcomes you home, wagging his tail and contracting his lips so as half to disclose his teeth, he is really smiling with pleasure; and if, as more often happens, he does the same thing in a moment of embarrassment, as when he rather suspects that you are about to scold him, then his smile is essentially a humorous smile. There is a joke on him, and he knows it.

Rightly considered, the whole universe is a joke on mankind. "Humor is the perception of those contrasts and incongruities which are a part of the very texture of human life." If, as we believe or hope, man is an immortal being, is it not a joke that his earthly existence should chiefly be taken up in maintaining and repairing that frail shell in which the immortal spirit is contained? "Humor," as Hamilton Mabie finely said, "has its source in this fundamental contrast between the human soul, with its far-reaching relations and its immortality, and the conditions of its mortal life. . . . If the mistake which the boy makes in his Latin grammar involves permanent ignorance, there is an element of sadness in it; but if it is to be succeeded ultimately by mas-

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tery of the subject, it is humorous, and we smile at it." And so of man's life viewed as a fragment of eternity. Humor and faith go hand in hand.

But humor is not only the sudden encounter with some moral incongruity. There is in addition the sense of superiority. The victim, for there must always be a victim, either of his own folly or of some accident, is placed in a position of inferiority, which constitutes the joke. But is this all? Why do we laugh? The mere misfortune of the man is not enough to make us laugh. We do not laugh when he loses a dollar bill. Nor is the mere unexpectedness of the incongruity sufficient to make us laugh. We seldom laugh at wit, which is equally unexpected. The something further is the sympathetic element. Humor is not simply the sudden perception of a moral incongruity; it is the *sympathetic* perception of it. Thackeray described humor as a mixture of love and wit. He really meant sympathy and wit. Humor, it has been said, is laughing *with* the other man, wit is laughing *at* him. The incongruity that amuses us, that makes us laugh, is the incongruity which exists between the victim's state of mind and his conduct or situation, and that incongruity we cannot appreciate unless, by the exercise of imagination, we are able to put ourselves in the place of the victim. Unless we attain this sympathetic point of view, his conduct may appear to us right or wrong, logical or illogical, wise or foolish, fortunate or unfortunate, — anything except funny. If an ordinary man under ordinary circumstances should step in a hole and tumble down, the incident would not be a humorous one. But if the same accident should occur to a pompous person who was at the very moment engaged in making a theatrical gesture, the incident would be humorous; the incongruity between the victim's state of mind, sympathetically apprehended by the observer, and his situation, would be felt as laughable.

One who has the sense of humor well developed can even laugh at himself, taking an external but sympathetic view of his own character, conduct, or circumstances. Without this sense, a man is liable to be deficient in self-knowledge. Who is not familiar with that non-humorous, solemn person who commits the most selfish or cruel acts from what he conceives to be the holiest motives? "A man without a sense of humor," declares an anonymous writer, "is occasionally to be respected, often to be feared, and nearly always to be avoided."

MY UNCLE NAT

Death came to the old man only a few years ago. Too long he had lingered, and the summons was as though a loving mother said chidingly, "Why do you stay out in the cold so long? Come right in!" And he went in.

His life had come to be a sort of chronic protest against modern conditions. I cannot say he was childish. Unworthy expression! It shall not be used of my Uncle Nat, who had simply *let go*.

Often, after a profound reverie or a brown study, or whatever it would be best to call it, he would shake his head solemnly and mutter, "No, no, no, no indeed! no indeed!" And though not sour or ill-tempered, my Uncle Nat lived towards the last in constant disapproval of a decadent Present. It was away up in Culpeper County, Virginia, that he lived, and there, revisiting my native county at intervals, I saw him. He was very old. I will not say how old, lest I jar the feelings of some of the least young readers of this Club. He lived and died on the farm owned by his ancestors from everlasting to everlasting. His bedroom was literally on the "ground floor," but it never seemed damp, and he had a blaze in the fireplace even in summer, if a little morning rawness or evening dampness justified it. Living as I have done in Washington City for years, where sanitation-crazy citizens must always sleep upstairs, I have held up Uncle Nat, as

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well as other aged Virginians, as strong refutation of their theory. Why, my uncle, though you may not believe it, had not, when he died, been up the old stairway for twenty-eight years. The rest of the family and frequent squads of "company" slept aloft, but not he.

He would sit for a long time in his splint-bottomed chair, with his feet on the large stones of the hearth, gazing down into the fire. I have seen Uncle Nat in one of these reveries smile a sweet, happy smile, and I knew he was living over again some scene, more than half a century back, in which he was chief actor, happy of heart and lithe of limb. But then apparently would come the thought of a pestiverous Present and times "out of joint," and he would mutter his "No, no indeed." Poor, old, lonely, wifeless man! It was this happy faculty of reverie — of plunging into trance — that gave him surcease of sorrow.

At night, not very long "after candle lighting" as he marked the time, he went to bed, in winter covering the fire coals carefully the last thing. True, there was no need of that, for matches were abundant; he loved to tell of the time when they first "came about," and how he surprised some fellow teamsters in a camp one night when he lighted a lucifer match. But he saved the fire coals, and next morning raked the ashes off and piled on wood and chips and corncobs and thrust a "lightwood" knot under it.

Having done this, he would go out into the "back porch," take down the "noggin" (ask your archæological friend what a noggin is), and perform his toilet. He clung tenaciously to this primitive form of ablution, and followed it with the violent use of a coarse towel. Then he combed his scant locks, and took a drink, — a drink of pure water in a gourd with a long curved handle. You may have quaffed something very near the elixir of the gods out of a crystal goblet, but you have known no real drink if you have not put to your lips the old gourd (cracked perhaps and the split sewed up) and drunk, long and deeply, water from a spring where a microbe never existed.

Once Uncle Nat had been a politician, but it was "fo' the waw," and although a Democrat in the new alignment of 1860, he hated the word, and most often called himself, as of yore, an Old Line Whig. He had not been a Secessionist, but neither had he been a Union man in a definite sense, and he could not get over now the prejudices of 1861. Serious property loss had been his, with the Blue and the Gray armies sweeping alternately over his farm in that unfortunate middle ground unwillingly afforded by old Virginia. The death of a brother — a conscript soldier, who had lingered behind the volunteers partly because the whole neighborhood, denuded of strong men, found him indispensable, the one ever ready to help in sickness and all other trouble — gave him a retrospect of bitterness he could never live down.

He revered the name of Robert E. Lee to the point of worship, and the last time I saw him I was rejoiced that there was one thing I told him about the present time which positively pleased him. It was that Lee was now honored and admired even by those who had most earnestly helped to defeat him. "It is as it should be, sir; as it should be," he said. I had not before found anything considered by him in this iconoclastic age to be as it should be.

Then I made one more effort to induce him to visit me in Washington. I resolved to steer him over the city with special reference to avoiding the statues of war heroes. He was obdurate. Living two and a half hours' journey from the national capital, he had not visited it for over forty-five years. He said: "No sir, I thank you for your invite, but I can't go. Don't want to. It seems a right smart while not to see your country's capital, — nearly half a century, — but I reckon I can get along just as well without going thar. It's a Babylon, sir; it's an abominably wicked city! It's where it all come

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from in the war. Mr. Lincoln, sir, was a kind-hearted man, but he had wicked advisers and the wickedness come from them. I was to see Jim Buchanan take his seat, though I did n't vote for him, but I ain't a ben sence, and I just ain't a goin' thar. Spesh'ly I feel so when I remember 'bout John M." (He always spoke of his brother by his double name, an old Virginia custom.) "Why, sir, that man John M. he voted 'ginst secession and only went when the conscript officer came and he was 'bleeged to go. And then to think, at Petersburg, they, they, —"

He stopped abruptly, poked the fire with the tongs, and went into one of his reveries. I slipped quietly out, but ere I passed through the door, I heard him muttering, "No, no, no, *no* indeed!"

THE BOSWELL NATION

One of my chief troubles in life is my inability to rejoice with them that do rejoice, at just the psychological moment. A week or two after they have got all through with their happiness and have stopped talking about it, I appear on the scene, thrilled with out-of-date enthusiasm. The question then comes to be, whether one's chief duty is to synchronize his happiness with that of others or to take it when he can. At the risk of being utterly unavailable by speaking on a subject to which nobody seems to be paying any particular attention just now, let me out with it while the feeling is at its height and hope that here and there some old-fashioned soul experiences my own delight in British biography.

Of course, just as I was about to put my delight into words it was fated that I should run across Miss Repplier's discouraging remarks on the subject, in which she tries to dampen one's ardor by saying that "the English memoirs have little that is joyous or beautiful or inspiring." With the reflection that one's literary faith ought to expect to meet with manifold temptations, like any other operation of that faculty, I console myself by answering that perhaps Miss Repplier did not sufficiently take into account the fact that it rained almost the whole time the English memoirs were being written. This will sufficiently account for any superficial lack of gayety in them.

Now what I like about English biography is what I would call the *muchness* of it. It is the only region I know of in which I appreciate the feeling of the old woman whose first impression of the ocean was that for the first time in her life she was seeing enough of anything. A critical friend of mine has a favorite theory that one ought not to linger long either with men or books, but just sip or taste and then pass along. His practice is quite consistent with his theory; hence it goes without saying that he is not one with whom are possible the pleasures of sitting up late. Of a thorough-going three-volume Life and Letters he would be constitutionally incapable, for this is no proper field for the sipper and taster.

What these biographies invite and encourage is that we saturate ourselves with them until our mental scenery is quite transfigured. A week or so afterward we find ourselves almost thinking that we are ourselves the people we have been reading about, just as Charles Lamb after a day or two at Oxford would find himself proceeding Master of Arts. For days at a time I have innocuously strutted Dean of Westminster in my neighborhood, without anybody knowing anything about it. And this is something which I think no French memoir will ever make it possible for one to do.

If at any house I find upon the table a long and venerable row of the best English biographies I feel at once that this is a place where they are prepared to have you stop a while, and take your ease. These are volumes which nobody will ever possess because he thinks he ought to possess them. They betoken affinity. Fashion might dictate a shelf of French memoirs, and one might have them for any one of a dozen reasons, but nobody will ever collect these English favorites for any other

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reason than that they are really wanted.

In this country we have hardly a great biography to our credit. We have a timid, practical way of writing it, as if half in doubt as to whether any man is worth so much notice. In a big, believing sort of a way the Englishman goes ahead with his hero and makes him worth it. That portly three-volume way of going out to meet oblivion, and simply falling upon it and smashing it, is the only way for him. And after that there is usually a volume of letters a year or so later as a relay to the reputation. The English appetite for these things is frank and enormous. The national mind is a sort of Westminster Abbey, and Boswell is its irremovable dean. Other people can think in a vacuum; but the Briton must have ideas precipitated into persons before he can get hold of them with any sort of grip.

If a man be of the outstanding sort, they never think of such a thing as not using him twice. It is a part of the mental thrift of the nation. The actual deeds of Thomas Arnold which he did in the flesh were probably never of half the use to England that he has been since his countrymen began to use him through one of the best biographies of the last century. Then, too, with all their love of dignitaries it is not half so essential over there as it is here that a name should be a great one in order to be thus celebrated. To call the attention of the whole country to some obscure country parson is a perfectly regular proceeding. People expect it. That Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstone, will have his biography is as much a matter of course as that Stanley will. We are much too sane for such a memoir.

The Englishman furthermore has not fallen a victim to that unhappy chemical experiment of reducing all our sustenance to tablet form. He does not try to give you the concentrated extract of a personality, but prefers rather to give you the whole person and let you make your own extract. He brings his hero along, with all his belongings, — unwieldly, elbowing, incongruous the result may be, but he is sure to be all there. And doing things thus, he never descends to naming one of his histories *The Real Oliver Cromwell*, because to his mind this would seem tautology. When he is through with anybody one has perhaps as complete a sense of possession of another personality as it is possible for us to obtain.

Of all people in the world the Englishman is the last one for us to try to compact into a phrase or two. The sipper or taster will just as likely as not get the wrong taste and make a false report. You may be with him six months and he will not do the typical thing; only a Boswell with plenty of time and memory, forever hanging around, will be in at the right moment, when he does something that sums himself up and lets out his whole great heart. By endless visitings and much sitting up late, by taking plenty of time for letter-writing and thinking it well spent, and considering a journey across the country for a little conversation's sake entirely legitimate, the Englishman seems to be in habitual readiness for the writing of biography. We are apt to get ready when it is too late, but they seem to meet and visit together as if they might possibly want to write each other's biographies some day, or at least contribute toward them.

ON CERTAIN VAGARIES OF THE POETS

We are used to the Whitmanites: we do not mind them any more, though sometimes we may wish they would not divide their rather complicated sentences into lines quite so arbitrarily. Even a simple prose sentence takes on difficulty as well as dignity when it is printed as a five-line stanza, thus: —

I got
Up and found
The kitchen
Fire had gone
Out.

Still this is intelligible, if the reader will only put his mind to it.

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But another school of poets of a different mettle has appeared. Instead of loafing and inviting their souls, these gentlemen fly to the uttermost parts of the earth in search of verbal monstrosities, and return with hordes of barbaric captives. Not satisfied with this, they seize and torture beyond recognition respectable native citizens of the language. Borrowing a word from one of their own number, we may call them the "strepitous" school. Adapting a well-known epigram, we might briefly define them and their work as the Unintelligent in full pursuit of the Unintelligible.

The other day I picked up a magazine and glanced over the verse it contained. In four short and harmless-looking, albeit apparently serious compositions, I discovered the following words: "dunching," "planished," "skelloch," "heveril," "strepitous," "riffling," besides the more familiar "wastrel," "guidon," and, of course, "rede" and "sib." These poems, as I said, were all serious in intention; three of them were deathly serious, — at least they had something to do with death, just what, I could not tell. Yet poor Lewis Carroll, if he were alive, would hide his diminished head; clearly, he is out-Carrolled. If the Baker had only thought of dunching the Boojum, he might have returned home in safety.

The strepitous school have not confined themselves to verse that "dunches" and "riffles." If they had, we might thank them for adding to the gayety of nations. But they have laid violent hands on respectable English words, and tried to force the poetry out of them, as our ancestors used to force confessions out of malefactors, on the rack. This, as Jeffrey used to say, will never do. We cannot look at it with equanimity. To take a mild instance, — an extreme one would be too painful, — in another magazine I find: "Phaeton headlong ruining down the sky." Presumably the author means that Phaeton is going to ruin: but "ruin" as a verb is transitive, and by using it intransitively the author does not make it poetical, but only ungrammatical and ambiguous. Perhaps he meant that Phaeton was destroying the welkin; if so, why does he add "down"? He does not need it to fill out the metre. After this calamity to Phaeton or the heavens, it is refreshing to be told (in the next poem) that "all this earth's misrule is glamoured into grace." Perhaps there is some hope even for Phaeton; at least he had a fair chance to be "glamoured;" let us hope it was "into grace."

Joubert once said that great poets are of two kinds: the kings of words, and the tyrants of words. Virgil and Milton are kings; Browning is a tyrant. Shakespeare is a king who grew a little tyrannical in his later years. To make a Phaeton-like descent, the "strepitous" poets are the bullies of words. Dante is reported to have remarked that though he had often compelled words to say what they did not mean, they had never compelled him to say what he did not mean. When the "strepitous" poet applies compulsion to words, the upshot generally is that a noise is made, but nothing at all is said. He may make them shriek, but he cannot make them sing. The odd thing is that he generally prefers to bully the big and strange words, — perhaps because he thinks that words are poetical in proportion to their size and strangeness. But words, like horses and men, know their masters; the smallest and commonest will turn to perfect poetry at the touch of a Keats: —

> "The stars look very cold about the sky
> And I have many miles on foot to fare."

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